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AIRPLANES FOR PEACE

by GROVER LOENING

IN this article the *Atlantic* begins an international discussion of post-war aviation. The disposal of our air bases and the problem of our future defense cannot be discussed in detail until the fighting has ceased. But rightly or wrongly, the plans for air transport which are now in a formative state have caused considerable anxiety here and abroad, lest they should result in an economic struggle among the United Nations. The *Atlantic* believes that a clear statement of the facts involved will reduce the swelling.

Our opening speaker, Grover Loening, is the technical adviser on aviation to Donald Nelson and the WPB. He will be followed in December by William A. M. Burden, Special Aviation Assistant to the Secretary of Commerce, and in January by Peter Masefield, the aviation editor of the *London Times*. —THE EDITOR

THE technical progress we are making in our war effort is sure to be constructive in the after-the-war Air Age. A surprising statistic has recently come to light in Washington. We have long known that there are 238,000 route-miles of railroad in the United States. But today on the desks of the Civil Aeronautics Board in Washington are applications for over 500,000 miles of new air routes — twice as much as our railroad mileage.

Is there any governmental organization capable of handling this new, sizable field of enterprise? Or do we need a new development — a further step-up — in Washington for the regulation, control, and encouragement of sound air progress?

America's pioneer aeronautical designer, who took his M.A. at Columbia in 1910, GROVER LOENING was general manager of the Wright Company in Dayton, Ohio, 1913-1914, aeronautical engineer of the U. S. Army Air Corps, 1914-1915, and president of his own aviation concern, 1917-1938. He was founder and first president of the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce of America, winner of the Wright Trophy in 1921 and the Collier Trophy in 1922. He invented and built the Loening amphibians, the first widely used planes of that type. In 1937-1938 he was Aeronautical Adviser to the United States Maritime Commission.

Our Civil Aeronautics organization started in the A stage — the CAA or Civil Aeronautics Authority — and then seems to have progressed in alphabetical order. Next came the CAB, the present conscientious and hard-working Civil Aeronautics Board — to be presently followed by the CAC, the Civil Aeronautics Commission that the new Lea bill proposes.

D is, of course, what this organization ought to be, to dignify its already great size and great promise and great problems: the Civil Aeronautics Department — the CAD, with a Secretary for Air. We have not reached the D stage quite yet, but actually we should have reached it long ago. Air transport, airplane usage, air problems, permeate the whole fabric of this country. Air matters are certainly as distinct a part of American life as is Agriculture or the operation of the Post Office.

And what better time could there be to make this change in our government than right now? The war has temporarily stalled Civil Aeronautics and gives us a breathing spell in which to reorganize and get ready for action after the war. The few people in-

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volved in studying such a department, creating it, organizing it, and getting a Department of the Air started would not detract from the war effort; actually they would help it.

Let me sum up a few of the decisions such a Department will have to make. First, there is the matter of exactly who, among the large number of applicants, are finally going to get certificates to operate aircraft. Obviously not all can. This leads to the consideration of our philosophy of airline operation, principally as to whether or not we are to allow monopolies. Are we, for example, to have regional monopolies somewhat similar to those of the utilities? Do we want a monopoly of our international airlines such as we have had to a great degree?

This question of monopoly, when faced realistically, cuts right into the question of what constitutes real democracy and what constitutes a successful private-initiative capitalism. I do not want to digress from aviation to develop that statement. But one of the first things that America will have to decide right after the war, and one of the things that we ought to be thinking about now, is this subject of air monopoly.

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THOUSANDS of aviators and hundreds of thousands of mechanics are going to be returned from the war to peacetime pursuits. During the war (unlike last time) they will have learned to like aviation, to realize fully its vast possibilities. They will have flown the oceans, the mountain ranges, the continents of the world, and they will want to participate in building up our air empire. It is true, as many public men have pointed out, — unmistakably true, — that capitalism can run riot and ruin itself by too much monopoly. Monopoly can become fascism in business. It does become arrogant, autocratic, self-aggrandized. Curiously, one thing that monopoly capitalism can do — and it is something which is most difficult to combat — is to present a marvelous case for itself to the public. For example, as long as Pan American Airways, which has done a wonderful job, has no gauge but its own performance to be judged by, everything it does is perfection if it says so.

Can the service rendered by a monopoly ever be as efficient as that which feels the ruthless spur of competition? The monopolists cite the American Telephone & Telegraph Company as the outstanding example. But there are telephone engineers who believe that the familiar instrument we lift off the hook is by no means all that it should be. It was a French invention to begin with; a great deal of

pressure was necessary to get the telephone company to adopt it; and it still is lacking in many desirable devices (such as a recording system when the owner is away) because the development of the instrument is in the hands of a monopoly. If the crossroads gasoline service station business had been a monopoly, should we have the marvelous service we have today?

Monopoly is seen to be a fallacy in a democratic society when you remember that there are other citizens paying their taxes who want to have a run for their money also. There will be other aviators returning from the world-wide school of aviation of this war who will want to start companies of their own, who have a right to use the air road — who also want to share in the fun and the thrill and the trials and the acclaim of having successfully developed airlines.

So what business must learn right now is that it is quite unfair to give to the pioneering companies a pre-emptive right to the air transport field. They themselves could not have done a thing in this field if it had not been for the pioneers who devised their engines, devised their airplanes, devised and developed de-icers, variable pitch propellers, stabilizers, new fuels, and so on down the list.

Let us accept the undesirability of according a monopoly and then let us do the best we can under a system of American competition. One of the inheritances that we are fighting to give to our young men graduating into business is the assurance that they too, if they are sufficiently competent, aggressive, and hard-working — as the creators of Pan American Airways were — can look forward to creating their little empire.

But they must understand that they cannot make it so big that it becomes antisocial, no matter how efficient it is. To this extent we subscribe to the socialization of capitalism. Let us not permit any of our units to get too big, lest we end by losing our private-enterprise system entirely. This principle applies not only to aviation but to many other fields of business; in all of them we must approach problems realistically and with a thoroughly sound fundamental understanding of this philosophy: that the granting of private initiative does not carry with it the warrant for totalitarian private greed. The supposition of greater efficiency or economy is not a sufficient excuse for monopoly. It will be better for us, particularly in aviation, to have a slightly less economical air transport system, which may cost us a little bit more in subsidies, but which will preserve keen competition, because we shall gain in the long run through the encouragement and development of American ingenuity.

Immediately the question suggests itself: How big can the present air industry be after the war? That is hard to estimate. At the present time, published figures show that the airplane production industry is more than five times as large as the entire automobile industry was before the war. The end of the war will of course deflate this amount tremendously. Intelligent estimates indicate a deflation to about one tenth of its size. However, let's see how much railroad and express traffic we have to equal in order to keep the industry going.

The requirements of private aviation in a few years will be around 100,000 planes (excluding the new helicopter), and the requirements of the military in a peacetime era enough, let us pray to God, to give us reasonable preparedness at all times. Our industry at its present huge size could readily deliver 15,000 large transports a year of known types. These could carry an easy average of 5 tons at some 200 miles an hour and be operated 3000 hours a year. Each plane, therefore, could contribute an average of 3 million ton-miles a year. And 15,000 planes would give 45 billion ton-miles a year.

This number of planes, of course, is a yearly production. Kept up for a few years, on a basis of about 30 per cent replacement (which is very high), such a production would correspond to a fleet of about 50,000 transport planes, which could carry 150 billion ton-miles a year, or one quarter of the total of railroad freight traffic of about 600 billion ton-miles a year.

If the aircraft industry, after the war, is to be even one fifth as large as at present (which would make it about the size of the automobile industry before 1940 — a very generous estimate), it will need to find a cargo carrying business of around 30 billion ton-miles a year, which is 5 per cent of the total railroad ton-mile movement. This 5 per cent would be derived from the carriage of most first class mail, a large proportion of railroad express and freight of less than carload lots, and not over one third of the merchandise freight of the railroads. I do not want to predict the carrying of *any* heavy commodities by air soon, but I certainly do not want to join those outspoken critics of air optimism who flatly state that "heavy commodities will *never* be carried by air." It would be better to leave out the word *never*.

A very serious shortage of aviation gasoline threatens. The figures cannot be given out now, but let us not forget that operating such thousands of transport aircraft will use an amount of gasoline possibly beyond our present capacity. Certainly everything will have to be done in the air transport industry to make possible the use of cheaper and more readily available grades of gasoline; otherwise

all the fond dreams of air transport on a huge scale may vanish because of the scarcity of fuel. A realistic estimate of the available fuel must temper optimistic predictions.

And remember that at present it takes a ton of gas to fly a ton of cargo across the ocean. Inventors and designers and engineers will certainly have to improve on this.

3

THERE are three distinct schools of thought on how we shall handle our international airlines after the war. The first has had great prominence. Very plausibly it argues for the natural development and enlargement of Pan American Airways' world-wide air transport monopoly under the American flag.

The second is a proposal by United Air Lines and Pan American for the formation of a national company which will be the chosen instrument of the American public. No other group of managers or developers would be allowed to enter this field. By having the air companies of the United States participate in a stock ownership, it is suggested that this company would represent all the American airlines. But could a divergent group of engineering interests, all with a right to a say-so, agree on technical details, on choice of equipment, manner of operating routes, choice of personnel, and other matters, under such a setup? One can think of many possibilities of chaos in this proposal.

The third possibility is regulated competition — that is, several companies keenly competing with each other on any routes on which the business is of sufficient volume. Here a governmental Department of the Air must have final authority charged with fostering the soundest development of aviation for the benefit of taxpayers, and with issuing certificates for airlines, so that the competition would be preserved and be profitable.

Intelligently regulated competition is advocated as a policy by sixteen of the major airlines of the United States (in fact, all the domestic ones except United Air Lines). It is also advocated by the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce, by the aircraft manufacturers, and by many impartial observers.

There is a fourth proposal, hardly worthy of mention: to have wide-open, unregulated competition. This could only result in ruination.

A gross of \$100,000,000 represents last year's earnings of our United States international system — a system employing about 90,000 men and operating between 100 and 200 aircraft. This is a pretty big enterprise. How much can it be enlarged in fairness to the competitive elements involved?

Question number two: How about railroad, steamship, and bus companies? Should they participate? One side says yes. They are transportation companies; they are experienced in the handling of traffic. They used to have — in the case of the steamship companies — facilities and organizations and traffic personnel abroad of great value. The other side claims that we must not have transportation monopolies in any region. We must not allow a company whose first loyalty is to another field of transport to pre-empt the air transport field and to slow down the greatest possible development by those devoted solely to the air. The law has already taken sides here, to the extent that the present Civil Aeronautics Act requires very stringent justification for the entrance of the older forms of transportation into the new field of air.

Of course, if a railroad company or a steamship company or a bus company is losing faith in its present medium of transport, there is nothing to prevent it from transferring its entire capital, its entire personnel, and all of its experience, wholeheartedly into the new air field by making itself an all-out air company. Possibly this will be the answer to those in the older forms of transportation who have become consumed with this new air enthusiasm. It is on divided loyalty and on monopoly that this idea of integrated transport may founder.

4

DURING the war, there has been a remarkable initiative in transoceanic operations. The Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation, which for several years has operated an extensive private airline to Australia from California, has already halved the time on its daily service that the trip took before the war.

The large American domestic airlines have already developed extensive transoceanic air operations under direct Army contracts. There is no more mystery about flying the oceans. Before 1939, American pilots had made only thirty-three trans-Atlantic flights. During 1943, literally tens of thousands of flights will be made over the Atlantic. I was present at an airfield in Scotland one afternoon last fall when seventy-six American planes arrived from across the Atlantic in one short hour. To those pilots, largely youngsters with only two or three hundred hours of flying, this flight was just an extra-long one — no romance, just tedious routine.

Now, to explore a little further into the future: it looks very much as if an airline from New York to Washington will be operated in a totally different

manner shortly after the war — not on fixed schedules, but exactly as trolley cars used to be. You will go to the airport to get a ride to Washington and merely take the next plane, leaving on five- or ten-minute headways. This sort of service will cause a vast increase in traffic — traffic that is not “stolen” from any other field. It is a totally new kind of traffic, which, were it not for this quickness, wouldn’t go to Washington at all. In such “shuttle” service the tendency would be to use smaller aircraft.

But evidence has steadily accumulated in recent years that larger aircraft for the same horsepower are not only more commodious and more impressive, but that they are actually faster and more efficient. Also, they cost less to operate *per passenger* because the crew that flies them and the crew that does the handling on the ground are by no means doubled if we double the capacity of the plane.

The reason for this greater efficiency of larger airplanes is that as the size goes up, the relative size of both the crews and the load goes down; the relative size of the pilot to fly the plane and the windshield to protect him, and the weight of the instruments needed, all become a smaller proportion of the gross weight and consequently have proportionally less air resistance.

But finally a time comes (it seems to be at a gross weight of between 200,000 and 300,000 pounds) when the weight of the wing itself to carry the loads begins to creep up in proportion and exceed the savings due to the other items indicated. From then on, the large aircraft becomes less efficient — unless we do something to modify the wing structure.

A great deal of attention has been given lately to what is called the “flying-wing” type of aircraft. In this type the tail structure is eliminated. In its place the wings themselves are bent backwards and are supposed to give the needed controllability.

The flying-wing enthusiasts think they have something new that is going to sweep the boards. But other and perhaps more hardheaded analysts point out that the development of the last few years has required the ordinary airplane, for safe control (particularly in blind flying), to have longer tails and larger tail surfaces. So the critics of the flying wing maintain that until tail surfaces tend to become smaller and shorter, the trend towards the flying wing is wrong. They predict that the rearward-sweeping tips of the flying wings will themselves get larger and more cluttered with rudders and other controlling surfaces until, in effect, they will end up in the form of an airplane with two tails and be just as heavy as other types and not any more efficient. Time will answer this one.

5

VAST in its implications, particularly for cargo carrying, is the development of the glider and its companion device, the pickup from the air by the towplane — so ably pioneered and developed by the late Richard du Pont, whose loss is such a severe blow to aviation.

The cargo-carrying glider must of necessity be shaped in a very fine streamlined form and have a minimum of air resistance. Such gliders, when built of the finest materials, will be so light that 60 per cent of their total weight can be a useful load; and this useful load would be all cargo, because gliders carry no fuel. The development of towing gliders is still quite new. But the problems involved are now well understood, and design is advancing rapidly. In general, it may be stated that the properly designed combination will result in the towplane's being able to tow a gross load in the form of gliders equal to its own gross weight at the expense of losing 25 per cent of its normal cruising speed.

Now picture a modern cargo plane — a plane that can carry 5 tons at 200 miles an hour for 3000 hours a year. Its capacity would be 3 million ton-miles a year. Applying these figures to what such a plane could do *in towing gliders*, a 25 per cent reduction in speed means that it would cruise at 150 instead of 200 miles an hour. It could tow a gross weight of about 50,000 pounds, of which 60 per cent would be cargo load — 30,000 pounds or 15 tons.

Since the plane itself is already carrying 5 tons, the total combination would carry 20 tons at 150 miles an hour, and, doing this for 3000 hours a year, would have a yearly cargo-carrying capacity of 9 million ton-miles — *three times as much as that of the towplane alone*.

There would of course be additional expense: the cost of the glider and its maintenance, of a crew and pilot, and if three small gliders were used instead of a single large one, the additional crew of three junior pilots.

But in the operation of the air train there would be very great savings too. Cargo cannot walk on and off a plane, and anyone who has traveled recently by air will readily realize what a lot of trouble and time and expense is involved in shifting cargoes around, emptying out holds, putting in new shipments, and changing them — during all of which time the airplane sits idly on the ground, increasing the overhead.

If, instead of having to load and unload the airplane, the cargo holds can be divided by having the carrying capacity in several gliders, then the entire matter is simplified, because while the plane is flying, a glider on the ground can be loading at any one station. Remember that the plane can release the glider carrying a load to that station from the air without having to unload itself at all. Add to this picture the ability of the towplane to pick up other gliders from the ground without having to land, and you have a train that releases one loaded car and takes on another car all ready to proceed to the new destination — a very great economy.

Evidence is increasing daily that, where at one time air pickup was merely considered a stunt, it may well end by being the backbone of the operation of air transport. And if such development does work out, then our hopes of being able to get the costs down to three or four cents a ton-mile are not too optimistic.

These developments are potent enough in their promise for the future. But the air is full of unexploited initiative. We have for instance, jet propulsion, which is likely to increase the efficiency of fuel consumption. We have wings that today are wasteful in air resistance, and which can be greatly improved by having suction applied to the boundary layer of air flowing over them. An improvement here will increase the lift of a wing and the all-round efficiency of air transport as well as lower the cost.

And then, just as we think that the loads we are carrying are the limit, — certainly the limit that can be handled on the magnificent long runways that so many of our airports have, — along come several new ideas that have to do with assisted take-off and the use of rockets for helping the initial push. And always we shall see continued detailed improvements in aircraft: a smoother skin, still finer and sleeker shapes, new metals with less weight, and fuels with greater power.

All that I have cited here is merely the potential in store for the air transport — for the fast-flying, fixed-wing airplane. I have said nothing about the helicopter, — the short-range air car of the future that is so likely to compete with the automobile itself, — with its ability to land or take off on any little clearing or roof.

There is only one blight that can stop this inevitable progress, and that is a monopolistic, communistic, or governmental heavy hand that will hamper that spark of private initiative that is so truly American.

» How much freedom does your commentator have on the air? What do the network, the sponsor, and the FCC do to his opinions?

POLICING THE COMMENTATOR: A NEWS ANALYSIS

by QUINCY HOWE

1

American radio is trying to promote four freedoms of the air for four different sets of interests. Our government promotes the freedom of the public to listen to the widest possible variety of radio programs. The radio industry promotes the freedom of the broadcaster to go on operating under the existing system of competitive free enterprise. Radio sponsors promote the freedom of the advertiser to sell his products, services, and general ideas. And the radio commentator or news analyst promotes the right to speak his mind.

Some sections of the broadcasting industry have argued that the news commentator has no right to express personal opinions on the air. Most news commentators insist they must not and cannot withhold their own views from the public. The government has expressed concern lest some sponsors use commentators to slant the news their way. The sponsors, to date, have made no public statement.

Twenty years ago, in the early days of radio, hundreds of stations began going on the air, changing their wave-lengths arbitrarily, jamming each other's programs, and producing total confusion for the listening public. In 1927 Congress, with the backing of the radio industry and the Coolidge administration, therefore passed an act setting up the Federal Radio Commission — a body appointed by the President with power to allocate wave-lengths to different stations and to give and take away licenses "in the public interest, convenience, and necessity." This Commission had little difficulty stabilizing the better stations then in operation, and it tended, on the whole, to act as the traffic cop of the air waves, renewing licenses automatically and letting the radio industry develop in its own way. Then the Federal Communications Commis-

sion, which came into existence in 1934, took over these functions.

But in 1938 the Federal Communications Commission began to take stock, and held a long series of hearings on broadcasting operations. These hearings revealed, among other things, that CBS, Mutual, and the two NBC chains did almost half the total business of all stations in the United States and either owned or controlled practically all the most powerful nighttime broadcasting facilities. The FCC therefore issued a series of rulings, the most important of which ordered all networks to cease the practice of tying affiliated stations to exclusive contracts that forbade these stations to take programs from any other network. NBC and CBS appealed the ruling to the Supreme Court, which sustained the Commission in a 5 to 3 decision, handed down on May 10, 1943.

The FCC has not, however, confined itself to fixing business practices in radio. Its able and energetic New Deal chairman, James L. Fly, has indicated that it may have something to say about program content, especially of news broadcasts.

"I heard a so-called news program last night," he said in Washington on September 13, 1943. "Through the months it has been tending more and more to get away from the news of the day to the philosophies of the particular sponsor. Things like that are done in a somewhat subtle if not over-subtle manner. Only by careful listening do you discover that he is not giving you news or comment on the world news, but is peddling ideas to you from company headquarters." Mr. Fly therefore made the suggestion that "it may well be that there ought not to be any sponsorship of news or comment," adding that he did not care to take a position on the matter and indicating that it was up to the radio industry to clean house.

Some stations and networks have already regulated themselves, perhaps with a view to avoiding the drastic solution that Mr. Fly suggests. The

Author, editor, and news commentator, QUINCY HOWE spends his mornings in the Inner Sanctum of Simon and Schuster and his afternoons and evenings in the newsrooms of CBS. In this article he is expressing his personal views, not necessarily those of the network he serves.

National Association of Broadcasters, trade association of the radio industry, has adopted a code which reads in part: "News shall not be selected for the purpose of furthering or hindering either side of any controversial public issue nor shall it be colored by the opinions or desires of the station or the network management, the editor or others engaged in its preparation, or the person actually delivering it over the air, or, in the case of sponsored news broadcasts, the advertiser. . . . News commentators as well as other newscasters shall be governed by those provisions."

The Columbia Broadcasting System has gone further than any other network in putting these principles into effect. Paul White, head of the CBS news department, says: "The public interest cannot be served in radio by giving selected news analysts a preferred and one-sided position in the realm of public controversy." Controversy has its time and place on the radio. The forums, debates, and political campaigns in which all sides get a fair hearing take care of that. But the function of the news analyst, says Paul White, "is to marshal the facts on any specific subject and out of his common or special knowledge to present those facts so as to inform his listeners rather than to persuade them. . . . Ideally, in the case of controversial issues, the audience should be left with no impression as to which side the analyst himself actually favors."

Mr. White admits that this sounds like the counsel of perfection. But he is not asking for the moon; he is criticizing other networks and stations when he speaks of certain broadcasters who "are permitted to present unsupported gossip as fact, to lay claim to 'inside information' which could not possibly be known to anyone outside the highest military and political circles and indeed in wartime should not be known to anyone outside those circles." Whereas Mr. Fly criticizes broadcasters who slant the news to suit their sponsor, Mr. White urges the industry to re-examine the "inside dope" broadcasts — not in terms of sponsor or audience appeal, but "in terms of the harm they are doing and will continue to do. They are the very antithesis of responsible journalism."

Mr. Fly sees the sponsors slanting the news; Mr. White sees the sponsors encouraging sensationalism in order to develop a wide audience. Mr. Fly urges the industry to police itself and get rid of the sponsor who hires a broadcaster to twist the news to suit his interests. Mr. White also urges the industry to police itself, but he fears the sensation monger more perhaps than the special pleader — since the sensation monger gains a wider audience.

2

RADIO depends on sponsors even more than newspapers depend on advertisers. It gets no revenue from any other source. But the radio industry has become so rich, so powerful, and so experienced in its field that it has also become increasingly independent of those who buy its time. After all, sponsors want a big audience and lots of good will — and that's what radio has learned how to deliver. This state of affairs puts a premium on the big entertainment shows which have wider audiences than any news show and which likewise lend themselves to more effective commercial exploitation. It also means that the sponsor tends to judge news shows largely on the basis of audience appeal — which in turn puts a premium on sensationalism.

Nor is this all. The serious news broadcaster with some gift for analysis and some opinions of his own finds himself under heavy pressure from two quarters. On the one hand, he is tempted to play up to the widest possible audience. On the other, he is tempted to slant his interpretation the way he thinks his sponsor might like it to go.

News broadcasters make their share of mistakes in interpreting world developments, but they know the score in their own game. They have read the Gallup Poll figures showing 57 per cent of the public opposed to social change after the war. They know, if anyone does, the trend of opinion against the New Deal. In recent months, they have seen more than one network replace liberal commentators with those who take a conservative view. And they have seen the sponsors snap up the news programs with a conservative slant as they never snapped up the programs with a liberal slant.

The liberal commentator had to prove himself — and he did not have too much difficulty, because up through 1940 most Americans approved of most of the New Deal. But with the tide now running against the New Deal, the conservative commentator gets a sponsor first and an audience afterward. For the sponsor — the man who pays all the radio industry's bills — not only wants to reach the widest possible audience. When he buys a news show he will tend, nine times out of ten, to prefer the kind of analyst who at least does no violence to the National Association of Manufacturers.

The Federal Communications Commission and its New Deal chairman therefore have many more bones to pick with the sponsors of news programs than they have with the news departments and news broadcasters of the networks. The big wartime profits of American industry and the popular trend

away from the New Deal sharpen these conflicts. Sponsors are consequently feeling their oats. They are not only exerting more indirect pressure: the radio public and the news broadcasters who appeal to that public are responding to that pressure. In so far as commentators do slant their news, those who slant it away from the New Deal have found favor with sponsors and the public alike. Those who take the New Deal line, so popular a few years ago, now find they get into trouble with their sponsors, if not with their audience or with the stations or networks over which they speak.

3

Just as the government works through the FCC; just as the radio industry has its National Association of Broadcasters; just as American industry has its National Association of Manufacturers, so the radio commentators have banded together in self-interest. A year and a half ago, under the leadership of H. V. Kaltenborn, about a dozen radio commentators connected with network and independent stations in New York City organized the Association of Radio News Analysts to promote the general welfare of their little sector of the radio industry. Their Constitution restricts membership to commentators who "do not voice what are commonly known as 'Commercials.'" ARNA has also adopted a six-point code of ethics which brought it into a head-on collision with the radio industry. The second point in ARNA's code of ethics reads: "The Association expects and requires of the radio news analyst the exercise of sound judgment and good taste and the avoidance of sensationalism in both the substance of his broadcast material and the manner of its presentation." So far, so good. But point six — the one that gave some sections of the radio industry conniption fits — reads: "The Association opposes all censorship of broadcast material except in so far as duly required by government authorities in the interest of public safety during a national emergency."

The second point of ARNA's code goes along all the way with the policy of Paul White and CBS. Although humor and rumor, prediction and inside stuff, exhortation and denunciation, cracker-barrel philosophy and sensationalism, attract wide audiences and therefore appeal to the indiscriminating sponsor, they have less than nothing to do with logical, factual analysis of world affairs. But ARNA also takes the position that the conscientious commentator has the right and even the duty to express his own opinion on controversial issues, and that

neither the sponsor nor the station over which he speaks has any right to edit his copy.

Commenting on the code, Mr. White admitted that ARNA's insistence on judgment, taste, and accuracy and its opposition to sensationalism took care of the worst dangers in news broadcasts. But he added: "Where we may be apart is over the question of whether the network has the right and, indeed, the duty to censor or edit material prepared by the analyst. Just as I believe that no news reporter should go on the air until his script has gone over the copy desk to be checked for errors of fact, grammar, and news judgment, so do I feel that no news analyst should broadcast without editorial supervision of his script."

Mr. Kaltenborn then came back at this and other criticisms of ARNA's code in a prepared talk before the Public Relations and News Committee of the National Association of Broadcasters. Just as Paul White admitted that there is no such thing as complete objectivity, so H. V. Kaltenborn said: "The radio news analyst cannot and should not function night after night as preacher or soap box orator. He cannot constantly make himself the medium for passionate expression of personal or minority opinions. By and large his statements should not offend the majority of his listeners." But he wound up his talk with a spirited appeal to the radio industry not to "hamstring the great cause of free speech on the air by adopting a rigid code of rules to govern all radio commentators." He then gave this advice: —

"Hire the best men you can get for the money you can pay. Tell them frankly what you expect; what you are trying to do with your station or network. And then give them their heads. If they get out of line, correct them. If they continually violate what you deem to be an essential policy, fire them. But don't pretend that you are going to be able to prevent a commentator worth his salt from expressing his personal opinion. Every competent news analyst has opinions, and they are bound to come out in the way he selects his material and puts it on the air."

Perhaps it is the last thing that some members of ARNA expect, but the general adoption of the policy recommended by Mr. Kaltenborn would appeal much more to the big-money sponsors than to Mr. Fly and his Federal Communications Commission. For it is the big-money sponsors who pay top prices to put news analysts on the largest networks at the most desirable times. Now and then a sponsor with liberal opinions or a sponsor with no opinions at all who simply wants to reach the widest possible audience might hire a liberal commentator. But the average big-money sponsor

is more likely to prefer the views of the National Association of Manufacturers to the views of the New Dealers and their liberal friends — and his taste in commentators will reflect this preference.

Moreover, the whole radio news industry — from the commentators up and down — has a professional interest in maintaining certain journalistic standards. The sponsors have no such direct interest. If the sponsors can enlist the radio news industry to spread their opinions through the voice of a popular commentator, they can hardly be blamed if they proceed to go to town. In consequence, the honest concern of the commentator for free speech can lead to the one-sided exercise of that right by those whose opinions command the biggest money.

4

IN THE field of radio news we thus see four separate groups struggling for power in the name of freedom of the air. The past quarter century has witnessed a vast increase in the power of the Federal government, in the power of the radio industry, in the power of big business, and in the power of the men and women who interpret news over the air. To exercise power one must also have freedom. But the exercise of power and the enjoyment of freedom likewise impose heavy responsibilities.

Give government its head, and radio becomes a Federal monopoly. Give the radio industry its head and you get more and more power concentrated into fewer and fewer hands. Give the sponsors who support radio their heads and radio becomes the voice of private American industry. Give the commentators their heads and you get either a babel of irresponsible voices or — much more likely — a concerted drive on the part of privileged groups to promote their special interests in the guise of free speech and opinion.

FCC Chairman Fly may be on the right track. He probably goes too far when he suggests forbidding all commercial sponsorship of all news shows. For instance, the news reporter who gathers his own material, usually overseas, seldom editorializes. He cannot color his news to suit his sponsor; also these valuable overseas news reports cost a great deal of money. They need as well as deserve commercial sponsorship. And the straight newscaster who simply summarizes the day's events does — or can be made to do — a sufficiently impartial job to rate commercial sponsorship. So do the military and other experts.

But the news analyst is something else again. Here Mr. Fly has something, and the radio industry might be well advised, in its own interest, to develop a new feature — the unsponsored, non-sensational news analyst who gives his own opinion on controversial issues, speaking at regular, convenient hours with judgment, accuracy, and good taste. The industry should also see to it that various points of view get expressed.

As for the excess prophets, the gossip merchants, and the peddlers of inside dope, they should go right on operating — preferably without sponsors. But just as the Pure Food and Drug Act requires the manufacturer to state on his label what ingredients go into his product, so those radio broadcasters who specialize in prediction, rumor, and sensation might carry labels too, defining them for what they are. Likewise the news analyst should be presented as giving a frankly personal, opinionated, unsponsored interpretation of the news. His network or station would vouch for his accuracy, taste, and judgment. It would take no position on his opinion beyond saying that it believed his views deserved to be heard.

What price, then, freedom of the air? First, there is no such thing as freedom of the air for everybody — at any price. There is not even any such thing as freedom of the air for sponsors, commentators, or the radio industry itself — not unless and until one of these groups seizes complete control of the air and operates the radio industry as it alone sees fit. Nor is there any such thing as freedom of the air for the government. The FCC simply lays down the rules under which other people operate in the public interest, convenience, and necessity.

But if there is no such thing as freedom of the air for anybody or everybody, there are such things as responsibility, tolerance, diversity, and honesty on the air. And what concerns us on the air and everywhere else is not freedom as an abstract ideal, but freedom as a way of life which allows for give-and-take, which calls things by their right names, which sets the public interest higher than any group interest, which limits one man's freedom in order to give another man some chance.

It is useless to seek a final answer to all the questions pertaining to radio. The best we can hope for is to give tentative answers to single questions, one at a time. And Chairman Fly has at least suggested an approach to the question of freedom of the air in so far as it affects the radio news analyst. Can the radio industry, the radio sponsors, and the radio commentators rise to the occasion that confronts them?

WONDERINGS

by JOHN MASEFIELD

Imaginings

Out of a dateless darkness pictures gleam,
But are they memories or only dream?
One earliest image is a gorge of crags
Drenched in a spray, with rainbows among jags,
Fish-cruising ospreys gleaming, dipping, calling,
And thunder and majesty of water falling,
The endless onwards of a cataract
In terror and exultation of its act.

Over a precipice it streamed, and broke
To gliddery wool and after crashed to smoke,
Uptwisted, and creamed on, and where it drave
A path of wet stones led into a cave.
Within that cavern, sheltered from the gorge,
Men, stripped for effort, hammered at a forge;
At what their hammers beat I cannot tell,
With spurt of spark the fire rose and fell,
The craftsmen's bodies gleamed, as sparks were
blown.
All this was shrewdly seen and inly known.
Cataract, cave and smithy were as clear
As things of home, as places once held dear.

Three strangenesses come next, of sight or thought.
High in the elms, the rooks their cradles wrought,
And there, in sunlight, in an April sky
Three immense floating giants passed me by;
Three figures, linked as one, as one, intent
Eastward, and staring east, at speed they went.
They were not clouds, as living things they fared,
I marvelled at their life, but was not scared:
Whatever purpose, impulse or design
Drove them, its splendour banished fear of mine.

Then, from behind a curtain, I beheld
The frosty, moonless Heaven, many-stelled,
And heard, that I was looking into Space,
And Everywhere unclosed in any place
But ever Somewhere, going on and on,
On, into Nowhere that had never gone.

This caused the visions that I seemed to see
Streamings of fire flying over me
Rings and ellipses hurtling in their flame
A fire and beauty endlessly the same
Part of me, surely, and myself a part
(Perhaps) of it; a paint-dot in an art.

Early Memories

Then, from a time which happiness made tense,
Come memories of persons long gone hence:
A coachman pulling-up, to bid me mark
The mad-dog frenzy of a fox's bark:
An old man pointing where three vipers rose:
"They hissed at me, all standing on their toes".
Then, a most gentle friend, with silver hair,
At lunch, falling asleep upon her chair.
A little yellow chicken lying dead:
And then a gate through which a trackway led
Beside an apple-orchard to a boat
Wherein my pilgrim self went first afloat.

Great floods were out; the hedges in black lines
Wallowed like water-snakes with bony spines,
Within the channel, full of swirl in swill,
A six-mile current romped towards the mill.
I was then three; two half-remembered men
Launched with me forth and brought me back
agen,
But half a century later, I was told
What risks beset us in that bliss of old.
The boat was crazy, like her merry crew,
And many drowned men's deaths that mill-race
knew.
Life, looking on her lamb, postponed the slaughter
And stamped within my soul delight in water.

Delight in water

Beauty of water gave delight again: —
The earth was shining after winter rain,
Each little brook was shouting in its run,
Each meadow was a jewel in the sun.

And in a midmost grass a foot-high fount
Throbbled and uptumbled its collapsing mount.
Wonder, dissolved, resolved, upspringing, sped,
Beauty, yet never aught, yet never dead.

Terror of water followed, when I saw
The eddies of a flood in torrent draw
The wreckage under, as though hands were there,
Hands, and the will to make a boy beware.
Even in summer when the pools were clear
The quiet depth was brooded-on by fear,
To be within its power was to die,
For all its still, reflected earth and sky.

But exquisite delight my spirit took
In many a roadside — many a meadow-brook,
One above all so beautiful a thing
I thought God had a cottage at its spring.
And by another once a partridge came
With chicks which I could stroke, they were so
tame,
Quick, pecking, peering, all the mottled clutch
Bright-eyed, unfearing, exquisite to touch.

One other water blessed me with her grace,
A deep, calm quiet in a sunny place,
Where yellow flags grew tall and reeds grew gray
As though all time would be a summer day.
Sometimes a ring would spread as a fish rose,
Then, the ring spent, placidity would close,
A skating fly might skim, a shadow flit
As some exulting swallow stooped at it,
But save for these, no other aim there was
Than to be beauty and beauty's looking-glass.

Clover Copse

Near by, within a little field there grew
Clover, dim white, with blushes glowing through,
Great-headed clover, exquisitely sweet,
Wherein the bees went fumbling for their meat —
Wonder, that kept in poise life's dual thrust,
To red, to white, while being only dust.

The Flowers

Other intense delights of those glad hours
Were scents and colours of the fruits and flowers,
The perfume in the tulip's waxen shell
Whence the May Moon-Queen gathers hydromel;
The pale blue chicory, with scrubby stalk,
(Uncommon there, that lover of the chalk),
And under dark green leaves, the first deep red
June strawberry with yellow speckles spread,
Each of the three too exquisite a prey
For hand to gather, save to give away,
For to a prodigal, the joy of living

Is not in having for oneself but giving,
For life is emptiness and Nature bare
Lacking the friend to have the larger share.

The Town

Mine was a little town of ancient grace,
A long street widened at a market-place,
Crossed, in its length, by two transversal ways
Doubtless the course of brooks in early days.
Within the width, a market-building stood
Propped upon weathered quarres of chestnut-wood.
In near-by lanes, where rotting tan-pits stank,
Prince Rupert's horse had broken Massey's rank
And sent him flying, in our Civil War;
Men found the bullets still, in beam and door.
Rude, leaden lumps, last relics to survive
The agony and rage of men alive.

The little town was pleasant to the sight,
Fair, with half-timbered houses, black and white,
Shops, taverns, traffic, market, in the street,
And cobbled paving, painful to the feet.
Slowly, I came to know it, but at first
Judged of it only by its best and worst.

Timber Waggon

Two things beyond all others were the best;
Someone was felling timber in the west,
And daily up the Bye Street timber-waggon
Dragged the chained scaly butts like slaughtered
dragons.

It was delight to see those timber-teams
The iron of their shag-hoofs striking gleams,
Their brasses bright, their mighty crests at strain,
With crack of whip-shot coming up the lane,
And where the narrow lane-end opened wide
The corded carter ran ahead to guide
Seizing the leading horse, who tossed his head
With jingle and snort, disdaining to be led.
Surely, the summit of man's glory was
To govern mighty horses hung with brass,
And bear a plaited lash with which to stun
The ear with whip-cracks sudden as a gun.

The Weather-cock

Life's other glory topped the church's spire,
A golden vane surveying half the shire,
A weather-cock serene in the assails
Of tree-upsetting, ship-destroying gales.
Pinnacled, plumey, lonely, there he shone,
Swinging to shifts, but never moving on,
Braving, perhaps, the blasts that were to be
Death to the *Captain* and *Eurydice*.
Lofty as any clipper's skysail truck,
Steadfast as life, as certainless as luck,

Seeing him swinging to the wester's drive
I ever thought that golden bird alive.

The Old Canal

Almost at once, a third delight, as great,
Came, bringing bliss to my enchanted state:
The horse-canal, with barges passing by
Bursting the blue of the reflected sky,
Going from towns unknown to quays unconned,
From sunrise to the sunset and beyond.
Whenever happy fortune let me see
Those barges passing, it was bliss to me.

The Barges

The barges were blunt-ended tanks,
With rub-strakes polished by the banks,
And bearing dingy freight for fee,
But, oh, when they were close to me,
At locks, when, just beneath my eyes
The dreadful eddies made them rise,
When, within touch, I looked into
The darling cabin of the crew
The little house with bunks and stove
For her who steered and him who drove,
Ah, then, to me, each barge became
A fairyland of coloured flame.

Daily I saw them as they crawled
Behind the ribby horse that hauled;
The slug-horse, day-long keeping pace,
Blowing his nose-bag in his face;
Tauting his line so iron-hard
It grooved the bridges' arches' guard,
With riven scorings cutted sleek
Smooth as a little baby's cheek;
There, on the path, with pipe or ballad,
The captain looked for eggs or salad,
Or whittled clothes-pegs, or with hand
Polished a holly-plant with sand.
V-like the spreading ripples veered,
A woman with long earrings steered,
An old sun-bonnet on her head,
No log, no latitude, no lead,
Nothing but keeping the same pace
From loading-wharf to mooring-place.
Daily, I saw them pass me by,
Just horse and movement to the eye,
A plodding horse, a gliding sheer,
With chimney-smokings blowing clear,
And colour where the helmsman leant
Against the tiller as she went.

The Western View

Next to these dear delights, I knew
And loved, my daily western view:

Two fields to the canal, and then
A farm, a mill, and fields agen,
A wood, with yew-trees almost black;
A bridge with railways on its back;
A line of poplar-trees, a white
Steep, hilly roadway just in sight;
A hill, of which the stories told
That it had moved in days of old,
Glid for two days, church, manor, village,
Pump, barton, tavern, crop and tillage.
Beyond this Wonder, distant, dim,
My western vision had its rim,
And yet, when western skies were clear,
The distance hard, and rain was near,
A blueness showed against the sky,
The Welsh Black Mountains, beyond Wye.

The Country as I first saw it

All of this westward soil was red as meat,
The blood of life to roses, corn and neat;
A wine of life, from apple and from pear,
Gushed each September in the orchards there;
Red, white-faced cattle browsed there, matched by
none,
Visible bread grew golden in the sun.
Near timbered barns the red brick farmsteads stood,
Each with an oast-house like a Welsh crone's hood;
Each floated over by the shifting flight
Of countless pigeons flashing dark and white;
Each glad with cockerow, and the laugh of duck-
ling,
The turkies gobbling and the fantails ruckling;
Each tented thick about with builded stacks
Waiting the droning thresher and the sacks;
Each bean-rick dark beneath a strawy dome,
Each moping haystack sweet as honeycomb,
Cut sometimes with the knife for present use,
So honeyful the touch expected juice.
There on the levelled cut the cat would drowse
Forgetting dread of dog and hope of mouse,
Curled on the fragrant bed with hidden claws,
Her neat wee nose just showing beneath paws
While the hot summer's many noises blurred
Into one warm and self-approving word.
There the cat slept, and on his kennel's chain
The house-dog dreamed of catching rats again,
Till towards sunset when with plash and moo
The funeral-footed cows to milking drew,
And all the yard was filled with patient eyes,
Great, licking tongues, and tail-tips swishing flies.

Though many pictures of the farms remain,
Of hopyards, apple-orchards, grass and grain,
Of many-coloured poultry harvesting,
And tumbler-pigeons dropping on the wing,

Yet this, of cows returning before dusk,
Smelling of hay and honeycomb and musk,
Strawberry-coloured, or the white and red
Great-bodied cattle that my county bred,
Is still the constant picture, and the chief,
Framed in bare boughs, in buddings, and in leaf.

Of three whom I admired. An old Man

Three souls of many kindnesses still seem
The kings and empress of that time of dream.
One, an old, goat-toothed Briton, lank and gaunt,
Not to be hurried, not by tip nor taunt,
Slow to begin, but steadfast to the end,
Quiet in trouble, knowing it would mend,
Tender as woman to a thing in pain,
Moved by affection ever more than gain,
Dumb, incoherent, with a startled cry
At beauty of earth or colour in the sky,
One with the earth, unable to give reasons,
But like the earth, forthcoming in her seasons.

A Carpenter

Another man, though dimmer, represents
One more of England's constant elements.
Straying, while still a little child, I found
A slate-gray doorway to a timber-ground
Where piles of new-cut planking smelling good
Lay near a saw-pit in the dust of wood.
A slate-gray stairway led my feet aloft
Into a work-room littered with the soft
White, curling shavings, fragrant, ribbon-thin,
Delightful, yard-long strips of planking-skin.
These the great planes were sweeping as I stared;
Edge, skill and power made those peelings bared
And he, the Master-Craftsman, let me stay
Watching the wonder, then and many a day.
From those forgotten sights, I recollect
That he could both, do day's work and direct;
So that I think of him as one, indeed,
Whom every England needed and will need,
Who built the churches in the long ago,
And will again, when greed and folly go,
When beauty shines again through blood and bone
And wretched man again makes her his own.

A Nurse

Last of the three, a woman, somewhat frail,
Stunted, and slightly lame, and ever pale,
Yet sturdy ever, to bear many an ache
And many an anguish for devotion's sake;
Not to be noticed, save by searching eyes
Who seek a heart that quiet has kept wise.
Untaught and humble, she had stumbled on
Hoping for light till something in her shone.
From childhood skilled in simple country things

Possets for fevers, poultices for stings;
Clever at freeing ducklings from the shell;
Her kitchen-garden tended more than well,
Her cottage spotless, free from mouse and moth;
Her pride, her china and her tablecloth.
Her very life a gift or offered loan
To all whose need was greater than her own.
Her rule, the Scriptures, out of which she spelled
Counsel and comfort on the course she held.

The dreadful sights of old

Though I was sheltered, yet, when life began,
I learned that men are terrible to man.
I never crossed the town without the sight
Of withered children suffering from blight,
Of women's heads, like skull-bones, under shawls,
Of drunkards staggering with caterwauls,
And starving groups in rags, with boots unsoled,
Blear-eyed, and singing ballads in the cold.
I saw the filthy alleys, close and dark,
Where few could read or write, but made their
mark,

Where men and women lived and died in tetter,
So little human that the dogs were better.

The Bargemen's Inns

South-westward, as I heard, there lay
Old wharves of darkness tucked away,
Black courtyards thick with ancient inns
Kept by the Seven Deadly Sins.
My elders said, This was the port
Whereto the bargemen made resort.
I never trod those lanes, nor saw
The seven breakers of the law,
Only their washing hung from lines
And dingy, painted, swinging signs,
And empty alleys with none stirring
Save possibly a black cat purring,
Doubtless a cat with Satan's mark
Who rode a broomstick after dark.

Ah, after dark, when bound for bed,
What images were in my head
Of lamplight in those secret houses
And songs and fiddles and carouses
And earringed bargemen sipping rum
Defying death and kingdom come,
Telling the marvels of the seas
From Maelstrom to the Ramireez.
For who could doubt those swarthy men
Knew Tenedos and Darien,
Had heard the Goan bells and sinned
In Trapalanda and Melind,
And now the Sins themselves, in red,
Were with them as I went to bed.

Oh, how I longed for but one peep
Before the swift annulling sleep.

The terrors of the fields

Though drink and poverty and crime
Poisoned those alleys of old time,
Where wickedness gave little truce,
I knew that energy was loose;
Energy, too, made sudden storms
In farmers' fields in other forms,
For those whose wits were gathering wool
Would often come upon a bull,
And tales of bulls from every side
Kept little children terrified.
The wolf that scared Red Ridinghood
Could scare less than a red bull could.

From almost every farm, a dreadful tale
Of what a bull had done, made children quail:
How the bull, wrenching, turned upon his lord
Then taking him to drink, and knelt, and gored:
How the bull, loose in meadow, chased and tossed
A little boy, who lived (with reason lost).
How one, pursued across a field, was torn:
"The bull had tatters of him on his horn."
And other some, who in extreme despair
Just reached the tree, and panted, dodging there.

Too well, a little child imagined them,
Seeing the great horns coming round the stem;
Hearing the great side brushing round the tree,
Knowing the hunted fox's agony.
But others, leaping at a branch, had just
Caught, and swung clear above the antler thrust,
But huddled in the branches had to stay
Watched by the red beast's malice all the day,
Watching him horn the tree-bark into grooves,
And snorting try to clamber with his hooves,
Then seeming to go graze, but watching still
The quarry treed that was to be the kill.
That land's imagination was filled full,
And wisely so, with terror of the bull,
And none who crossed a field was ever free
From dreadful wonder where the bull might be.

Going out alone to see the Bull

Ah, with what mixed adventure and alarm
I crept to see a bull upon a farm.
In the hot June, I crept away alone,
I passed the duckpond and the upping-stone,
I reached the mighty barn's vast waggon door,
And, scared though eager, entered to explore.

Dim as an abbey's nave the barton lay,
Its cobwebbed brickwork stuck with scraps of hay,
Its rafters quick with flitting of the birds,

Arrowing swallows crying darting words;
The yellow wreck of an old waggon stood,
Its rusty iron coming from its wood,
Further along, in line, were sunlit stalls,
The horses gone, old harness on the walls.
The little wrens went up the wooden side,
Stall after stall, their sudden peckings pried.

I wandered down the stable, stall by stall,
It was all vast and I was very small,
And still, the hurrying swallows squealed and sped
Athwart the sunbeams up into their bed.
At the barn's end, a wooden ladder hove
Up, through a hatchway, to a loft above,
And climbing this, I saw that sunlight shone
Along a hayloft stretching on and on,
Cluttered with hay and speckled with a draff
Left by the cutters when they chopped the chaff.

I stepped along that loft of unknown dangers,
I looked down hay-slides into cattle-mangers,
I heard the pigeons chuckling on the roof,
And saw a gray cat shyly glide aloof,
And quaked, lest from behind me, up the stair,
A tip-toe bull should catch me unaware,
With sudden thunder charging to disjoint
My trembling meat upon his piker point,
Yet, none the less, my spirit said, "Explore. . . .
See, try, and know the things unknown before."

Then, at the final shoot, I saw below,
Alive, close-to, the thing I dreaded so;
There, stamping straw, alone, within his cell,
The thunder-shouldered felon lowered fell,
A cringle in his snout to lead him by
And smoulders of hell-fire in his eye.
All weight, he seemed, yet, when I saw him shift,
His muscles rippled and his soul was swift;
Seeing his evil prisoned thus, I knew
For the first time, the wonder man can do. . . .
Man from the first had faced this peril close,
Had penned him in, and ringed him through the
nose.

So can Man shackle all the plagues that kill
And wars that slaughter, if he have the will.

Some lines upon the Bull

Symbol of fruitfulness whose juices yield
The countless meat and butter in the field;
Symbol of weight, of strength, of lusty thighs,
Of everything ungente and unwise;
Symbol supreme of power without sense,
Of small caprices mixed with much offence;
Image of crowds and what a crowd exalts,
A thing supremely dowered with its faults;
Image of stupid man with front of horn

Lowered to thrust at every wisdom born;
 Dull enemy forever in a wrath
 Loose in the field where wisdom seeks a path;
 Father of calves, whom manhood put in pen,
 Eternal enemy and test of men;
 Curly cow-conqueror, whom dolt and dunce
 Pictured and praised as England's image once;
 Light's living foe in daily recognition
 As mob, as war office, as politician,
 As anything that heaves opposing mass
 Against the One who might make wisdom pass;
 As anything whose bellow moves the herd
 Against a still small voice speaking the word;
 Terror of children, but an image still
 Of what man conquers if he have the will,
 Leviathan, man-guided by a hook.
 To death by axe and burial through a cook.

The Terrors of Childhood

Though dread of bull was put to rout
 More terrors kept the soul in doubt,
 This was the worst of these annoys:
 That gipsies kidnapped little boys.
 Though laws and charities forbid,
 I was assured, that gipsies did:
 They lured, or snared the boy with noose,
 They browned his skin with walnut juice,
 And sold him to a life of pain;
 He never saw his home again.

I was most solemnly besought
 To ponder this that Minnie taught,
 Never to trust, never to take
 The gipsy's promises or cake,
 Though cake were iced and promise fair
 Alike, they led into despair.
 For half a dozen years I knew
 A terror of the gipsy crew.
 And there were many gipsies then,
 Dark, passionate, romantic men;
 Oh, many campments did I see
 Of gipsies surely come for me,
 With little fires, felted tents,
 Lean ponies wrenching at the bents,
 Old, earringed women, smoking clays,
 Bold, black-eyed girls with eyes in blaze,
 And coats, whose buttons, guinea-gold,
 Were blood-money from children sold.
 Perhaps, two centuries before,
 Dark, human wolves had tapped at door,
 Had lured the children forth with tales,
 To ships that waited under sails
 To bear them west-away, to sell.
 The terror left had lasted well.
 Minnie believed it; I believed.

A certain tree its darkness heaved
 Nor far away, a straggly fir.
 It seemed the devil's minister.
 Near it, a house, in evening light,
 Looked like a mouth inclined to bite;
 And further off, an oast-house stood,
 A giantess in witch's hood;
 These three, the gipsies and the bulls,
 And waterfalls and water-pools,
 Would always set my pulses quick
 And sometimes terrify me sick.
 Or from beneath my bed, the smile
 So jagged, of the crocodile;
 Or from within my bed the claw
 Of tigers fond of children raw.
 These were my dreads, and skulls that grinned
 From nightmares trotting on the wind.

The Discovery

I do not know the day, the month, the year:
 It was a green time, when the sky was clear;
 I was then five or six, in open air,
 When suddenly a doorway opened there.
 An ecstasy discovered that my mind
 Had every wonder that I wished to find,
 Limitless strength, to see and to create,
 A wealth of phantasy, past telling great,
 Power to call at will, to see and sway
 Peoples and creatures infinitely gay,
 Things in perfection, landscapes, forests, seas,
 And I, who summoned, king of all of these,
 King of a world to enter when I chose,
 (O desert spring, O rock-delighting rose).

Instantly then, I summoned, to my joy
 The tiny people suited to a boy,
 A fairy people, who, in daily dreams
 Provisioned ships, and sailed, exploring streams,
 Familiar streams, but past the points I knew,
 Where undreamed fruits and unseen flowers grew,
 Where, in some bay, they purchased priceless things,
 Little Green Hairstreaks', Purple Emperors' wings,
 Crest feathers plucked at night by Indian men,
 Scarlet from woodpecker, or gold from wren,
 Or blue-green flash, or golden-tawny gleam
 Dropped by the 'fisher skimming down the stream.

The Wonder of the Fields

Two barren fields I knew,
 Where lonely oak-trees grew;
 Pale fields, in places rushed
 Where trembling trickles gushed;
 Poor pastures, with thin bent
 O'er which the peewit went,
 And small snipe, tumbling after,
 Cackled uncanny laughter.

Their loneliness was such
 Few people went there much;
 Their cupboard was so bare
 No cattle fattened there;
 But, oh, to me, to me,
 What holy mystery.
 Still, after sixty years
 Their quiet reappears,
 Three oaks together: three
 Like islands in the sea,
 A shallow sea of grass
 Wherein a wonder was
 A ring, which feet unseen
 Had danced to darker green
 Almost as dark as yew,
 Or foot-prints among dew.
 Whose feet had glittered there
 When the bright Moon was bare?
 What had the white owl known
 Floating on wind alone
 When midnight's bee-bell-drone
 Wandered like sound-seed sown
 And tense fox lifted pad?
 A life lighter than ours
 A life gayer than flowers,
 A life not told by hours
 But by things glad.

The Mail Coach

Sometimes, on sunny afternoons, I heard
 A horn in cry, and hoofs a-tittup stirred,
 The coach-in-four was coming with the mail.
 At trumpet heard, all hurried to give hail;
 At easy speed, the four-in-hand appears,
 The coachman's eyes upon his leaders' ears,
 Each horse a special soul, yet, there, a team
 With chink of chain, old-leather grunt, and steam,
 With foam-fleck rubbing darkness upon skin,
 The guard at fanfare on his yard of tin,
 Then the swift lash, the coachman's sudden cry,
 The impulse on, and then, the thunder by.

As the coach neared to the appointed place
 The guard returned the trumpet to its case,
 Picked up his postal packs and pitched them
 straight
 For clever hands to catch at door and gate,
 Then sent another flourish laughing gay;
 The dust drew by; the hoofs clattered away;
 Breathless the horn, now; dead the four-in-hand.
 Life's very pulse once throughout English land.

The Pony Post

Another post went out in leather sack,
 Borne by a lad upon a pony back.

He rode to quiet never passed by coach
 And blew a postman's horn at his approach.
 He came to homes whose dwellers hardly knew
 Railways or steam or aught since Waterloo.
 Often in tenser times when light was clear
 And coming storm made distant noises near,
 Then from the western woods the horn-note stirred,
 The sunset spoke as through the Phoenix bird.

The Rook

From March till June, beyond the ash-pole-copse,
 A rookery called among the elm-tree-tops,
 Harsh, sweet and dear their calling; now and then
 At instants, strangely like the speech of men.
 One quiet evening, all the rooks in crowd
 Swarmed in excitement, more than ever loud.
 Somebody said, "A rook is being tried.
 Tomorrow, we shall see what they decide."

Next day, upon a stump above the pool
 I saw the wisdom of the assembled fool:
 An outlawed rook moped lonely, nearly dead,
 Outcast by that black senate overhead.
 "Outcast, for being a rogue," somebody said.

I was less sure in judgment, even then.
 Rooks may have light, like wisdom among men.
 Had wisdom brought the vengeance of the herd,
 Man's cross or hemlock fitted to a bird?
 All day, I watched that brother in disgrace;
 I knew the pride and misery of his case.
 He knew my sympathy, but also knew,
 For all its warmth, its impotence to do.

Still, after sixty years, I see again
 That blue-black huddled thing of pride and pain,
 Outcast, abandoned, without kind or friend,
 Finished with life and yet denied an end,
 And still I wonder for what taint or doubt
 Or crime or truth its fellows cast it out.
 Those looking at it said, "He is not sick.
 His plumes are glossy, and his eyes are quick."
 Even with men, an outlawry is rare,
 Crime does not make the outcast anywhere.
 Crime is too common, crime has friends and kin,
 Outlawry comes when wisdom is the sin.

And yet what wisdom had that bird upheld?
 Against what themis had his sense rebelled?
 He had denied no creed, condemned no church;
 Found no plague's causes after long research;
 Exposed no fraud nor robbery of trade
 By which death throve and money might be made;
 Arraigned no office destitute of sense
 For doing nothing at immense expense;

Branded no sport as beastly cruelty;
 Taxed no one's drunkenness as gluttony;
 Impeached no cabinet for years of harms,
 Inviting war, yet not providing arms;
 Denounced no statesman for an idiot course,
 Invoking platitude to counter force;
 Practised no art, nor read nor written book,
 Only been rook, with something not of rook.
 There with his pride about him for his shroud
 He gripped his stump, awaiting death uncowed.

So the rook died by vote of rooky mind.
 Man soon outdid the rooks in being unkind.

Old Joseph

There was an old man whom I used to see
 Sunning outside a cottage by the lane;
 He wore the smock-frock of the antique cut
 Gathered at chest with cunning needlery;
 His kin were dead; he could not work again;
 He waited, till the closing door was shut.
 Old as the Flood I thought him, for I knew
 That he had helped ring bells for Waterloo.

His one delight in waiting for the end
 Was looking at the prospect of the vale,
 The cornfields he had reaped when he was hale;
 And many an oast-house, many a cider press,
 And many a meadow he had helped to tend
 Before old age had made his fingers pale;
 After such toil, to sit and see the sun
 Was no outrageous thank for such an one.

But it was grudged him; he was bidden go
 Forth from his sunny cot to smells and dins
 In nasty darknesses in kennel row
 Down by the coal-wharf and the deadly sins.
 I know not who had made this evil be. . . .
 But no one stirred, and this was hell to me.

I raged against intolerable wrong.
 Why should a wonder among sterling men
 Be driven, after toiling nobly long,
 To die thus doglike in a stinking den?
 Why had no mercy screened him from the hurt?
 In a few weeks, he died amid the dirt.

Old Sarah

And in a few weeks more, came Sarah's case,
 A kind old woman in infirmity
 Sick unto death, and yet denied a grace
 And sent into the workhouse ward to die,
 Into the "house" against which all her pride
 Rebelled in bleakest anguish till she died.

The cruelty of this inhuman deed
 To one as loving kind as summer earth,
 Made my young heart for very pity bleed.
 Whose life deserved, were Sarah's nothing worth?
 Yet people grudged the pennies to provide
 That old sick soul with shelter till she died.

Why such large sin, so little penny saved?
 What was her need, but shelter for her bed,
 And any anodyne her sickness craved,
 A little water and a little bread?
 The whole could be bought thrice for twenty pound,
 (And then bought dear) but still, it was not found.

So kindest Sarah's spirit passed in grief,
 Killed by the bitter gruel of "relief"
 In earth's unkindness and with outraged pride
 Her misery beset her till she died.
 "I was too young," they said, "to understand . . .
 Not ours to question what the Lord has planned."
 Surely, nor mine, but life had let me see
 How cruel, man, how bitter, age, may be,
 How savage, life, when hearts have ceased to feel,
 When living love no longer turns the wheel,
 When to the helpless left to die alone
 The heart of sawdust gives the gift of stone.

The Dread

Then I perceived, that people had a dread
 That untaught should be taught, and starving fed.
 They were afraid, lest taught and fed should rise
 Not on the horrors of their miseries,
 Not on their rags, their drunkenness and itch,
 Their lice and ignorance, but on the rich.
 This common dread amid the general dark
 Was social conscience's expiring spark.

Perplexities

Then, though the drunkards daily darkened lives,
 Starving the children sick, and beating wives,
 Making a dirty hell within the den
 That made the castle of such Englishmen,
 Yet all the poisons of their making mad,
 Were sold like bread, and with less trouble had.
 Why raging madness should be made and sold
 Perplexed my childish brain in days of old
 But someone said that but for selling drink
 Our ship of state would very swiftly sink;
 Drink-tax, that built the fleet that rules the waves,
 Drink-tax alone made Britons never slaves.
 Therefore, to sell or buy drink, was to be
 Partner in England's impulse to be free . . .
 This seemed absurd, but on the other hand
 Being a child, I could not understand.

(To be continued)

AUTHORS AND AVIATORS

by EDWARD WEEKS

I

YOU cannot travel through the British Isles without encountering some of the great stories that wait to be written about the ships. But wait they will until the last U-boat has surfaced. Not all of these have to do with battlewagons. There is the story of the Liverpool Docks and of the 50,000 longshoremen who kept those docks working under the worst of the blitz.

There is the story of the old sea captains—Captain David Bone in his middle seventies is only one of many—who came back from permanent shore leave to command the convoys. Somehow they seem to get younger in uniform.

There is the story of the Ship Exchange, that roomful of forty men at a spot marked "X," who direct each convoy as it comes within forty hours of the Isle, splitting it so as to miss the raiders, berthing it in big ports and little, and having trains on the sidings as the ships come in, so that no cargoes are lost to weather or bombs.

And there is the story of the London harbor master in his shiny, shabby uniform and his breast of old ribbons—the story of how freighters loaded with high explosive were piloted by him coolly and accurately through the narrow London locks while sparks hissed into the water from the falling walls and the Isle of Dogs went up in flames.

Navy reticence being what it is, I am sure I should never have heard his story, had it not been for H. M. Tomlinson. Tomlinson, having secured Admiralty passes for us both, had been walking me through the streets of his childhood along Limehouse, through the St. Catherine Docks and from quay to quay until we had reached the inner locks. Tanks with the maple leaf insignia of Canada were beetling off a transport, and to our left a landing

barge, spick in its blue paint and with its new crew aboard, was making stealthily for the open river. We stood evidently where civilians were conspicuous, for there came running feet and a voice saying, "Here now, have you a camera?" It was the harbor master, but his grimness relaxed when he recognized Tomlinson. They had grown up on those docks, fished from them together in the 1880's.

We approached the docks down narrow streets along which the dockworkers once lived. Those endless rows of dingy homes were now crippled or in rubble, and through the cavities one caught glimpses of the river.

Tomlinson was looking for something. "I don't know whether it has survived," he said. "I can't believe it has come through the blitz." But it had. A little old pub which Dickens used to visit. "That's it! My father used to come here when I was a boy." The neat, burnished taproom was still being used, though no one was in it when we entered. I was led farther along the corridor and out upon a little balcony hanging right over the water. "Now look," said my guide. "There is Limehouse Reach. And this is where Whistler made his etchings." The tide was low, below us lay the barges, and the pictures came back like echoes. Only the big ships were missing.

The great gates of St. Catherine's Dock, the little round guardhouse, and such fragments of the warehouses as were still standing, were of old, yellow brick built when Napoleon was a threat. In the broad cobblestone yard cats were sunning. "Are those cats still on rations?" Tomlinson asked an inspector. "Yes, sir, they keep down the rats."

To our right was a large inlet, a quadrangle of bare quays into which ships passed, through a narrow lock. "Look there," said Tomlinson, and he pointed to the quadrangle. "The American clippers used to dock there. On those quays were three tiers of warehouses with arcades and pillars.

In these personal impressions the Editor of the *Atlantic* is reliving some of the more stirring encounters of his visit to England last summer, as a guest of the British Ministry of Information.

The ships lay along the walls beside the big arcades, with the masts above the top — and it was a sight. I've seen so many ships there you could walk from deck to deck, half across the water. Their bowsprits were like the boughs of trees." Now there was not a ship in sight. "Gone — it's all gone," said Tomlinson.

We stepped out of the hot sunlight and descended into the cool chambers of the Crescent Wine Vaults, where, with our candles on the yard-long sticks, we poked for a little among the twenty acres of monastic tomb in which still lie sleeping tuns of old Madeira and Sherry, soft and mossy to the touch, with the sugary stalagmites at the bottom to show the half century of aging. "A man could get lost down there," said the old caretaker. "Forty miles of tracks. That's why we give you a candle — can tell you're missing if you don't return it."

So on to the Spice Docks and the Ivory Docks and then down to the quay where a rusty freighter was unloading Demerara sugar. "Below here," Tomlinson pointed, "was where the *Torrens* moored — I have seen her here, when Conrad was her mate. . . . But you can't see it as I see it," he added. "All you can see is what's left." And glancing at his face, I knew I couldn't. For what he was seeing was a small boy there, with his father, and the ships and the barges and the bustle, and the bowsprits and broad-beamed men in dark blue. They were all gone, not even the landmarks left.

I think we forget what strength there is in age. We are so used to having men burn themselves out, we forget the light that can be rekindled by crisis. Men of Tomlinson's generation have seen two worlds go by the board, and their loss should be double ours. But while there is still hope for a third, they have no time for repining. They are not watching from the city walls: they are working with all the strength of their experience to preserve what must not be lost while the younger men are away.

2

CAMBRIDGE has always grinned at Baedeker's preference for Oxford. It was one more illustration of how the Dark Blue has been invaded by worldliness; whereas Cambridge was in a realm by itself. Today the distinction has been still further intensified. Oxford is in a turmoil indeed, for when Hitler was knocking at the door, departments of the government moved down to the colleges to be out of reach, and there they still remain.

I arrived in the midst of examinations, with the colleges half full of schoolboys trying for scholar-

ships and exhibitions. "Aren't they going straight into the army?" I asked. "Of course," said the don, "but we want to make sure that the true scholars will come back to us afterwards. Their scholarships will wait." Meantime, the Masters and Fellows were teaching two shifts of eighteen-year-olds, cramming their utmost into those six intensified months before the boy goes into uniform.

An Oxford classicist like Sir Richard Livingstone faces the daily exasperation of trying to teach so much in so little, and he directs the activities of his college, Corpus Christi. So much is routine. In addition — and daily — he is experimenting to see how education can be broadened so as to reach those who most need it, here and now, in the Kingdom. That means talking up and down the line from Scotland to Dover, to any group of workers or teachers who need him.

What worries him is that in this new ferment Britain will concentrate on the machinery but miss the true objectives of education. And to prevent that, he has found time (out of his sleep, I imagine) to write his two new books, *The Future in Education* and *Education for a World Adrift*. If we go on as at present, we shall probably decline into an economic religion worshiping material prosperity; the alternative which he sums up in his chapter, "Education for Citizenship," rings out in the words of Pericles: —

Fix your eyes on the greatness of your country as you have it before you day by day, fall in love with her, and when you feel her great, remember that her greatness was won by men with courage, with knowledge of their duty, and with a sense of honour in action.

Tall, ruddy, with the kindly eyes of a great teacher, he embodies that hope in the future which will bring the boys back. In case you are curious, he also keeps hens, the coops sitting majestically on the old city wall of Oxford.

From Oxford it is eight miles to Abingdon-near-Burcot, where the Poet Laureate lives. My old roommate at Trinity, now one of the librarians at the Bodleian, and I were on our way to see John Masefield. As our bus swam through the crowded Oxford streets, I admired the skill with which the English girls handle their bicycles. We came into the open country and passed between airfields unquestionably American in their occupation. So to a crossroads, where we dismounted and walked down the little lane with hedgerows which led to the Park in Dorchester.

It was the poet himself who let us in. Time and photographers had prepared me for a frail man with a tired face, but the Masefield who welcomed us was

in the pink. He had just come in from boating on the river, and his fresh color, his dark eyes and white thatch, were a picture of health.

He asked about Boston and New York and was curious to know of the big developments going on in Texas, the Golden Gate (which he remembered from his shipping days), and the Mormon Valley.

While Mrs. Masfield made tea, my librarian spoke his heart's wish: how eager he was to secure for the Bodleian one of Masfield's manuscripts. The poet smiled, and for a time there was a discussion as to which manuscript it should be. Then Masfield said hesitantly that he wondered if they would also be interested in his correspondence with Thomas Hardy. He had always kept Hardy's letters, and at the novelist's death had returned them to Mrs. Hardy. Now the literary executor had returned them to him, and he would be glad to place them in the library — if they were interested.

Then he spoke about poets and painters. Both, he said, had felt the disrepute into which they had been forced in the boom years. When industry was in the ascendancy the artists had been ignored, and it was then that they had taken to writing and painting for each other. I asked about his own work and he said he was writing a long poem. "What is it about?" I asked. He said, "About myself — my youth, from one to six. It is quite long." No matter how long, I wanted it for the *Atlantic*.

A flight of what proved to be Fortresses flew over low, and this drew us out of the library to the lawn where the curve of the Thames lay ahead. I asked if the country hereabouts had been blitzed. "Indeed yes," he said. "You may have noticed our blackout. The bombers have been over again and again. I remember one time when Mrs. Masfield and I were inside there and the room was as black as pitch. We could hear a single raider circling around and around, looking for a target. And finally, as if in plain exasperation, he let her go — right across there, right over the river beyond the bend, in the big field. It broke every window on that side."

3

DRIVE in any direction from Cambridge or Oxford and you will reach the air front. Arrive with the sun if you can — the sun and no clouds. I paid my first visit to our bomber command on that clear July Sunday which was to celebrate the first raid on Hamburg. The men had been alerted the night before. ("How well do you sleep when you've been told it's coming up?" I asked. "Kind of jumpily," was the answer.)

Now it is going on 9.00 A.M. — and the gunners, who have had their breakfast, are being briefed. Through the windows of the headquarters you see the knots of men at the six tables, each leaning attentively toward the officer who is talking. You imagine what he is saying. "The escorts will leave you here. . . . Here you make your feint. . . . Look out for interceptors from this point on. . . ." As fast as the groups dissolve, new ones take their places. Twenty-eight Forts are going up from this Wing, — and that's a lot of gunners.

Outside, the sun feels hotter. It is going to be a perfect day. The roads converging where you stand are alive with bicycles, jeeps, and trucks. For now the pilots and navigators are beginning to arrive and their briefing will take longer. You stand talking to the colonel who is to lead them in, — an old man of twenty-six. He brought the last Fortress out of Java; he has done eighteen missions in the Pacific. Now he is in the Big League. His soft mustache doesn't conceal the firm lines of the mouth which seem so emphatic in these young faces. His eyes have that fixity which you are to notice later in the day. But now the men are re-emerging from the low pine building. The Colonel turns you over to his master mechanic and you decide to have a look at the lead plane.

Joe drives you in his jeep and it is quite a way to the island where the Colonel's plane is parked. The realization suddenly hits you of how much space these four squadrons need. The main runways are larger than the average airport, but the Forts don't show there. The forty of them have been dispersed in little islands surrounding the cut surface. They snuggle right against the hedgerows. Their wing tips are ten yards away from the ripening wheat. Farmers live right in the midst of all this, and you hear the church bells ringing just as Joe curves you in a swoop beneath "The Raunchy Wolf."

The ground crew, the men who nurse the plane but don't fly it, are off to one side. They are suspicious of you. You might bring bad luck; they wish you would get the hell out. But Joe is a good chaperon. Quite casually he cuts you in to his conversation with the pilot. Most of the crew you notice have stripped to their shorts — it is that hot. You move over to the navigator, just as the tail gunner rides up. "He is a real Indian," says the navigator under his breath. And he is — a full-blooded American Indian, a lieutenant, riding up on an English woman's bicycle with two 50-millimeter machine guns on his shoulder. He leans the bicycle against the hedge.

Time is getting short. And how they hate the wait. You dig the runway with your toe, or saunter.

The mechanic begins to clown — the burly guy with the ham hands. He has climbed into his electrified suit and he does a monkey act with a plug wire as his tail. And now the Colonel is here, and the men are pulling on their flying clothes, and the boots, and the parachute harness, and the helmets, and the Mae Wests — and the pilot is dealing out flat cellophane packages, like a woman's handbag, containing drugs, the concentrated food, and the unmentionables they will need if they have to bail out.

"Better go," says Joe. And in the jeep we scurry down to the crossroads where the feedway joins the main take-off. We drive into the field and park beside the radio control, a little boxcar painted in yellow and black squares. Next door is an ambulance and beyond that a fire-fighting crew. "Move those people away from that hedge, will you?" says the sergeant with the earphones, and as he directs the MP you notice the English villagers who are standing with their youngsters all down the hedgerows. Church is over and they have come to see the boys take off — the boys who sometimes help them with the reaper and to whom they sell their eggs.

The props begin to turn and then the air is shuddering. You stand beside Joe on the seat of the jeep and watch as twenty-eight Fortresses file into line and come taxiing toward you down the runway. The four motors are roaring now, the windows are open, and as the pilots go by, they give us thumbs up. I saw one radio operator sitting on the cowlings clasping his hands in the old prize-fight gesture to a boy two ships ahead. You can't hear yourself shout. The first eight are Joe's special charge and I see him tremble as they come up to the line — "Lazy Suzy," "Big Stink," "Hesitating Hussy," "Grim Reaper," "Yank and Reb." They halt thirty yards from us and all turn at an angle to keep the slip stream out of each other's teeth. The waist gunners lean out of their great open bays and thumb their noses.

And then with a roar the first takes off — and the flight goes up.

Two of our twenty-eight never make the run. They turn off to the left and go slowly back, one motor dead. "Aborted," said Joe. "Tough."

I look away, up at our twenty-six as they circle and circle the field, gaining altitude. Other flights are rising to the west and south of us, and even from where we stood you could see the beginning of that great formation, a flying arrowhead with height and depth, which was weaving together higher and closer as it neared the sea. Then they were gone from sight.

"Now you will know what it is to sweat it out,"

said the doctor as we sat together at mess. Lunching with us were crews who had come in the night before from Norway and were being rested for the next day's raid. Automatically you checked off their records. Those blue and gold ribbons beneath the wings told that the wearer had returned from five missions. The Air Medal with the little cluster meant ten missions. When a boy has twenty-five missions to his credit, he is in line for the D.F.C. and a long leave.

Time dragged that afternoon. I spent most of it with the mechanics. (There were over two thousand ground men on this field.) I watched them salvaging parts from a wrecked ship — "cannibalizing" they called it. I watched a new tail being fitted on to "The Careful Virgin" while up at the nose the artist of the outfit stood, brush in hand, painting a large "X" over that word "Careful." She would be the "X-Virgin" from that time forth. I heard the tall stories, and overhead I heard those two unhappy crews who had aborted, lost their mission, and were now struggling to get their motors into condition.

By six the camp is restive; by seven the exodus begins — on jeeps, bicycles, on trucks — to the vantage points, to see the boys come in. Joe drove me back to the same crossroads. I noticed that the silent rows of English had returned.

"Here they come," said the radio operator, and swiftly, straight out of the horizon, swept over us in wing-tip formation twelve of our big boys. Everywhere you could see the faces upturned, the fingers counting. Twice they circled the field. "Now watch," said the radio voice. And with that, one of the Forts peeled off, rose sharply to break his speed, leveled out of sight and then came in, smooth as cream from a jug. "They are coming in hot," he said. "Hot?" I asked. "Yes, fast — and thank God they are turning left, — the ambulances are up there to the right," he added, for my benefit.

And now the second group swung into view, thirteen this time. One after the other they peeled off, swung out, and came in on the run. We had sent up twenty-six, and only twenty-five had come back. Where was the other, was the thought in my mind as we raced back across the field.

Now the taxi line was forming again, the big fellows like tired elephants coming home. "The Raunchy Wolf" settled into the center of her space, the pilot cut the motors, and after an instant long legs began to dangle from the hatches. Stiff-kneed, their faces flushed and sweaty from the seven hours of oxygen, their eyes looking fixedly not through you but at something you could not see, the kids came back to earth and began to talk. Joe had the

first crack at each pilot as he came out. "Anything wrong?" he asked. He took down their answers on a big board and then raced to the next island.

The tired men with their heavy gear over their shoulders sat down on the hardpan, to wait for a lift. The Indian with his two gun barrels mounted his bicycle. Crew by crew they would go back to headquarters to be interrogated until every last scrap of information had been gleaned about their mission. And then some of them would be alerted for the next day's raid.

Back at headquarters I talked with a number of the airmen from New England. "Cold up there?" "Forty below." "Ack-ack bad?" "Worst we've seen." "Coming up like giant Roman candles," said one. "Like trying to walk on a bead curtain," said another. I began to jot down messages for their home folk and I remember one boy, Jack

Leahy from Norwood, pausing before he spoke. He had given me his mother's address. "Tell her I like it over here," he said. "Tell her there are the same kind of people to fight for we have back home."

I don't think it is misty-eyed of me to see a relation between these old men of twenty-three and these Englishmen of seventy, between those who are living literature and those who are protecting it. They see each other occasionally: Cambridge is a leave area for our Eighth Bomber Command and both universities have opened refresher courses for our men on leave. But the affiliation goes deeper than a chance encounter or a lecture; it is felt in the blood, like a common danger: it is the active courage of youth calling out the passive courage of age; it is fortitude drummed into the brain and heart ceaselessly by the motors which pass over you — American by day, British by night.



THE ROAD TO CAPE BON

by CAPTAIN RICHARD LLEWELLYN

THE heights of Hammam Lif command the only road to Cape Bon. Wide enough for four lines of traffic, well-metalled, this road was the only route available to the British tank force attacking south from Tunis.

Marshal von Arnim entrusted the task of holding the heights to a regiment of Hermann Göring Panzer Grenadiers, crack troops of the Afrika Korps, in the hope that they would deny entry to the British armor and give him time to entrench his troops among the mountains of Cape Bon. The eventual collapse and surrender of Marshal von Arnim's forces was finally brought about by the cutting off of his line of retreat into the Cape Bon peninsula.

Subsequent information shows that the fall of Hammam Lif was as disastrous as it was unexpected, and this disaster was brought about by the Guards, supported by the Divisional Artillery, who stormed

the heights; the Armored Brigade was then able to smash through the defile.

1

It was midday on May 8, in the year 1943. Scarlet bands on the caps of staff officers showed almost purple in the deep shadow of the square, mud-bricked church at Madilene, where maps rattled and a single voice dictated: "This is Hammam Lif. These heights command the only road to Cape Bon; 88-millimeter guns are mounted there in strength, but too well dug in to be got at by shell fire. Only infantry can clear the position, and it must be cleared at any cost. At once."

A lieutenant colonel of Foot Guards saluted, and turned away into brilliant midday sunlight, doubling through a lane of cypress to climb aboard the hot steel of his carrier, bracing himself for the lunging pull of the turn. The dispatch rider ahead, making heavy way over loose sand ruts, got lost in tangled scrolls of rough whitish dust that gritted the eyes and dried the mouth, sheeting the patient

A Welshman, now a captain in the Welsh Guards, RICHARD LLEWELLYN scored a notable success with his pre-war novel, *How Green Was My Valley*, and is about to score another with his new book on London slums, *None but the Lonely Heart*.

gray shapes of waiting transport along the roadside, which sometimes, through breeze-blown gaps, showed the Mailed Fist, the badge of the Royal Armored Corps, on their battle plates, or else, transformed by camouflage, were so many pairs of windscreen eyes glittering in a sudden passage of the sun.

Away from the crowded olive groves, cooler winds piled the dust in waves that powdered and broke against the cactus hedges, showing the long mauve sprawl of hills away to the right, ending, far over on the left, in the five bare peaks of Hammam Lif. The carrier sucked the road through its square snout, careening past the battalion moving up in tracked convoy, grinding through the miles to the farm on the cross tracks. A small Arab boy, almost hidden under a hive of a straw hat with carnations stuck all round the turned-down brim, sat at the corner, wriggling ten pink-nailed brown toes before small pyramids of unripe lemons in three neat rows.

The lieutenant colonel left the carrier and got through a gap in the cactus, watching the quiet heights through his glasses, moving inch by inch along the ridge, up and down the flanks, marking the rain channels cutting up from ground almost to crest, watching for signs of the enemy. But except for birds that flew among dwarf bushes of wild thyme and rosemary and rocks outcropping here and there along the top, the five hills were bare, silent, lifeless.

The road was filling with the dust of transport, setting down the battalion by platoons that formed up and marched into the olive groves below the heights. Company commanders were hurrying into a group beside the carrier. Signalers reeled out cable between the trees, and a Red Cross flag broke on the dressing station where pioneers were knocking in the tent pegs. The padre filled a couple of cans over at the water truck, taking them back to the rack near the operating table, and waited, watching the surgeon sterilizing his instruments.

In the olive groves, among jumbled hundreds of oil containers thrown aside by retreating panzers, platoons were taking off their equipment. Cloth bandoliers of cartridges were dumped in piles from the trucks.

The group round the carrier broke away in a ring of salutes. Platoon officers formed groups around their company commanders. Battle positions were pointed out, start lines, routes of advance, and objectives. Again the groups broke up and platoon officers ran to join groups of N.C.O. section commanders, relaying orders. Processions of pairs carried long green boxes of grenades to be

primed. Bren gunners wiped heavy magazines, ridding them of travel dust.

Farther down the road, machine guns poked black muzzles through holes in the farm walls, and the mortar platoon hacked out firing pits in the hedge side among the twisted roots of cactus. In front of them, on a bare stretch of sand below the heights, a smashed tank filled the wind with the bitter stench of burning metal; and a few yards off, a dead donkey lay stiffly gray, straight-legged as a toy.

Whistles blew in the olive groves. Sergeant majors were marshaling their companies on the start line. Second hands of watches jerked nearer to Zero.

Artillery cracked in the rear — squat fat whacks that shook the teeth and clouted the ears. A squadron of tanks wheeled off the road and lifted their guns at the crests, spitting bright red puffs that burst up there in creamy spouts centered with vicious yellow. Tracer bullets eased upwards in curving gray streams.

In the taut shade of the farm wall, three Arab women, three patches of dull red and blue, plaited each other's hair, with no thought, it seemed, beyond the interweave of long black braids.

2

WATCH hands ticked over Zero. Up on the forward edge of the olive grove, company commanders gave the order to advance.

In the dressing station, the padre stopped rolling bandages to watch files of inch-high figures in khaki drill break away from the thick green growth of the trees and march across the open ground toward the foot of the right-hand hill, six hundred yards away. On the left, a second company was marching out of the plantations, but the lines of trees were no more precise than the orderly ranks of Guardsmen, each with his own breath of dust to mark his way across the bare red sand.

Echoing gunfire rolled with the sound of a thousand tumbling barrels, but still the hills were quiet, without a sign of life, four-hundred-foot heights of barren silence, sharp-crested and remote.

The marching files were halfway across the flat, beyond all hope of cover, and ugly yellowy brown spurts ripped up the earth all round them, rising in lanes of dust where the bullets struck deep. The little figures were falling, twisting sideways, kicking, struggling to get up, and lying still.

The ranks went on, closing in to fill the gaps.

The crash of machine-gun fire could be heard

from a dozen holes in the rocks above, but still no enemy movement could be seen. Reserve companies poured fire on the crests without targets. Artillery pounded any hole or crack that might have been a hiding place. Mortars dropped bombs along the crest and on the flanks. But still the machine guns crashed and still the marching files went forward, slowly, toward the foot of the heights, at every step losing more little figures that fell forward or dropped sideways, and struggled to get up, and then lay still.

Leading platoons reached the slopes of wild thyme and rosemary and went deeper in, climbing the steep sides of the rain gullies, under cover once more, but only from snipers and machine guns. Grenades, thrown from above, rolled down on them, exploding in the narrow way, and if the white-hot rags of steel failed to find a mark, splintered rock flew up and cut to the bone.

Where the slope was almost sheer, three quarters of the way to the crest, the first Guardsmen out of the gully saw the heads of their enemy over a boulder-ringed dugout just below the ridge, and went up at them, almost on all fours. But their bayonets were given no chance of a wetting. Thirty yards away was far enough. Shrill yelps of fright were heard clearly above the crash of fire. Holding their hands high above their heads, the Germans crawled out on their knees and ran down the slope toward the advancing company, losing balance and falling, some of them, all the way down to the flat.

But positions on the hilltops on both flanks were ripping cross fire into the sections closest to the ridge, pinning them down among the rocks and thorns. Snipers, among the wild thyme on the brow of the highest hill, searched for platoon and section commanders. One by one they fell, and even as they lay, were shot again.

The square bulk of the carrier rattled out from the tree line, carving a thick, furling rut of bright yellow dust that rose behind it like the tail of a meteor, and stopped while the lieutenant colonel watched the advance. Up on the peak, a sniper lifted his head to roll grenades down among a section inching up on him. The lieutenant colonel put away his glasses and took a rifle out of the rack. In his crow's-nest of rocks on the summit, starkly outlined against the pink and blue of the afternoon sky, the Nazi was shot as he lifted to throw, and leading Guardsmen heard the square helmet clank tinnily against the shale behind the parapet.

A third company was leaving the tree line below, marching toward the foot of the hill. Again machine guns cut long, splashing swathes in the red sand,

and again the little figures fell, twisting, struggling, lying still. But the files marched on, without a turn to right or left, or even a backward look.

The men on the slope were crawling inch by inch upward to the crest, trying to cross over on the other side to deal with the mortars and search out the snipers. But the crest was under heavy, instant fire from the other side of the valley, and the slightest move brought more casualties. A company commander walked up the length of the hill, despite the whiplash of near misses, and looked over the crest to see the strength of the enemy positions for himself, and walked down again to report that, unless his company was to be wiped out, no advance was possible until darkness gave cover.

From where the leading troops lay, three hundred feet above sea level, they saw the broad sweep of Tunis Bay reaching far out, on the left, to the white villas of Carthage. Midway, the cream and white clustered city of Tunis still quivered in the heat, with the domes of its mosques in sweeps of mauve shade, set in dark parks of cypress green. Just below the heights, the square French houses of Hammam Lif, each in its own garden, showed whitewashed roofs and lines of forgotten washing that waved in the late afternoon breeze. Beside the beach, at a small yellow villa gaping with brown wounds of shell fire, a pair of white socks tap-danced on an unseen wire. Only the beetle movement of tanks up and down the streets, and the long orange flashes of German guns, gave any sign of war.

Beyond all, half a mile away over the white beach, the unruffled Mediterranean lay waiting, gently blue, striped with broad ribbons of spring leaf green. A sunken ship looked out as though in surprise, showing only the tip of a funnel and the mizzen tops of its mast, pink in the flush of the setting sun.

3

THE long climb and the tension of battle in the hot afternoon hours had tired the men on the ridge, but there was no hesitancy when a platoon officer gave an order to charge the crest under cover of lowering shadows. The men rose to one knee, clear targets, and snipers worked the faster.

But now a feeling was at work among them, common to men under constant fire, when the indignity of having to crouch in a hold under duress suddenly produces a compound of frigid anger and devil-may-care — when all sense of fear is lost in a desire to close with the enemy and destroy him wholly and utterly, come what may.

At the same time, enemy troops seemed to become

aware that darkness would give cover for prowling men. More of them, from positions along the ridge, were giving themselves up, and as they left their posts the Guardsmen got closer to the peak. But four or five hundred yards to the left the 88-millimeter guns still commanded the road, denying its use to the waiting armor, and Hermann Göring Panzer Grenadiers were still in hiding and able to shoot.

The company on the left flank charged over the crest, and at the same time the platoons nearest the peak went for the machine-gun posts to their front, rushing the ridge and sliding down the steep bank on the other side, instantly re-forming to engage the enemy from the new position. But the Nazis preferred not to fight at close quarters. One after another, in twos and threes, and then in half dozens, they came out with their hands up, refusing to fight when the bayonets came too near.

At last, the right-hand hill was clear of the enemy, and as night drew on, the scarlet flash of their machine guns gave away the remaining hiding places along the crest to the left, making attack simpler though not easier. Sections chose their objectives and went for them one after another. More platoons got over the ridge, working towards the coast road and gun emplacements. A wounded officer led a handful of men into the valley, fighting a way along the dry river bed and out into the streets of Hammam Lif itself, in the rear of the guns.

When all three hills to the right were reported clear, only the saddle joining the last two hills remained, and the peak beyond. Two hundred yards of massive rock, holed by engineers, deeply sheltered and firmly held, commanded all approaches.

Minute by minute, tired, thirsty, the men crept forward, dodging bursting grenades when they could, groveling in shallow pits when machine-gun bursts ripped the rocks all round them to gravel that cut their faces, slashed their clothing, tore steel helmets off, and knocked the rifles out of their hands.

Wounded, dying, and dead lay where they were in the chill of early evening; and time and time again, sections lying in cover cursed the stretcher bearers for attracting fire as they climbed about the slopes, taking helpless men away, ignoring curses, bullets, bombs, and shell fire alike, easing the heavy burdens down the steep, foot by foot, to the carriers that waited to take them to the dressing station. Wounded men crying out in pain, hidden among the rocks and rosemary, were searched out, bandaged, given water, and sent to sleep with a grain of morphia.

In the middle of the saddle, the strongest post was taken with the bayonet from the front and rear, but the steel points never got nearer than thirty yards. The gunners came out with their hands up, docile, shaking, watching the silver spikes big-eyed, sidelong, often turning hurriedly about, fearing sharp threat from the rear. As the night got darker, the thirty-yard boundary increased to a hundred, and forward sections, hearing shouts far away on the last hill, lit matches to show volunteer prisoners where to come for sanctuary.

Yard by yard, nest by nest, and dugout by dugout the platoons fought on, leaving their casualties to mark a trail, and the racking streams of machine-gun fire that in the utter darkness had been so brightly pink were one by one, suddenly, blackly, still.

The battle was over.

Sweat dried and blood clotted in cool sea-borne gusts that brought from below the steady, pulsing menace of the armor forming up for the break through; and down in the lamplit dressing station, the padre held the ruffling pages of his little book, writing in the names of those who lay so quietly beneath the turned-up blankets.

On the crests, weary men slept at arms among the wild thyme and rosemary, or else stood sentry along the five bare peaks of Hammam Lif.

The road to Cape Bon was open.



THE JACKERS

by ROBERT L. ROE

1

LLOYD kept craning his short neck to look over the hood. Dan looked too. "There are some tracks over here," he said.

"Which way are they heading?" Lloyd asked.

"Down."

"Those are probably mine. Ones I made coming down through, this morning. Look for any going up."

"You didn't come up through this way?"

"No. Past Mildreth's and through the Hood 'n' Haggard pasture."

"Any sign over there?" Dan asked.

"Some. Nothin' like up here though."

They crossed a little bridge. The record of the snow was plain. Only one set of footprints pointing down the road.

"That's all right," Dan said, settling back in the seat and gazing out through the snowy silent woods. There was a blue light gathering in there as though it were night already.

Lloyd sat huddled over the wheel watching the ruts. It wouldn't do to bounce into a ditch at this stage.

"Wonder what Ezry thinks," Dan said.

"If he heard us."

"Oh, hell. This is no Silent Six."

Lloyd laughed. "He might have been wooding it. Ezry's allus out o' firewood. He can't pinch us, anyhow. Most he can do is squeal. He'd do that quick enough."

"Oh. . . . He would?"

"Sure. Make Reynolds think he was watching the place good. Ezry's got a soft snap and he knows it. Nothing to do but drive off jackers and keep the town boys out of the brooks, cut a little ice and a little wood and gets seventy-five a month for that."

"Um-m," Dan said. "They can't do anything

to you unless they catch you with the meat on you, though?"

"No. . . . Ezry's curious too. Likes to know who does what. If he comes snooping we ought to jump on him and beat the hell out of him."

Dan didn't say anything. The car bounced and rattled over the uneven road. Lloyd had to run one wheel on the bank to keep from hitting the crank-case on the high center. Brush slapped on the windshield and made it rattle because it was cracked. Dan peered into the woods hoping to see a pair of large ears and a delicate black snout pointed at them. But you never saw them when you were looking for them.

The car stopped in front of a wooden gate.

Lloyd said, "The deer don't belong to Reynolds no more than to us."

"Less. He's rich and don't need to shoot his meat. They don't eat his garden."

"They ate two rows of beans on me last year," Lloyd said.

Dan got out. "You got your beans back, I guess. There's a lot of beans to a deer."

Lloyd laughed.

The gate had no hinges. The bars rested on cross-pieces nailed between two posts set at a forty-five-degree angle to the road. This allowed the gate to be carried out of the road.

"Shall I put it back?" Dan asked, staring at the NO HUNTING sign.

"No. Maybe we'll be in a hurry going down."

The road was worse inside the fence. They steered around a swampy place that was black against the snow. The road followed the bank of a stream that brawled over stones and around thin ledge ice on the rocks.

They came to a small, neat white farmhouse looking newly painted. Dan sat up looking worried. No smoke was coming out of the chimney. The snow was flawless.

A Vermonter who knows the trails around Middlebury, and who for a time worked his way at sea, ROBERT ROE in this story harks back to a white winter in the Green Mountains.

"Looks good enough to live in," Dan said. "Sure nobody's here?"

"Nobody's lived here, nor in none of the thirty other farmhouses that Reynolds bought up so's he could control the headwaters and fence his brook — not for ten years since he bought 'em all out."

Lloyd cut off the motor and they sat in the car at the edge of a small orchard.

Lloyd climbed out. Dan sat still.

"Wouldn't we better turn around? If we get anything, we don't want to be here any longer than we have to."

"Better to head her out of the wind." Lloyd drew an old quilt over the radiator.

2

THEY took their rifles and headed up a steep bank through scrub spruce, pin cherry, and moose maple. The snow was slippery and the going steep. Dan found he had better footing if he stepped up with the side of his foot instead of the toe. They were both breathing hard when they reached the top of the bank and the ground leveled out to a slight slope.

"Take a breather," Lloyd said, and grounded his rifle on the toe of his shoe.

In the silence a steady rhythmic thump was heard.

"Listen!" Lloyd said tensing.

It was a hollow thump-thump-thump, like a slow gallop on hard ground.

"Sounds like deer jumping. Hell, I hope we ain't scared a herd."

"Maybe they're running in circles around us," Dan said. He slapped Lloyd on the shoulder. "It's my heart pounding, you darn fool!"

Lloyd stepped closer and listened. "Cheese 'n' crust, so 'tis! You got a bad organ, boy."

"Last me till I die," Dan said.

They stopped in the edge of the brush and looked across a brier patch and over a stone wall into a fair sloping meadow. The meadow swept up a knoll past an orchard to the house. There was a barn beyond the house. Behind the barn another hill rose, and on top of that another house sat small and dark and looking desolate against the cold light. The brook ran along under the hill to the right and there were more spruces, thick and young, bordering the bank.

Lloyd had stopped behind a bull spruce. Dan stood just behind him looking over his head. They looked at the house in front of them. They looked at the house beyond. They searched the long expanse of snow between them and the orchard for man tracks.

A wind sucked up the draw between the hills and went f-f-f- in the bull spruce. Some snow sifted off the one behind Dan and went down his neck. He shrugged and a drop of water slid down his hot spine under the sheepskin.

"Chance it," he said.

Lloyd stepped out and Dan after him, stepping in his tracks. They crossed the stone wall and went up through the meadow. Presently they were in the little orchard.

"Look," Lloyd said.

There were tracks all around the trees. The snow was trodden by many pointed-hoofed feet. The little w's went everywhere, aimlessly, hunting out the tiny wrinkled glazed brown apples. Dan glanced up into the twiggy trees. A few brown rotten frozen apples hung in the gray knobby twigs.

They tramped from tree to tree.

"Man track," Dan said.

Lloyd came over to look.

"That's mine. Let's see. Yeah. I came through."

They circled the house watching for tracks. Dan was in the lead when they stepped onto the porch and reached for the piece of leather hooked over a nail holding the door shut.

"Wait," Lloyd said.

"It's twisted. Two twists to the right," Dan said looking at the piece of leather.

"Yeah. That's the way I left it. Let's go in. Be dark in half an hour."

"Less," Dan said and pushed open the door. The smell of the deserted house blew up around them every time they took a step. They went in all the rooms. When they closed the door they fastened it with a propped stick. Lloyd laid his rifle and Dan his carbine on the table that stood in the corner. Lloyd laid the long flashlight down carefully between the guns. He went into a little room facing north and opened the window. Dan opened the west window of the long room they first stepped into. It faced the middle of the orchard. Lloyd's window gave obliquely on the north end of the orchard.

Lloyd dragged a crippled chair with a short leg and a wounded back in front of his window. Dan found a chair with a hole in the seat which had evidently served for a commode. He wondered what those people were like who had sold their old home to Reynolds for a fishing preserve. Anyway they had had a baby. The commode was too small for an adult.

He took his carbine from the table and set it in the corner behind him. Then he sat down. He had to crouch over to see beneath the bottom of the window sash. This made the tail of his sheepskin

coat stick up, and the draft from Lloyd's window blew up his back. He tucked his coattail under him and sat down again. Crouched over, he let his eyes rove from side to side searching the ground, the trees, the bushes, the appearance of things so that he could recognize them when darkness came.

Lloyd was moving around in the other room. He trod heavily from side to side. The legs of his chair scratched on the floor when he moved it. The chair squeaked. He had sat down again. Dan could hear him breathing heavily. The long flashlight clicked as it was laid on the floor.

Then there was silence.

Through the open window Dan could hear the faraway roar of the brook. At the same time cold air streamed past him from Lloyd's room in a stronger current. A piece of loose wallpaper flapped in there.

Dan saw that the stone wall was a long dark line. The clumps of suckers surrounding the base of the untended apple trees appeared to be getting thicker, more substantial, joining the trunks, becoming incorporated.

"Almost dark," he whispered.

After a time Lloyd grunted.

"Yeah."

3

THE cold blew around Dan's ears and his knees were cold. He foresaw a long evening of discomfort. He got up, tiptoed to Lloyd's room, and leaning against the doorjamb said he was going upstairs to look up the hill — east. The tracks they had seen came from that way. Maybe he would see them coming.

Lloyd seemed to be thinking this over. He looked squat and misshapen on his chair. He reached under his coat and pulled a package of cigarettes from his shirt pocket, lit one, puffed, extended the package to Dan.

Dan lit a cigarette too and went upstairs to a wide landing with a many-paned window looking east. Two rooms led off it to the west. A window sash with several good panes of glass in it leaned against one wall. He worked on it quietly with his knife. Only the glazier's points still held the glass in place. The putty had dropped out years ago.

They probably died years ago, Dan thought — all except the child, the one the commode was made for. When he grew up the work of the farm seemed silly — keeping it up. All the land that was worth clearing was cut over and the roots grubbed up. The triumph was over and the slow day-by-day grind of wood-cutting in winter, sugaring in early

spring, spring plowing, spring planting, cultivating and haying, harvesting and cider-making. Then fall hunting and ice-cutting.

He got out four panes and stood them up against the wall. It was warmer up here. No drafts.

He picked up the glass and went downstairs carefully, tiptoe. Lloyd cleared his throat raucously.

Dan sat down on the commode and stared into the orchard. The tree trunks stood out dimly against the snow — gray on silver. The branches made a thick continuous mesh in which a star twinkled here and there like a fish in a net. He counted seven tree trunks and four clumps. Right.

Damn that wind! It was making his backside cold again. His knees felt numb. Lloyd sniffled like a water-closet flushing — one of the noisier kind. A wind blew the sound of the brook to him clearly and sucked it back again. The stars glittered less brilliantly.

"No moon," he said.

"Naw," Lloyd answered.

Lloyd got up, came out. It was strange so small a man could make so much noise. He reached along the wall and a match flared. A cigarette glowed.

"How about something to eat?" he asked.

"It sounds good to me," Dan said.

They went into what had evidently been the buttery. It had shelves and a window, with a wide shelf under it, facing west. Lloyd went out to the table and felt around for the sandwiches.

"What's this?"

"Glass. I found it upstairs. If I don't get meat I'll get some proper windows out of this."

Lloyd laughed. "There's more in here on the shelves. I found it when I was up earlier."

He found the glass and gave it to Dan. Dan put all the panes together and tied them with a piece of twine he had in his pocket.

"That ought to carry."

"Sure."

"If I don't fall down on it."

"Sure! Ha, ha!"

They leaned their elbows on the wide shelf and munched the sandwiches. Sausage. Dry bread. Dan chewed slowly. There was only a sandwich apiece.

"Think they've stood us up?"

"They'll be in here."

"Yes, but when? Before we're frozen to death?"

"You cold?"

"The sheepskin keeps my body warm but my legs are cold. I only have one pair of pants on. Must be down to about ten. Aren't you cold?"

"Only my feet. They sweat, see, when I walk. Now they're cold."

"Un — hunh. I'll take my sheepskin off and put it over my knees."

4

DAN was undoing the button loops when they both stiffened. It sounded like someone thumping a rubber shoe on wood.

"You do that?" Lloyd whispered tensely.

"No. Thought you did."

Lloyd flung himself silently out of the room and dropped on one knee by Dan's window with the flashlight. He held the long silvery five-cell cylinder like a gun. There was a click. The light leaped out, dazzling on the snow, bringing blindingly prominent near branches, beyond which they could not see. The long dazzling shaft swept from side to side, paused, swept on, back, up, down, clicked dark.

"Damn," Dan whispered.

"I heard it. You can't fool me. He's here somewhere."

Lloyd dashed into the room from which he had been watching. He could be silent when he wanted to, Dan thought, setting his carbine back in the corner.

"Come here! Quick! Quick!"

Dan seized the weapon, swung around, put his feet down carefully, surged into the other room.

Lloyd was in the west side of the window, hugging the frame, one arm out holding the flashlight, his head glued to the frame. Dan looked and saw the deer; two glaring eyes and a pair of large soft ears; slender legs, poised.

"Here, here! Wait now! Get on the other side of me. Lemme get the light acrost your sights."

"You stand still," Dan whispered hoarsely. "I don't need any more light than I've got."

He threw the carbine to his shoulder, caught the tip of his front sight in the V, and brought the front sight to bear just below those eyes. Then he hesitated, let the barrel sink until the sight was in the neck above the shoulder, pressed the trigger.

The room roared around them. Dan lowered the carbine and drew a deep breath. The deer made a spring in the direction he had been headed, south. He would pass Dan's window. Dan worked the ejector automatically and turned away.

"There! No . . . yes. There he goes. Come on!"

Lloyd dashed for the front door, Dan at his heels. The light went flashing over the snow. They ran around the house, down into the orchard. Lloyd stopped, waved the light around.

"He was standing here," he said.

"But he jumped this way," Dan said.

"Only one jump. Then he turned back north. Come on."

They ran, following the tracks in the snow. Dan stumbled over a fallen barbed wire fence.

"Watch it," Lloyd urged.

"Listen," Dan said, gripping him by the shoulder.

They stood still in the dark listening. A great wheezing, labored breath came from ahead.

"Come on," Lloyd said.

They went on. The light flashed around, bringing up leaning fence posts, trees, bushes. A big gray boulder made them pause.

Lloyd flashed his light left of the boulder. "There he is."

The buck, a little spikehorn, was lying on his side breathing heavily, a bubbly breath.

"Finish him off."

Dan raised his carbine and, disregarding the large bright soft eyes, fired just behind the ear. The buck gave a convulsive jerk, pawed the ground spasmodically as though trying to get up.

"Give him another, give him another."

"That's just reflexes. He's finished."

The buck straightened out, jerked, kicked with his hind legs, and was still except for minor tremors.

"Cut his throat," Dan said.

Lloyd handed him the flashlight and, drawing a knife from his pocket, started for the deer's head. The animal gave a convulsive jerk and Lloyd stopped.

"He ain't dead yet," he said.

"Here, give me the knife. Hold Betsy."

Dan took the knife, passed carbine and flashlight to Lloyd, and took the buck by the nose, bending his head back, stretching his throat.

The knife went in easily through the windpipe, hit bone. Dan scratched around until he was sure he had cut the artery. Warm blood gushed over his hand. He washed his hands in snow and rubbed them warm on the deer's hide.

"Our missuses will have some meat now," he said.

"You said it. . . . Come on, we'll get the sacks and things at the house."

On the way back Dan said, "I ejected that shell like a damn fool, and there are only two 32-20's in the village."

"Cheese 'n' crust! Did you?"

Lloyd tramped on. Then he said, "Maybe it ain't too bad, though. I ejected a shell like that once up here and I came back to look for it. I looked an hour. There wasn't any snow on the ground either. But I couldn't find it. It was a 30-03 shell. You know how big they are. In the snow an' all, nobody'll ever find it."

They went into the house and closed the windows. Dan took the glass he had tied into a bundle and hid it on a shelf in the buttery.

"Have enough to carry without that," he said and followed Lloyd down the rickety steps into the musty-smelling cellar. There were bins in there and old lumber. It smelled of damp clay and rotten wood and something else not easy to define — as though cats had frequented the place long ago.

Lloyd pulled some moldy old grain sacks out from under a bin. Then he reached in farther and brought out a short rusty saw.

"O.K.," he said. Dan turned and tramped up the stairs again. Lloyd went into the west room and flashed his light around, stooped, and picked up something and handed it to Dan.

"Maybe you'll want that."

"It's not that I want it so much," Dan said, "as that I don't want anyone else to have it."

He put the empty cartridge case in his pocket and they went out.

Dan took a deep breath.

"Are you hot?" he asked. "I'm hot. I thought it was cold around here until I fired that shot. Now I'm as hot as hell's hip pocket."

Lloyd laughed. They found the buck.

"How will we do it? I'll take one leg and you the other and skid him over into them spruces, hey?"

"No. You carry the guns and flashlight and I'll bring the buck along."

Dan handed over his carbine and took the buck's forelegs one on each side of him like the handles of a wheelbarrow. He gave a tug. After it was started the body dragged easily through the snowy grass. Lloyd went ahead holding the flashlight straight down except when he flashed it straight ahead to make sure they were heading for the spruces.

"You all right?" he asked.

"I'm all right. Keep going. Don't stop. It's easier to keep going than to stop and start. Whew!"

They were in spruces but the branches were too high off the ground to give any shelter except from above. There were some thick bull spruces farther on. They went on with the buck, and found a good place and smoked and lazed, sitting on the warm body of the deer.

"What'll he dress?" Dan asked.

Lloyd considered. He punched the buck in the ribs and felt around his tail. "Oh, hundred and fifteen or twenty-five."

"Say sixty-odd pounds apiece. I guess we eat meat this week. Let's see that knife again."

Dan took the knife and bent over the carcass. Lloyd held the light, following with it the smooth-slipping knife which began at the stab in the neck

and ripped through down to the vent. Dan grunted and rose as the entrails sloshed out onto the ground. He took hold of one hind leg and slit the skin down to the joint.

"Saw."

Lloyd sawed the joint and Dan slit the other leg. Lloyd moved over.

Dan began to skin the hindquarters, ripping off skin when he could, touching the tough spots with a knife when he could not get any further by ripping. They worked silently, only grunting occasionally or cursing in a low tone as the skin failed to come loose.

Lloyd stopped pulling and reached for the light. It clicked and went out. Dan reached in the dark for Betsy, found her, and sat still.

In the darkness they heard the brook. A breeze seemed to hiss along the snow. Somewhere far away a cowbell tolled.

"I swear I heard somebody walking," Lloyd said.

"He isn't walking now. Turn on the light."

Lloyd turned on the light.

"If it was a warden we could beat him up and run like hell," Lloyd said.

Dan glanced up under the visor of his cap.

"Yeah," he said. "I'll hold the hind legs, you pull."

The skin ripped as far as the forequarters with a noise like tearing tissue paper. With the skin off and lying like an old rag beside them they began to work on the carcass. Lloyd sawed down the backbone. Dan held the light and used the knife when necessary. They quartered the deer and tried to get the meat into the two old grain sacks. The sacks ripped. Lloyd put one sack inside the other and managed to get his share safely disposed. Dan wrapped his in the hide and tied it with some of the same twine he had used for the glass.

5

THEY set off downhill, stumbling through tall grass hummocks. Halfway down the hill they set down the bundles and went on down to the car to make sure no one was waiting for them. There was no one there and they went back and brought down their bundles.

When they had dumped them in the back seat, Dan said, "Wait a minute," and went over to the road.

"Footprints. Fresh, too."

"I didn't see them when we came in."

"Nor me."

They followed the tracks to the farmhouse, up to

the front porch. But they didn't go onto the front porch, which had a thin film of undisturbed snow. They went around the house to the cellarway.

Lloyd stooped over. The hatchway steps were gone. But there was a long double-track down the slope of earth.

Dan stooped too.

"Throw your light on that door," he said.

Lloyd threw the light on the old gray door. It had a hasp and staple for fastening from the outside. The hasp was thrown back but the door hadn't swung open. Maybe its inclination was to swing shut. Old doors like that usually swing one way or another when not fastened.

Or there might be something leaned up against it from the inside. Or somebody.

Dan felt in his pockets. He pulled out a tenpenny nail.

"Keep your rifle pointed at that door," he said aloud, and slid down where the other man had slid.

He put the hasp over the staple and slid the nail into the staple and bent it. Then he climbed back to where Lloyd was squatted.

They went to the car and got in.

"He'll get up through the house," Lloyd said.

"Maybe. Maybe the door is locked on the inside. Anyway, he can't swear in court that he saw us. All he could have seen was your car."

"If the inside door is locked he'll be cold before he gets out of there. Must be near zero."

"Keep him warm getting out. Anyway, he was too nosy."

"Yeah. We should of beat him up."

Dan didn't say anything.

They dumped Lloyd's share at his house and then Lloyd drove Dan up his road, a mile off the main road, past the deserted farmhouse at the foot of the hill where Dan's cabin was located.

Lloyd gave Dan a good sack. Dan shouldered it and started up the hill. The trees swallowed the road immediately. He began to sweat. The hill was steep. He had to rest every two hundred feet. After he rested he had to kick aside the snow where the sack had touched the ground so that blood stains wouldn't be too noticeable. The woods were dark. The trees seemed to march with him.

After a while he came to a place where it was light to his right. He could see a distant starlit mountain-top. Moosalamoo. The road made a bend to the left and mounted steeply. The woods closed in. He was on his own land. A hundred yards farther and he topped a small rise. When he had set the bag on the ground he threw back his head and bayed, "Coo-eee!"

He waited. After a while, shrilly he heard an answer.

He coo-eed again and swung the sack on his shoulder. The grade was down and he went briskly, letting the weight of the sack push him along.

He heard a door slam in the forest. The high voice coo-eed again and he saw a light far off moving through the tree trunks. Instead of the usual answer he howled.

"Hoo-ah, hoo hoo-hoo hoo!"

He heard a girl's laugh and then she cried, "Where are you?"

"Up the road a piece where the lady-slippers grow."

The lantern showed him her legs moving back and forth and then her shadow on the snowy expanse of the little bridge.

He set down the sack and hurried along.

He got to her almost before she had finished crossing the bridge.

"Them condemned woods is almighty dark," he complained in dialect. "Fright me, they do." He threw an arm around her neck.

She laughed. "My, you're hot. . . . No deer again."

"I walked fast up the hill. Let's have that light a minute. I want to look at something up the road a piece."

"What?"

"Oh, some tracks. Come along."

"No. I'm cold. I've only got a house dress on under this coat. You can't eat tracks."

"They're queer tracks," he said, and took her arm and urged her along.

When they got to where the sack was standing against the bank he pretended to be surprised.

"What's this? A sack? Deary me sus, so 'tis!"

"Oh, what's in it, baby?"

"Meat, darling. Deer meat, darling. Sixty pounds, more or less, of good meat."

"Oh, baby, baby, baby! You are a good boy. Mama'll give you a little smack for that."

She held warm lips up to him and they kissed with the heat of the lantern flowing around their faces.

They went back to the log cabin, with its tiny yellow lighted windows, squatting in the clearing that Dan had wrested from the woods.

"Trouble? Did you have any trouble, baby?"

Dan paused with his hand on the door latch and thought that over. He thought of their alarms, of their sweat when they first found the tracks, of locking Ezry in the cellar.

He pushed the door open and the heat rushed out.

"It was cold," he said.

THE MAKING OF YESTERDAY

The Diary of Raoul de Roussy de Sales

AUGUST 8, 1942. — Elmer Davis, head of the Office of War Information, has put out a statement which is the first decent declaration of its sort made by any country since the start of the war. Elmer Davis tells the truth, emphasizes the insufficiency of the war effort made so far, declares that America's allies have been doing most of the fighting, states that the promises made to them have not always been kept, and concludes by saying that the war may be lost. The style is excellent — plain, realistic, and lacking dramatic effects.

The British don't appear to be intimidated by Gandhi's threat of rebellion, but I fail to see what they can do from a practical standpoint to avoid it. What the Americans should do is to side openly with the British, even if they think the latter could have avoided the present situation — for, after all, the idea is to win the war; but most probably they will have too many scruples to do anything of the kind. They will want to stay out so as to be in a position from which to judge the matter impartially. It would be a fine gesture for the Americans to get up their courage and say to the British: "We don't care whether you're right or wrong; you're our allies, and therefore we're on your side." On that day, victory won't be far off.

August 18. — It is announced that Churchill has just spent a few days in Moscow. The Germans had already revealed the news. A communiqué, which

As the American representative of *Paris-Soir* and Havas, **RAOUL DE ROUSSY DE SALES** had a unique opportunity to survey our American scene, our thoughts, and our emotions in the crucial years before the war. With the collapse of France his work as a correspondent ceased, but he continued to set down in his journals the observations and the philosophy which mark him as one of the most discerning analysts of our time. This is the fourth of five installments.

The entire *Diary*, which has been translated from the French by Theodore R. Jaekel, will appear in book form under the imprint of Reynal and Hitchcock, Inc. Atlantic readers will remember Mr. de Sales's brilliant volume, *The Making of Tomorrow*, which was published shortly before his death.

tells nothing, gives an account of the interview, saying that the visit came to an end with a large banquet during which many jokes were made and much gayety reigned. From this, the *Herald Tribune* concludes that, in spite of the undeniable gravity of the Russian situation, it cannot be desperate since there is so much gayety in Moscow. In the meantime, the Germans are still advancing through the Caucasus and toward the Caspian, but people have stopped being alarmed over what seems inevitable.

Churchill's visit to Moscow has put a little new life into the futile debate on the second front, which had almost died from lack of sustenance; but the other great debate, the problem of India, is still in the foreground. The papers continue to publish letters on the subject; Norman Thomas has been to see Roosevelt to ask him to intervene; hundreds more individuals and groups are having their say.

Americans, even the most well-intentioned and most intelligent, will never understand that their worst national fault is this irresistible need they have to interfere in the affairs of other people in the interests of a morality which they deem irrefutable for the sole reason that it is their own. For a people to consider themselves the custodians of a superior morality is less dangerous than for them to believe they are a superior race, like the Germans, but it is no less annoying.

August 20. — A very big commando raid on Dieppe yesterday, in which English, Canadians, Americans, and French participated. The Allies were on shore for nine hours. Their losses are sure to be enormous. The Germans have made mention of 1500 prisoners. Whatever the practical results, the psychological effect is tremendous and so far very good. The Allies have taken the offensive on a large scale; they have accepted heavy sacrifices; they have set foot on French soil — which the Germans had declared to be impossible. The general effect is undeniably bracing to morale.

August 21. — Nothing is so fascinating as ideological and political constellations, in which groups that are often very far apart on the surface involuntarily come together and revolve about certain poles. Despite the war, reactionism is still in force. The Democratic Convention in New York has nominated as its candidate for the post of governor a certain Bennett, whose rival was a certain Senator Mead. Both are unknown; but the real struggle was between Jim Farley, supporting Bennett, and Roosevelt, supporting Mead. The President was defeated. The Republicans are rejoicing at this dissension in the opposite camp; but then, so are a great many Democrats.

The general approval of F.D.R.'s foreign policy does not prevent a growing hostility to his domestic policy. Farley, whom I know slightly, is an excellent vote-getter. In his day, he did a wonderful job of helping Roosevelt, but without giving a thought to the New Deal or to what it was. He would have served F.D.R. as faithfully if the latter's program included the re-establishment of slavery. But because he is against F.D.R. and came out on top in this political affair, people are happy. This probably has no importance, except as a symptom.

August 23. — *The Last Time I Saw Paris*, by Elliot Paul. This book has been a best-seller for several months, but I didn't want to read it. Curiosity and lack of anything better to do made me change my mind. I found that my suspicions were well founded. This book lives up to all the assurances that its title, its locale (the rue de la Huchette), and its publicity contained. In spite of all this, I don't see why it became a best-seller. Is it because of the sentimentality evoked by the name of France, or because brothels and prostitutes play such a prominent role in it? Is it because it contains so many scenes that the average American reader considers spicy and therefore "very French"? The author uses the rue de la Huchette, where he claims to have lived sixteen or eighteen years (already a bad sign), as a miniature representation of Paris, of France, and of civilization in general.

But the sad thing about it is that the rue de la Huchette is neither France, nor Paris, nor even the Left Bank, but merely the rue de la Huchette. Elliot Paul loves France, or at least the rue de la Huchette, with that romantic passion for the picturesque which Americans restored to a world that had practically given up the romantic and the picturesque for the last sixty years or so. It's queer that France has preserved this picturesque attraction for strangers — particularly Americans — while England, for instance, has none at all. A wine

seller, a concierge, or a prostitute in Paris is still vividly characteristic to Americans, while their counterparts in England are lifeless and colorless.

American reporters perform a dual role in the world today: they are the retailers of news (which is their profession), but they are also popular bards. It is they who have created Henry Wallace's Common Man and, in so far as it has any, the poetry of this war.

Although Elliot Paul spent eighteen years in the rue de la Huchette, he writes "Penses-toi" instead of "Penses-tu" and confuses the Bourse du Travail with the Bourse. It will always be a mystery to me why writers who quote in a foreign language don't at least take the precaution to have their quotations checked by a native of that country, but apparently this is impossible.

The enormous success this book has had is depressing, for if that is the general picture of France entertained over here, what's the good of perpetuating the misunderstanding by saving the country from its present state of slavery?

August 24. — Chance discoveries are the most precious of all, especially when they serve to reveal a bit of the truth. In fact, save for certain instances when happiness is the by-product of a disinterested piece of work or research, it exists in its purest form only on those rare occasions where intelligence illuminates an obscure problem. It matters little whether or not this process be an illusion. The important thing is not, perhaps, to understand, but to convince oneself that one has understood, to find a key that fits the lock.

All this is to lead up to the fact that yesterday, being short of reading matter, Reine was looking in the dusty tomb that is the library in this house and found a small book of Henry James's, *A Little Tour in France*, which I had never seen before. This book makes no pretensions. It's merely the account of a short trip to France that Henry James made barely sixty years ago. Obviously at that time tourists confined themselves to the vicinity of Paris and never visited the provinces in France. Italy was the fashionable place, and James frequently reveals his own inclination to compare what he sees in France with Italy.

According to James, it seems that provincial hotels and inns were in general bad and often very dirty. The famous French cooking which was later to throw American and other tourists (as well as the French themselves) into such ecstasies was not yet in existence, unless James failed to notice it. In Bordeaux, for instance, he found neither a restaurant nor a hotel that was passable. At Narbonne, in

a hotel unpleasantly full of a horde of commercial travelers and winegrowers, he is served "a horrible mixture known as a *gras-double*, a light gray, glutinous, nauseating mess, which my companions devoured in large quantities."

But James does not travel for the sake of food. He merely wanders from one town to another, without getting off the beaten track. He describes the more celebrated monuments and sites: the House of Tristan the Hermit, the Castles of the Loire, the Maison Carrée, the Pont du Gard, and so forth. It's the book of a refined tourist, too nonchalant to display his erudition but also possessing too sure a taste for the reader to forget for a single instant that this stroller is an exceptional person.

But to return to the "discovery" made by reading this book. Whereas I had been depressed and disheartened by *The Last Time I Saw Paris*, certain passages in this little book of James's cheered me and left me positively enthusiastic; while Elliot Paul's book seemed to me artificial, absurd, and grotesque, that of the author of *Daisy Miller* seemed accurate and truthful. And yet Elliot Paul's ambition was to make France and the French come to life by placing before the reader what he believed to be a realistic setting of a group of people in the rue de la Huchette, while James is utterly unconcerned with bringing anything to life.

And yet James's book, unimportant as it is and so far removed from today (1882 is a long time ago), gave me a more intense feeling of reality and truth about France and the people than all the books written about France and her fall during the last two years. In describing the cathedral at Tours as it appeared to him sixty years ago, and without saying a word about Tourangeaux, James manages to give a vivid impression of life in France.

And here enters the discovery which made me happy for a whole day. A tremendous proportion of present-day literature is based on journalism, on the dual method of reporting and interviewing. There is certainly a wide gap between Elliot Paul and Hemingway; but after all, both are doing reporting. They try to seize reality by the horns, making use of what they call "human interest." They believe that by making real people live and breathe in their books, they will arrive at general truths.

Paul and Hemingway interviewed their characters and then wrote books. But the results are absurd, as proved in the negative by James's little book, which is exactly the opposite of journalism and reporting. James purposely ignores the thousands of insignificant individuals he encounters, specimens of the Common Man, 1882 model, as colorless and postposterous as their successors of 1942.

But when James describes cathedrals, castles, and towns, he is showing what innumerable generations of average Frenchmen have created. Through their works, as well as through the countryside in which they live, he makes them real and *important*. He gives them a significance that is completely absent from the newspaper books, which detach these same people from their surroundings and, for the sake of the picturesque and human interest, show merely what is sordid, empty, and desperately tiresome in the life of some individual at some time or other.

Thus, it seems to me that we are suffering (among other evils) from a confusion of styles. Because journalism has acquired a tremendous role in life, it has been accepted as a sort of criterion for all literature. If reporters had stayed where they belonged, only half the harm would have been done, but they eventually came to exert a kind of hegemony in literature as in politics and even in philosophy. (In so far as I am a reporter, there was no excuse for my writing a book like *The Making of Tomorrow* and for its having had a modicum of success.)

The excellent technique of correspondents and columnists in America and the wide field of their activities have completely addled the judgment of the critics and readers. To produce a book, it's not enough to write a number of words, have them printed, and sell them in the shape of something designated by the name of "book." Not every book can be immortal, but it should be able to last longer than twenty-four hours. By becoming as ephemeral as a newspaper article, it loses all meaning. James's little book is still a book after sixty years. The Age of the Common Man will have the literature that suits it — the literature of rewrite men.

August 26. — For some time Churchill has been appearing in the most fantastic garments, whose psychological significance I am unable to see, though I am certain they have one. When, at the age of sixty-eight, a great man exaggerates his penchant for extravagant dress, there is a meaning behind it, especially if the said great man is English — that is, naturally inclined to believe that eccentricity does not become an honest man.

Pictures have shown Churchill during his recent visit to Egypt, dressed in what he calls his "siren suit," a kind of Stalinesque blouse, and wearing a ten-gallon hat. The effect was incongruous enough as it was. But here are some more details given by correspondents: sometimes (wrote Sedgwick of the *Times*, now in Cairo) he would appear "in the uniform of a commodore of the RAF. At another time he appeared with astonishing conventionality in a light gray suit, but his black tie hung loose from

an extravagant collar reminiscent of the last century. On some occasions he carried a large white umbrella to shield him from the fierce glare of the noonday sun. Never was he without a cigar, lit or unlit, and never left any gathering without making the V sign with his two cigar-holding fingers, sometimes saying, 'Great days are ahead'."

August 28. — Willkie is going to visit England, Russia, China, and India, with the approval of Roosevelt and very likely on his account. This is really kind of Willkie, but I feel that it means his political suicide. It becomes more and more obvious that the Republican Party must necessarily take its stand on the coming liquidation. Whatever happens, victory or defeat, I believe that the democratic-fascist conflict will break out in America. It may be violent; certainly it will be dangerous.

August 29. — Latest folly of the war: Roosevelt announced a plan yesterday "to rehabilitate the art treasures, the manuscripts, literature, and famous buildings of Spain and to encourage the movement of tourists from the twenty-one American republics to Spain after the war." This would depend on the maintenance of neutrality by the Spanish government.

Spain, as everyone knows, is in a chronic state of famine unequalled by any other nation in Europe. At least a third of the population is in prison. To speak of Franco's "neutrality" is sheer nonsense. Franco is bound to the Axis with closer ties than even Pétain. Spanish railroads are to be repaired for post-war American tourists. Meanwhile, they can be used by German tourists. Who is crazy?

Item: A young Russian girl, who is supposed to have killed 309 Germans singlehanded, is in Washington, where she is regarded with a great deal of curiosity. She said, "Every German who remains alive will kill women, children, and old folks. Dead Germans are harmless." People marvel at such talk, thinking, "What savages these Russians really are!"

September 1. — The fourth year of the war begins today. It still doesn't have a name. It has only a number — number 2.

Rommel has launched his attack on Egypt.

Stalingrad is still holding out, but it would be surprising if the Germans didn't get to the Caspian before the snows. The Germans say that Europe's true frontier is the Volga and that they have reached it.

There is rather confused fighting going on in the South Pacific. Great American victories are going

up in smoke with a regularity that is becoming very peculiar. There is still fog (and Japanese) in the Aleutians.

September 4. — Franco has given the sack to Serrano Suner, his brother-in-law, who was Minister for Foreign Affairs and head of the Falange. Speaking of this action last night, Raymond Gram Swing said that it might signify a shift toward monarchy on the part of Spain, a strengthening of the army's influence, and "consequently" the possibility of a *rapprochement* between Spain and the United Nations. I don't know what's going on in Spain, but no one can make me believe that the army is democratically inclined or that the presence of Don Juan on the throne would be any guaranty.

It's curious to see — even in someone like Swing — the persistence of illusions and the stubborn refusal to acknowledge the revolutionary character of this so-called world war. Undoubtedly, it is possible that Franco may be slightly less tractable to the injunctions of Berlin and Rome today than he was a while ago, for reasons of political strategy, but these superficial variations clearly make very little difference. Franco is dependent for his existence on the Axis, or rather on the support of international fascism. Any other considerations are negligible.

People will say that this agreeable event (Suner's dismissal) is the fruit of F.D.R.'s promises about the development of traveling facilities in Spain after the war. It will be said that Washington's policy of appeasement is succeeding. I feel there is no connection between the two.

Yesterday Roosevelt delivered an address to international youth. He promised that this time they would not be let down after the war, that they would be given a new world, and so on. The terrible weakness of democracies and their leaders, starting with Roosevelt, lies in the contradictory course they pursue. On the one hand, they talk as though they really did accept the responsibility for creating a new world — that is for carrying out a revolution; and on the other, they act in accordance with worn-out methods (puerile political haggling, economic scheming designed to protect powerful interests, and so forth). In fact, of all the nations, America is the one that talks most about "revolution" and is the least ready to do anything about it.

Churchill is more precise and perhaps more honest. An unabashed conservative, imperialist, and traditionalist, he has confined himself to winning the war. He is saving England from annihilation.

Roosevelt has other ambitions: he wants to make the peace and considers himself qualified to orientate the "revolutionary" forces. But the following

problem arises: Doesn't the very fact that America has no direct contact either with the war or with the revolutionary forces that originated the war — the very fact that she can allow herself the luxury of remaining conservative and even (since 1937) reactionary — disqualify her from finding the appropriate formulas? Secondly, isn't Roosevelt, who is basically a "reconditioned" liberal, as it were, but who is still imbued with traditionally American ideas concerning property, private initiative, America's mission, and so on — isn't he led astray by his own intelligence? He has seen certain dangers more clearly than others. But there is no reason to believe that he sees the remedies.

September 6. — Comics. I read a ridiculous article in the *Atlantic* about the "problem" of comics. Is this type of literature dangerous for children or harmless? — and so forth. As a matter of fact, the problem of comics, if there is a problem, has nothing to do with children. Whether children read them or not seems to me as immaterial as the fact that I used to read Buffalo Bill or Nick Carter at the same age. What's interesting is that grownups read this nonsense as well. In fact, I suspect that the comics are written consciously for them, far more than for children (there's no other way to account for a certain brand of pornography often to be found in them).

Superman and the adventures of Orphan Annie have become a part of the life of this country. There is a druglike quality about them. All this enters into the category of pleasures and vices of the Common Man, for whose eventual triumph we're fighting this war.

September 18. — Both in England and here there are a number of pro-Russian fanatics who regard Stalin as an omniscient sage and Soviet Russia as a paradise, but these fanatics are neither numerous enough nor influential enough to do anything. Perhaps the Russians want to put some of the responsibility for their defeat on the democracies, in order to conciliate public opinion (so far as it exists). And it is undoubtedly true that the democracies are greatly to blame for the ills of the entire world during the last three years. But no more so than the Russians themselves, who, by their alliance with Hitler in August, 1939, made the war possible.

A number of people apologize for Stalin by claiming that his completely justified lack of confidence in Chamberlain, Bonnet, and the others explains his alliance with Hitler in 1939. This may explain it, but doesn't justify it. What's happening to Russia now proves that Stalin made a terrible mistake, and

if that was the result of his distrust of the capitalist states three years ago, it's not a happy precedent.

In fact, the present mania for crediting the Russians with all sorts of wisdom is absolute nonsense. The Russians are just as stupid as we are, which is saying a lot. Their unhealthy distrust is a sign either of weakness or of stupidity. By spreading the argument that the democracies are betraying Russia because they don't open a second front, the Russians are only playing into the hands of Germany.

September 23. — I have just reread a large part of this diary, which I started on March 15, 1938 (Anschluss). The following are my impressions: —

1. All this is useless. Even assuming that these random notes have a certain documentary interest, they cannot see the light of day for some time, probably not while I am alive.

2. In many cases, they have already become hard to understand because the events I refer to are now forgotten or confused. I forgot to save important quotations because I apparently thought that, being of importance to the age, they would endure. But almost nothing has endured. Roosevelt's speeches, for instance, which I analyzed, I have either forgotten or mixed up in my mind.

3. At least half the time, my appraisal of events was wrong, and I came across colossal errors in judgment which today I don't see how I could have made.

4. My chief fault lies in an almost superstitious excess of pessimism. For instance, when the Germans attacked the Russians in June, 1941, I thought that Hitler would succeed in upsetting the ideological front on this side. He probably managed to delay the entry of the United States into the war (and even that hasn't been proved), but I didn't foresee, for instance, that the British public would become so violently pro-Russian as it appears to be, or that Tom Lamont would write to the *Times* in praise of Moscow. I was also mistaken about the chances of a German victory. A long time ago, according to me, they should have gained possession of the Mediterranean and the Near East. But they're still stopped at El Alamein and at Stalingrad. I made many other mistakes like this.

5. I have been unfair to the United States and to France, but especially to the United States, in the sense that I have fallen into the error of saying: America is hypocritical, America is shirking, America is afraid, and so on. This tendency to personify a nation is stupid. Everybody has done the same thing, but that's no excuse. I should say: "There are Americans who . . ." and then specify them.

6. Finally, the fact that, in spite of my skepticism

about the Allied cause, I have been violently partisan (in the sense that nothing under the sun can make me accept or even tolerate contrary opinions) lends to everything I write an elusive, contradictory, and often even insincere quality.

In that case, why go on with it? I don't know why, but I shall probably keep on writing.

September 26. — French nationalism. My opinion of this is approximately the following — and naturally I can only theorize. It is probable that the defeat, together with Pétain's philosophy, has in fact imbued the French with a feeling of despair analogous to that which Hitler has exploited in the Germans. The day will come when people will say that we didn't lose the war. Pétain tried to keep a tight rein on this feeling, bound up with the armistice and a waiting policy of "restoration and expiation." But Laval's intrusion on the scene, which tended to make collaboration more positive, discredited Pétain without destroying the sentiments he created and exploited. In other words, what has been called Pétain mysticism is an unhealthy form of nationalism. Thus, there has been a realignment of forces, a shift toward de Gaulle, in whom both the chauvinistic tendencies and "Pétain mysticism" have been centered.

France's misfortune (among others) lies in the fact that the man who, on June 18, 1940, told her she was not yet dead wore a kepi instead of a felt hat. Oak leaves and stars may crown a career; but they are not seeds. Nothing has ever sprouted from a general.

September 30. — Second front. Willkie's statement that certain military leaders here and in England "needed prodding" has started a controversy. Maybe he's right. Nothing to date has proved that the military leaders in this war have used much foresight, but we are nonetheless obliged to rely on them. One inconvenience of war is that it is carried on by soldiers.

October 2. — Hitler apparently considers the Volga as the limit of his conquests (*Lebensraum*), and shows by implication that he intends to annex all the land and all the populations of this region. It's a far cry from the period when Hitler was waging war to liberate the oppressed Germans. He is now waging war to unite Europe under his protection. It's not a new dream. Others have tried it and failed, but in spite of current predictions, this doesn't prove that fascist principles and a fascist order won't reign in Europe for some time to come.

(To be continued)

October 5. — Dorothy Thompson still believes that the surest means of winning the war, if not the only one, is to shower propaganda on the Germans. "I know my Germans," she says. Her thoughts are not clear. She is against any attempt to break Germany up into pieces, against any "humiliating" peace, yet she admits that Germany must be made to feel what war is. She's convinced that the Germans are anti-Nazi and that they must be softened by attractive peace proposals.

I certainly see no harm in discussing the terms of the peace, except that nothing seems to me to be more futile. Dorothy grieves because we have no war aims. I think it's natural that we don't. The time isn't ripe yet. Perhaps it will never be ripe and the war will come to an end with the Allies unable to agree on why it was fought or on how to make the peace. Now that the war is "global" and that it embraces problems like India and the Far East, I don't see how we could formulate a set of guiding principles that would apply everywhere. In other words, we're not going to fall back on Wilson's Fourteen Points, which are still an obsession with many people, as is everything else connected with the last war.

October 7. — If the Allies intended to aid enemy propaganda instead of combating it, they couldn't do any better. Willkie's statement in Chungking, coming after Stalin's press interview, is an example of this incomprehensible sabotage. His statement contains several interesting remarks, notably his discovery that the Asiatic peoples and others are skeptical concerning the support of the democracies after the war. This doubt kills their enthusiasm for the war, says Willkie.

In this statement, there are attacks against the conduct of the war, the philosophy behind it, and so on. What must be the conclusion of the Chinese, the Russians, or even the British who read this sort of thing? Is Willkie the spokesman for Roosevelt, President of the United States, or isn't he? Apparently not. But then, why does a country at war, like the United States, send an envoy trotting around the world to speak for the "loyal opposition"? Which are they to believe? It's not surprising that the Chinese and the others are skeptical about American intentions, as Willkie says, but he is the first to encourage such doubts. On the plea of being an honest man and saying whatever comes into his head, he confuses everything.

The task of F.D.R. and Churchill, who, in the final analysis, are responsible, is not facilitated by these vagaries.

»In a series of penetrating studies, of which this is the first, Edmund Wilson introduces us to the beautiful intricacies of the Russian language, and to those Russian authors who are masters of their own tongue.

NOTES ON RUSSIAN LITERATURE

by EDMUND WILSON

1

THESE notes need a word of explanation, if not a word of excuse. They are merely first impressions of the Russian classics by a reader who has learned Russian in his forties; and they may often seem quite wrong to Russians who hear the language as they read, and see the whole background behind the book as the foreigner with his dictionary cannot do.

Such notes can find their only justification in the fact that the reports of visitors to little-frequented countries supply for subsequent travelers a kind of information which cannot always be found in the studies of even the most intelligent natives. Those phenomena which most puzzle the visitor, to which he may find it most difficult to adjust himself, are likely to be things which the native takes so completely for granted that he has never thought to mention them at all.

Now there has been very little written on Russian literature by English-speaking writers who read Russian (though there is one first-rate book in French: *Le Roman Russe* by the Vicomte E.-M. de Vogüé). So far as my experience goes, the only commentaries of any interest are the rather meager writings of Maurice Baring and Oliver Elton. Yet it has certainly become very important for the English-speaking countries to establish with contemporary Russia cultural relations based on something more than attendance at the Russian ballet, the reading of a few nineteenth-century novels, and a vague notion of the Marxism of Lenin.

The complete neglect in the West, on the part of our education, of Russian language and history has left us badly prepared to communicate with or to understand the Russia of the Revolution, which will certainly emerge from the war as one of the dominant powers of the world. The colleges are doing something to remedy this lack, and it may be that Russian studies will eventually have almost the importance that German studies did in the period that

ended with World War I. In the meantime, these notes on reading are intended as a stimulus to learning Russian and acquiring some first-hand knowledge of what is certainly one of the great modern literatures.

The novelists of Russia have come through to us and made us admire their genius solely through the interest of their content, of the stories they have to tell. We should never suspect from our translations, of which the style is so colorless and so undistinguished, that Russian, as a literary language, has immense and unique resources.

"The Russian language," wrote Lomonosov, the great founder of the literary medium in the middle of the eighteenth century, "the sovereign of so many others, is superior to all the other languages of Europe, not only in the extent of the regions where it reigns, but also in its peculiar comprehensiveness and abundance. Charles V, the [Holy] Roman emperor, used to say that one ought to talk Spanish with God, French with one's friends, German with one's enemies, and Italian with the ladies. But if he had learned Russian, he would certainly have added that one could speak it appropriately to all of them. For he would have found in it the majesty of Spanish, the vivacity of French, the strength of German, the tenderness of Italian, and, besides these, the richness and the concision, so vigorous in its imagery, of the Greek and Latin tongues."

Yet the factors that make of Russian so admirable a medium for literature are in some cases precisely those that make it difficult for the foreigner to master.

In the first place, there are the resources of the vocabulary. The Russian language is compounded of a variety of linguistic elements: Slavonic, Oriental, and Western, which have provided an immense number of synonyms with different shades of meaning. In this it somewhat resembles English,

which mixes Teutonic and Latin, and is at the opposite pole from French, with its almost one hundred per cent Latinity.

In the second place, Russian presents itself to a foreigner as a language almost entirely composed of idioms. In this, too, it is the opposite of French, so codified and sensibly ordered, so generalized and formularized. The differences between Russian and French are worth dwelling on in this connection, because they serve better than any other contrast to illuminate the nature of Russian. This contrast, indeed, has created a great cultural issue in Russian literature from Pushkin's and Griboyedov's time through Tolstoy's and Dostoevsky's to the last novel by Mark Aldanov. The French language in Tsarist Russia became, in the eighteenth century, the social medium of the upper classes; it was Pushkin's second language.

French played a very important role in influencing the locutions and the word formations in the development of modern Russian; and it was principally in imitating French models that the Russians of Pushkin's generation learned elegance, polish, and point. Yet there has always been a latent antagonism between the Russians who have borrowed from the West and the French to whom they owe so much. The invasion of Napoleon may have contributed to this, but it was inherent in the cultural relation. The French cannot help regarding the Russians as barbarians and children: in spite of the best efforts of Mérimée and Vogüé to explain the Russians to the French, the Russian genius remains alien to them. And, on the other hand, to the Russians the French inevitably appear stereotyped and dry, the victims of a standardized language which seems to write their books itself with only a nominal intervention by the author and of a social code which dictates their behavior and leaves little place for spontaneity.

Tolstoy has dramatized this situation in *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*, where he often makes the characters speak or write in French, and gets a vivid effect by playing up their natural personalities when they are talking or thinking in Russian, against their artificial French personalities imposed by education. This effect, which has its bearing on the great themes of both these novels, is largely lost in the English translations — especially where, as in Aylmer Maude's and Constance Garnett's, much of the French is translated, too; so that the reader misses the contrast between, say, the conventional letters in French between the Princess Maria and her Moscow friend in their role of well-brought-up *jeunes filles*, and the rapid impulsive gusts, so full of affectionate diminutives, of Natasha talking

Russian. The transmutation of Natasha into a nice little English girl seems to be one of the unavoidable calamities of the importation of Tolstoy into English.

But we can see Tolstoy's point quite plainly in the episode where Rastopchin, after buying his escape from the mob by throwing it a political prisoner, is obliged, as he drives off in his carriage, to justify himself to himself in French: "*J'avais d'autres devoirs. Il fallait apaiser le peuple. Bien d'autres victimes ont péri et périssent pour le bien public*"; or in the scene where the Princess Hélène, in explaining why it is proper and necessary for her to get a divorce from Pierre, resorts to speaking French, because it has always seemed to her that "her case did not seem quite clear" in Russian.

French is a logical and social language, Russian an illogical and intimate one; and when the Russian of the old regime changed from one of the Western languages to Russian, it was likely to be with relief and a burst of expansive geniality, for, with its long Homeric patronymics, its humorous or tender or derogatory versions of people's Christian names, and its special set of words to designate the various kinds of sisters-in-law and brothers-in-law (that still lingers from a time when it was important, in order to prevent inbreeding in the tribe, to have all such relationships clear), it spoke with the accents of the Russian land, the all-night Russian drinking party, the patriarchal-feudal relations, the humor, the enthusiasm, the quick give-and-take between different classes of people. It was a language with few formulas of politeness, clumsy for abstract thought, but more expressive than the Western languages of the feelings and the impressions of the senses in proportion as it was closer to the primitive emotions — a language that had sprouted from the people as the birch woods had grown from the Russian soil.

But all this makes trouble for students. Teachers of Russian report that their classes start out with enthusiasm, but that always the moment arrives when they suddenly melt away. The student is encouraged at first by the discovery that the queer-looking alphabet is easy. This alphabet, in the weeded-out form in use since the Revolution, though it has more characters than the English alphabet, is a much more practical affair. It really fits the sounds of the language as our English letters do not do: there are few anomalies of spelling in Russian compared with either English or French. But when the student has got a little farther, far enough to grasp the difficulties of Russian grammar, he is likely to become appalled and give up the whole thing.

Let us suppose, however, that he perseveres. He may think it is almost too much that a language spoken today like Russian should be the same kind of language as Latin and Greek, a kind that he had supposed obsolete; and that he should have even to learn six cases to the Greek four and the Latin five, and a separate set of adjectival endings that are sometimes quite different from the endings of the nouns. At least, in Latin and Greek you do not have the complication, as you sometimes do in Russian, of special forms in the same case for animate and inanimate objects, with the annoying exception that the word *narod*, *people*, is treated as if a people were inanimate. But let us suppose that the student faces these dreadful declensions — that he tries even not to long for the happy simplicities of Goodwin and Allen and Greenough when he discovers that there is no rule for neuter plurals: you simply have to learn them; and that he may even suppress a rising oath when he discovers that such expressions as *a pound of tea* require a special form of the genitive. He is still not so far from the classical tongues.

But the true horrors of Russian still await him. It is natural for him to assume that in any major language of Europe, especially in the language of a people that undertakes Five-Year Plans, the numerals should be easy to handle, or that, at least, in spite of the fact that everything is encumbered by endings so that every time you mention a date you have to decline every digit, they should represent a uniform progression. But the normal expectation of the student is brazenly flouted and mocked by the nation of Peter the Great and Stalin. The writer of the article on Russian language in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* says correctly of the Russian numerals — with what sounds like a note of irritation — that “a compromise between grammar and logic has produced a kind of maze.” The student may well finally lose patience with a system which owes its complications to the survival of such features as a difference in usage, based on counting on the fingers of one hand, between numbers up to five and numbers from five on, and as a primitive dual number which, instead of sticking to two as it does in Greek, has been trailed along through three and four. The student may, however, decide when confronted with these and other peculiarities that seem so much more quaint than practical, that he will have to content himself with recognizing the meaning when reading and hoping to be understood when, in speaking, he uses the wrong endings, or perhaps the wrong word altogether, since certain nouns cannot be used with the number five or beyond.

Yet, I should say, from my own experience, that

it is at this point in studying Russian that the second phase of discouragement sets in. The student is under the impression that he can pretty well make out what he is reading; but then gradually and chillingly creeps in the realization that he has really not got it at all: that he is missing a part of the meaning and even making vital mistakes.

This condition of uncertainty may be mainly due to a habit, in connection with the verbs, of falling back upon the rough-and-ready policy that he has adopted in the case of the numerals. It is one of the peculiarities of the Slavic verbs that, besides having several of the usual kind of tenses, they are subject to metamorphoses called *aspects*. If you have started with an old-fashioned grammar, you may have learned that the verbs have five aspects: imperfective — *on stuchal*, *he was knocking*; perfective — *on postuchal*, *he knocked*; semelfactive — *on stuknul*, *he knocked once*; iterative — *on stukival*, *he used to knock*; and inchoative — *on zastuchal*, *he began to knock*. This may seem exotic, but logical enough, and you are prepared to master the rules for forming the different aspects; but it then turns out to your dismay that *stuchat'*, the grammarian's showpiece, is about the only verb in Russian which exhibits all five of these aspects and forms them in a regular way. Every verb, in respect to these aspects, seems to behave in a different manner, and often the various aspects are represented by quite unpredictable words which have not even the root in common. The situation is further complicated in the case of certain verbs by the imperfective aspect's splitting up into two further aspects called the abstract and the concrete — so that you have to use a different verb when you say, *Birds fly*, from the verb that you use when you say, *The birds are flying*. The student is likely to end, as I understand the Soviet schools have done, by partly disregarding the aspects and nailing these forms to the memory as if they were independent verbs.

2

I HAVE described some of these difficulties thus specifically to warn the prospective student what he is going to encounter in Russian. One must accept from the beginning the true situation: one is up against something quite different from the more orderly languages one is used to; one is up against a language which — to confess the whole truth — one cannot really get hold of through the grammar.

What, then, is one to do about Russian? Well, the only way to learn to speak it is to pick it up colloquially from Russians, and the only way to learn to read it is to become so much interested in it that

the constant anomalies cease to irritate us because they help us to see inside the Russian mind — and to enjoy its combination of vivid perceptions with closeness to half-primitive conditions; and because they are a fundamental factor in the subtlety and richness of the Russian poems and plays and novels.

Thus the student, as I have indicated above, will sooner or later find out that he must grapple with what may seem to him the formidable task of memorizing long lists of verbs; but this task will become attractive from the moment that he understands how very interesting the Russian verbs are. The way to approach them is not grimly, with the scarcely repressed hostility of the foreigner who cannot become reconciled to the fact that their meanings do not correspond to the meanings of the verbs in his own language. One must observe the Russian verbs as the bird-watcher does birds, collect them as the lepidopterist does butterflies; one must group them for oneself in families; verbs of divergent meanings that are based on common roots; verbs, alike or unlike in form, that the dictionary may give as synonyms but that have quite distinct uses and meanings. One will at first be amused, for example, to discover that there are special Russian verbs which have no equivalents in English or in any other language one knows, for special phenomena that one may already have observed as characteristic of Russians: *propivat'sya*, to squander all one's money on drink; *pereparyvat'*, to whip everybody all around; *dozhidat'sya*, to attain by waiting. Then one may become aware of whole classes of words which particularize among things to which we pay relatively little attention in English.

A curious example of this is the multiplication of verbs to designate expressions of the eyes. In reading *Anna Karenina*, I collected some fifteen of these (counting aspects not primary verbs), of which it was impossible to find out the real meanings from the Russian-English dictionary: you have to get a Russian to illustrate them.

The Russian habit of narrowing or closing the eyes may indicate various attitudes on the part of the person who does it; and our only simple English word is *squint*, which does not describe Russian expressions at all. A curious example is *zazhmurit' glaza*, which means a voluntary closing of the eyes. A child who has been waked up in the morning closes its eyes to steal a few minutes' sleep; a woman is talking to another woman about the trials of a third woman whose husband drinks, and the listener drops her lids in taking dignified cognizance of the scandal. In either case, *zazhmurit' glaza* is in order.

And when one has become really familiar with the Russian conception of aspects and has ceased to attempt to force them into the Western conception of tenses, one comes to understand for the first time the Russian perception of time — a sense of things beginning, of things going on, of things to be completed in the future but not at the present moment, of things that have happened in the past all relegated to the same plane of pastness, with no distinction between perfect and pluperfect; a sense, in short, entirely different from our Western sense of clock-time, which sets specific events with exactitude in relation to an established and unvarying chronology. The timing of much Russian literature — of Pushkin or Tolstoy — is perfect; but it is not like the timing of a well-made French play, where the proportions, the relations, and the development have something in common with mathematics. It is a timing that plays on our most intimate experience of the way in which things happen, which appeals to the natural rhythms of an alert and unregimented attention.

The great paradox of Russian, then, is that it is at once as highly inflected as Latin, so that it lends itself, in Pushkin's poetry, to an Horatian tightness and a Catullian tenseness, and as flexible and fluent as Shakespeare's English. And we must recognize further the anachronism of a widely spoken modern language that deals with the realities of the Western world in terms of an equipment several centuries more primitive than that of Elizabethan English at the time when Ben Jonson wrote his grammar. The new Soviet society, of course, is partly altering this. Just as the clumsy and complicated system of designating family relationships gave way, under the influence of the West, to *cousin* and *beau-frère* and *belle-mère*, so the old terminology of Russian society, with its *krest'yanstvo* and *meshchanstvo* and *dvoryanstvo* and all the other ancient distinctions has given way to the German terminology of the economic categories of Marxism. Fine old feudal words like the one just mentioned which means to have everybody thoroughly flogged, have been displaced by the abstract and euphemistic, the sinister and hypocritical *likvidirovat'*, to liquidate. But the problems of contemporary Russian need not concern us here. We shall be dealing with the last century's classics; and the point is that the Russian in which Tolstoy, say, depicts the hunting party in *War and Peace* is as colloquial and rank and wild, for all Tolstoy's coolness and clearness, as the English which John Masefield, in *Reynard the Fox*, can, in our own day, manage only with a slight effect of incongruity and even of conscious effort.

COMMENT ON A KING

by HAROLD NICOLSON

1

WHEN I was a child I was once invited to the birthday party of the late King Boris of Bulgaria. My recollection of the occasion is precise only in bits. I can recall the appearance and manner of his mother. She was a very French princess and, although in no way a beautiful woman, she possessed great nervous charm. When she turned her haggard face rapidly from left to right the diamond pendants which she wore as earrings swung like the glass drops of chandeliers. She spoke very rapidly and in an apprehensive voice.

His father I remember also. He was not at that date so portentously portly as he became in later years. A sinister man he seemed, with great silver epaulets above his green Bulgarian uniform, with the stars of many orders strewn across his breast, with gloved hands resting heavily upon the hilt of a cavalry sword, with eyes that shifted under angular brows. I can remember vaguely that we were given a huge tea in a large dining room, and I recall the white cotton gloves of Balkan footmen handing us sugared buns and walnuts dipped in toffee.

Of Prince Boris himself, who was then two years old, I can remember nothing at all. But I carried back from that party a little bonbonnière made of moss-green plush and tied with ribbons. Glued upon the plush surface of this object was a photograph of the little prince, his white frock stiff around his little legs, his hair carefully curled and arranged. His appearance was almost identical with that of his successor, King Simeon II.

Forty years passed before I met Boris again. The hair which, in my photograph, had been arranged so luxuriantly around his baby cheeks had almost entirely disappeared. I was faced with a bald man with a long thin nose: this nose, which his flatterers

assured him was Bourbon, was in fact pure Coburg; yet it did not suggest the fox-like scheming of his father Ferdinand: it suggested only immense curiosity. Because we had last met at his birthday party, because I remembered the adored mother who had died when he was young, or perhaps because it was a relief for him to talk frankly to a visiting Englishman, he kept me there in his study for a whole morning.

Without in any way casting disloyal reflections upon his father, he spoke in detail about the unhappiness of his own childhood. He told me how, in 1918, when his father had suddenly bolted, leaving to him an unpopular and menaced throne, he had found in Stambulisky, the peasant dictator of Bulgaria, a man who had shown him almost parental affection. When Stambulisky had been murdered, another period of isolation and danger had opened for him during the rough-handed rule of Tzankov. He was surrounded by enemies and intriguers on every hand. The Sobranye was little more than a hornets' nest of politicians intriguing for place and power; the army, still smarting under two disastrous defeats, was not imbued with either patience or sagacity; the refugees from Macedonia had retained their *komitaji* mentality, and assassination lurked at every corner.

He told me how again and again, when the sound of loud voices reached him from the hall below, he had imagined that the hour had come, and expected the door of his study to burst open upon an inrush of regicides. He told me how, in the early hours of one morning, he had been roused by the tinkle of the house telephone beside his bed. The captain of the guard reported that armed men were approaching the palace, and urged him to escape at once. He rose, donned the tweed shooting-suit which he had bought at Aberdeen (he was amused by this coincidence), and reached the garden where he had parked his little car. Away he drove through a back exit and out to his shooting-box in the mountains.

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As the dawn rose on the Bulgarian uplands he waited there, with his shotgun in his hand, watching the white road which led to Sofia. The early sunlight showed the dust of four large cars dashing out from the capital. Was it death? Was it abdication? He walked slowly down the hill to meet them. The men saluted as they stepped out of their cars. They handed him a paper. It was a decree, appointing a new Government, which he was obliged to sign.

"Did your hand tremble?" I asked him.

"Yes," he said. "But you see," he added, smiling, "by that time I did not feel that I was really alone. During all those years when I was ignored and excluded I had spent my time getting to know and love the peasants. Stambulisky had taught me that they were the real Bulgaria and that they would understand. They were always on my side. They are on my side today."

2

I BELIEVED at the time, and I believe today, that in all he told me he was being perfectly sincere. He did not adopt the accustomed royal manner, which is a blend of extreme garrulity on trivial matters and a blank-faced reticence on all important affairs.

Nor was the impression he conveyed in any sense a Balkan impression; he did not seek to impose upon me his intimate acquaintance with the life and literature of Western Europe. In talking to him one felt that one was talking to a Frenchman of wide culture and deep intelligence — a *normalien*, an *inspecteur des finances*. He spoke as a man who through years of difficulty and danger had acquired self-confidence; as a man whom destiny had obliged to deal with many wicked men and many sinister matters; but as a man who had passed through this ordeal without becoming cynical, who retained much faith in the simpler virtues of human beings, and who could find unending interest and pleasure in the mysteries of nature and the devices of science.

He spoke at length and frankly about the international situation. He explained to me how disturbing it was for him to observe how month by month Germany was extending her economic strangle hold over Bulgaria, and how much he regretted that France and England did not realize with sufficient clarity how, little strand by little strand,

the great cobweb of German economic exploitation was spreading throughout Southeastern Europe. He told me how he himself had striven hard to further the policy of the Balkan *entente* and to improve Bulgaria's relations with Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Greece.

This was no easy policy to impose upon his country. The army, the Macedonians, and many of the politicians were still imbued with chauvinist conceptions, and would brand him as unpatriotic were he openly to renounce all claim to Bulgarian expansion. The relations of confidence which he had been able gradually to establish with King Alexander had been shattered by the latter's assassination, and for some reason he and Prince Paul had never yet been able to hit it off. The Bulgarian people had, in addition to their deep feeling for Russia, retained sentiments of great respect for Great Britain and the United States. But what help could he expect from London or Washington?

"They laugh at us," he said.

I protested lamely.

"But yes, but yes," he said; "to them I am only a Balkan monarch with a long nose."

The obituary notices which I have read on King Boris in the newspapers seem to divide themselves into two categories. There are those writers who know the true story and who tell it correctly: such writers admit that Boris was a gifted man, and that until 1934 or so the policy which he followed was correct. They admit that he stood out longer than many people expected, and was able to defer his final surrender until 1941. Had he been a stronger man he might have emulated the fine example of King Christian of Denmark or King George of Greece. Had his acquaintance and contacts with Great Britain been more intimate and more constant he might have realized that the German triumph of 1940 could not be lasting.

But the other school of thought, which identifies Boris with his horrible father, and which represents him as having "betrayed his country," is neither accurate nor well-informed. Three times in recent history have the Bulgarians chosen the course of disaster: their conduct during their short periods of triumph has not entitled them to sympathy; but it is incorrect to place upon the shoulders of King Boris the sole responsibility for what was a national, and not a personal, error.

“WILL THE YOUNG LADIES TAKE PARTNERS . . . ”

by GRETCHEN FINLETTER

1

OUTSIDE ACTIVITIES, as they were called twenty-five years ago, meant the culture and beauty which could not be found within the walls of the school from nine to one o'clock. The activities consisted of music lessons, dancing school, going to museums, and Health, which meant walking in Central Park and visits to the dentist. The dentist worked like an electrician, wiring teeth front and back, and it was quite unfashionable not to have in your mouth a lot of fancy things which had to be tightened every two weeks.

Parents were as diabolic then as now at beating the game, and adroitly worked out a system of killing two birds. On the long trips by streetcar in the search for aesthetic frills, the child was accompanied by a governess trying to force a rapid conversation in a foreign language. An exhausted little girl would return home in the evening with both a new brace and the *passé antérieur* fixed in her jaws. Then she had her supper, tried to whistle through the latest addition to her teeth, and did homework.

Miss Spence held two activities during the school hours. The first was called Gym, and took place once a week for half an hour. A visiting lady gymnast appeared in a pair of enormous black satin bloomers. The girls then marched in columns about the assembly room to music from *Le Prophète*. For eight minutes she led them in calisthenics, which were done very gently with the arms, to a waltz. Then everyone skipped to a polka, and Athletics were over for another seven days.

The other activity was Art. School art never changes much. We drew a pear next to a plate, in charcoal. We made the shadows by smudging the charcoal darkly with our thumbs; we made a highlight on the pear and the plate by rubbing two neat

white spots with a soft eraser. We had two weeks' instruction in wet wash, in clay, in bookplate designing. Our parents received the results as Christmas gifts. In the spring there was an exhibit at which each child stood blushing beside "Design in Batik," "Original Drawing," "Poem in Gothic Lettering," "Glazed Placque for Paperweight." Art was not a heartbreak for perfection, filled with Left Bank yearnings. It was fun.

2

MY SISTER and I had first music lessons on West 85th Street. To get there we took three streetcars and climbed four flights of stairs. Mrs. Stagman had a special system of instruction. Her first command after greeting us was, "Take an apple." We each took an apple and gripped it, and then, removing the apple but keeping the hand in the gripping position, transferred it to the piano. A quarter was then placed on the back of the hand and we were told that we were now in the correct position for the piano. We went twice a week on this journey for the apple, and it took my father several months to realize that we were not bounding ahead as he had expected. We were then transferred to the Institute of Musical Art.

Uncle Frank Damrosch was the head of the Institute and it was the most important and serious school of music in the country. Among its pupils then and later were: Risé Stevens, Yehudi Menuhin, and Richard Rodgers. The students were studying to become professional artists and were working long hours. The Institute was at the opposite end of the city, in a beautiful old building near Washington Square. It took half an hour by streetcar to get there. Into this scholastic and serious atmosphere, Polly and I bounded one day as the youngest pupils, in Peter Thompson sailor suits.

We were beginning to be faintly aware that learn-

The daughter of Walter Damrosch, GRETCHEN FINLETTER grew up in that atmosphere of Manhattan which she now describes so delightfully in her stories for the *Atlantic*. Her opening paper, "The Always Ready Club," appeared in October. Others centering in Murray Hill and points North will follow.

ing to play the piano meant work, and so we optimistically hoped that, as our uncle ran the school, it would be a family affair and he would in a friendly way not expect too much of that practicing nonsense. We associated him with lighting the tree at Christmas and with other happy occasions. We expected the spirit of holiday cheer would continue. We were quickly disappointed.

My uncle welcomed us and then expressed his high hopes for us. This had an ominous sound. He introduced us to our teacher, Miss Lockwood, who was a little startled by our small size but concluded, I think, that we must be prodigies. She was a very serious lady, dedicated to the cause of music and believing that one must begin with fundamentals.

She started us immediately on harmony and counterpoint and wrote some notes rapidly on a blackboard by way of illustration. She then presented us with two musical notebooks and told us that we would begin by working on simple composition. Making black dots and hooking tails onto them seemed easy, and we learned to draw very beautiful clefs.

After a few weeks Miss Lockwood hopefully gave us the assignment of an original theme with variations, to be written first in the major and then the minor key. Not being quite sure what "original theme" meant, I stole the tune of "Ach, du lieber Augustin" and brought it carefully transcribed with one major chord at the beginning and a strange, sour chord at the end. Miss Lockwood played it, added a few harmonies of her own, and tactfully did not accuse me of plagiarism.

Polly then placed her composition on the piano. It was several pages long and written with very black pencil. Miss Lockwood looked, and looked again. There were quarter notes, trills, chords, sharps, flats, and a number of written commands and suggestions as to interpretation. "A tempo, ritard, fortissimo, piu, piu, piu, mosso." Miss Lockwood left the room and returned with my uncle, who was carrying the composition. He looked perturbed, but he loved Polly.

"Tell me," he began, "this Tone Poem that you have written must have been quite difficult."

"Oh, no," said Polly looking like a modest Mozart, "it went very fast."

"Here for instance there are four whole notes in one measure and the key is indicated by two flats and three sharps. I am not familiar with that key. You do not find it necessary as a composer to follow the rules of harmony laid down by Miss Lockwood?"

The answer was evasive. "Sometimes I do, and sometimes I don't."

"And did you write this at the piano?"

"I wrote it all," cried Polly triumphantly, "in the Madison Avenue streetcar!"

"Ah," said my uncle, and he eyed the composition again. "If you will let me keep this, I think I will show it to your dear father. Pianistically the problems you present will interest him. Now why don't we all leave Miss Lockwood and listen to a very good recital of Schumann. He is not so intricate a composer, but we think that, in a small way, he had talent too. By the way, Polly, haven't you lost another tooth?"

My uncle transferred us from Miss Lockwood to a humbler teacher who with cynical realism started us learning to play the scale of C.

I have often wondered why the rate of suicide among music teachers is not higher. It is a dreadful thing to know how beauty sounds, and then to hear it hammered out in all shapes and forms. My sisters and I in the next few years raised an army of piano teachers as large as Kitchener's Mob. Polly was the only one who really played well and deserved the efforts of that gallant group that we successively broke.

My father was too busy with his own career to do more than jump in and out in the role of adviser. If we were not good enough to become professionals, and that meant really good, he was not interested in having us become amateurs. Schools were always making the major demand of time for homework; music meant hours of practicing. In that age-old tug-of-war, the music teachers lost.

3

WE WANTED to go to dancing school. We loved to dance, but our dancing was an inventive form of our own, and we wanted to learn "steps." My mother entered us in Tanief's Dancing School.

Mr. Tanief, a Russian with large, muscular legs, believed in a very expressive form of the art full of folklore and symbolism. He requested us to buy ballet slippers and tambourines. His own tambourine was decorated with many bright silk streamers and he urged us to adorn ours also. My mother, either becoming a little depressed as each new art that her daughters espoused entailed more and more equipment, or perhaps economically feeling she had done enough by us with the ballet slippers, gave us each only one ribbon. In the tarantella our tambourines looked like forlorn polliwogs with long red tails, and we never could make her understand why this was so peculiar.

Mr. Tanief so loved to dance that most of the hour was taken up in his showing us how to do it and

then waiting impatiently until he could spring in again among us with a great bound and dance some more himself. He would weave in and out, his arms outstretched and his eyes not fastened critically upon our legs and arms, but on some far-off audience in St. Petersburg. If we clapped him when he clicked his heels three times together in the air, he would disappear and then run out and bow to us with the great manner of the star acknowledging his public.

When a parent appeared to see how a child was progressing, to Mr. Tanief it was a new audience. He would put on a performance of "The Wedding Feast" or "The Sword Dance," whirling about well to the front himself and allowing the pupils to assume graceful but stationary poses in the background. This was very charming, but if a mother still insisted on an example of her daughter's progress, Mr. Tanief would call the child to him, place his hand on her head, and say: "Yes, yes. Art is long. We understand each other. Is it not?"

But I wanted to go to a regular dancing school. The desire to be a sheep with the sheep was already becoming my major ambition, and in a city of five millions there was, I felt, only one place to learn to dance: where my friends from school went — Dodsworth's Dancing School. More than that, I told my mother, with a trembling lip, I could not possibly be seen there unless I had a pair of high white kid buttoned boots. More equipment, but my patient mother bought them for me.

If Mr. Tanief's dream was to perform before the Tsar and receive from him a decoration, Mr. Dodsworth saw himself sitting in the kingly loge with the Tsarina and conferring the honor. He was a complete royalist, not merely at heart, but with every fiber of his being. His great ambition was to bring back the minuet.

Though the classes were held every afternoon, Thursday was felt to be The Day, and when a girl first joined, Mrs. Dodsworth quickly wrote the mother that Mr. Dodsworth would consider it desirable if she came twice a week.

When a girl entered the ballroom, she dropped a court curtsy. Mr. Dodsworth and his assistant, both in what is called faultless evening attire and with white kid gloves, responded with deep bows. She then slid across the floor — it was against the rules ever to walk — and joined her friends. They sat in long rows, a mass of curls, hair ribbons, party dresses, and all wearing high white kid buttoned boots and long white kid gloves. From this part of the room there was wafted into the air a considerable smell of naphtha, for the kid shoes and gloves had to be constantly cleaned.

The boys, also in white gloves, and wearing pumps, were on the opposite side. The pumps were always a little loose and were easily kicked about. At the end of the ballroom, on a little raised platform, sat Mrs. Dodsworth in full evening dress, with a black aigrette, writing at a little French desk presumably our very expensive bills.

We learned the Waltz, the Boston, the Lancers, the Schottische, the Quadrille, and Mr. Dodsworth's chef d'oeuvre, the Minuet. This was danced very stiffly and cautiously, with a good deal of balancing and peering at each other through curved arms and delicately bent wrists.

We began with the waltz, practicing it in a square and then dancing it without a partner about the ballroom. Then came an announcement. "Will the young ladies take partners for the Waltz and the Reverse." This was a big moment. Tremblingly the girls grabbed each other and started out at first painfully and then with a kind of gamboling boldness. The little boys seized victims and tried to race each other and see who could cover most ground and cut corners fastest. At the dizzy signal for the Reverse the partner would give a yank which was a cue. We would then struggle to unwind ourselves, in a left-handed and unnatural effort to go "the wrong way."

At some point as we first danced about the room we were supposed to stop for a split second and greet Mrs. Dodsworth. Etiquette did not require the court curtsy, but a shorter knix. This knix was always made by every little girl when she shook hands with an older person, and it became such an automatic reflex of bending the knee with giving the hand, that it took great physical discipline to discard it as one grew older. Many girls when they were fifteen or sixteen would make the embarrassing error of knixing to contemporaries of the opposite sex.

There were two ambitions. The first was never to dance with a boy if it could be avoided. There were only about a fourth as many boys as girls. They obviously did not want to be there, and their protest consisted in dancing as badly as possible and being "funny." They were frequently reprimanded by Mr. Dodsworth, who began those little talks with a demand for complete silence and then addressed them as "Young gentlemen — if you still deserve the name!" The girls shuddered at this taunt, but the boys surprisingly never seemed to mind.

The second ambition was to get into the third class, second division. No boy ever got beyond the second class, but when a girl reached the point of being tapped for this exalted group, it was done with considerable ceremony. Mr. Dodsworth invited the

anointed one to dance with him. She dropped a low, grateful curtsy and with a pale face waltzed rigidly in Mr. Dodsworth's arms, held seven inches from his beautiful white shirt. At the conclusion he pinned a pale blue ribbon on her chest, on which was printed, strangely enough, "The Golden Rule." Then, suffused with blushes, she slid back to her seat.

At this time the first faint drumbeats of the jazz age had begun to sound through the land with "Alexander's Ragtime Band." There were rumors, hints, that something exciting was happening, and feet were beginning to tap, tap in a very unorthodox way. Mr. Dodsworth — who was, to say the least, a traditionalist — was squarely on record that only the Boston and a kind of watered one-step would receive his sanction. And he still had his dream for the Minuet.

Mr. Dodsworth was, I think, very gallant to have had such high ambitions, but outside his little ball-room a different world had begun to roar. There was the Dip. In the Boston the lady suddenly dipped deep down to the floor with her back leg well extended, and the deeper she dipped, the more she was admired. Mr. Dodsworth forbade the Dip.

Then came a great dish of forbidden fruit: the *Lame Duck*, the *Turkey Trot*, the *Bunny Hug*, and the notorious *Grizzly Bear*. At school during recess, younger girls watched wide-eyed as juniors and seniors began showing each other the intricacies of these dances. In the *Lame Duck* one foot trailed after the other in a big limp; the *Turkey Trot* was very fast; the *Bunny Hug* I do not remember; but the *Grizzly Bear* was very slow and demanded a certain heaving of the shoulders of the partners in unison.

This was too much for Mr. Dodsworth. He made us a warning speech telling us how we would be letting him down if we ever in our lives were caught doing "these modern gyrations." He gave a humorous imitation of how we would look and we laughed courteously, as expected. In conclusion he remarked significantly: "Shoulders were intended for quite another purpose!"

As we put on our velvet carriage shoes over our kid boots, we pondered over this. What future role was the shoulder to play in our lives? It was just another of the mysteries that were beginning to crowd in on us. There were so many things that were never explained.



HAWTHORNE

by LOUIS COXE

HE thought the others slaves of a delusion,
As he was bond to a despotic past.
He felt naked before Margaret Fuller's vision;
He moved through Concord a sardonic guest.

The long-dead sinners called to him from pens
Of desire. Old curses fell on subtle ears;
No one loathed more than he the unlocked sins
That opened, beckoning, like so many doors.

Lust for the naked impulse turned him sick
At sight of Story's marbles. Only Melville
Could know the preposterous itching of the back,
Warning approach of the familiar devil.



"THAT IN ALEPPO ONCE . . ."

by VLADIMIR NABOKOV

DEAR V. — Among other things, this is to tell you that at last I am here, in the country whither so many sunsets have led. One of the first persons I saw was our good old Gleb Alexandrovich Gekko gloomily crossing Columbus Avenue in quest of the *petit café du coin* which none of us three will ever visit again. He seemed to think that somehow or other you were betraying our national literature, and he gave me your address with a deprecatory shake of his gray head, as if you did not deserve the treat of hearing from me.

I have a story for you. Which reminds me — I mean putting it like this reminds me — of the days when we wrote our first udder-warm bubbling verse, and all things, a rose, a puddle, a lighted window, cried out to us: "I'm a rhyme!" Yes, this is a most useful universe. We play, we die: *ig-rhyme, umi-rhyme*. And the sonorous souls of Russian verbs lend a meaning to the wild gesticulation of trees or to some discarded newspaper sliding and pausing, and shuffling again, with abortive flaps and apterous jerks along an endless windswept embankment. But just now I am not a poet. I come to you like that gushing lady in Chekhov who was dying to be described.

I married, let me see, about a month after you left France and a few weeks before the gentle Germans roared into Paris. Although I can produce documentary proofs of matrimony, I am positive now that my wife never existed. You may know her name from some other source, but that does not matter: it is the name of an illusion. Therefore I am able to speak of her with as much detachment as I

would of a character in a story (one of your stories, to be precise).

It was love at first touch rather than at first sight, for I had met her several times before without experiencing any special emotions; but one night as I was seeing her home, something quaint she had said made me stoop with a laugh and lightly kiss her on the hair — and of course we all know of that blinding blast which is caused by merely picking up a small doll from the floor of a carefully abandoned house: the soldier involved hears nothing; for him it is but an ecstatic soundless and boundless expansion of what had been during his life a pinpoint of light in the dark center of his being. And really, the reason we think of death in celestial terms is that the visible firmament, especially at night (above our blacked-out Paris with the gaunt arches of its Boulevard Exelmans and the ceaseless Alpine gurgle of desolate latrines), is the most adequate and ever present symbol of that vast silent explosion.

But I cannot discern her. She remains as nebulous as my best poem — the one you made such gruesome fun of in the *Literaturnye Zapiski*. When I want to imagine her I have to cling mentally to a tiny brown birthmark on her downy forearm, as one concentrates upon a punctuation mark in an illegible sentence. Perhaps, had she used a greater amount of make-up or used it more constantly, I might have visualized her face today, or at least the delicate transverse furrows of dry, hot rouged lips; but I fail, I fail — although I still feel their elusive touch now and then in the blindman's buff of my senses, in that sobbing sort of dream when she and I clumsily clutch at each other through a heartbreaking mist and I cannot see the color of her eyes for the blank luster of brimming tears drowning their irises.

She was much younger than I — not as much younger as was Nathalie of the lovely bare shoulders and long earrings in relation to swarthy Pushkin; but still there was a sufficient margin for that kind

Born in St. Petersburg in 1899, VLADIMIR NABOKOV, the grandson of a Minister of Justice, was educated first in Russia, then at Trinity College, Cambridge. He had published two volumes of poetry before he received his degree. Since then, he has written in Russian and had translated into many languages his novels, his plays, and his short stories. In recent years he has mastered the difficulty of writing in English.

of retrospective romanticism which finds pleasure in imitating the destiny of a unique genius (down to the jealousy, down to the filth, down to the stab of seeing her almond-shaped eyes turn to her blond Cassio behind her peacock-feathered fan) even if one cannot imitate his verse. She liked mine though, and would scarcely have yawned as the other was wont to do every time her husband's poem happened to exceed the length of a sonnet. If she has remained a phantom to me, I may have been one to her: I suppose she had been solely attracted by the obscurity of my poetry; then tore a hole through its veil and saw a stranger's unlovable face.

As you know, I had been for some time planning to follow the example of your fortunate flight. She described to me an uncle of hers who lived, she said, in New York: he had taught riding at a Southern college and had wound up by marrying a wealthy American woman; they had a little daughter born deaf. She said she had lost their address long ago, but a few days later it miraculously turned up, and we wrote a dramatic letter to which we never received any reply. This did not much matter, as I had already obtained a sound affidavit from Professor Lomchenko of Chicago; but little else had been done in the way of getting the necessary papers when the invasion began, whereas I foresaw that if we stayed on in Paris some helpful compatriot of mine would sooner or later point out to the interested party sundry passages in one of my books where I argued that, with all her many black sins, Germany was still bound to remain forever and ever the laughingstock of the world.

So we started upon our disastrous honeymoon. Crushed and jolted amid the apocalyptic exodus, waiting for unscheduled trains that were bound for unknown destinations, walking through the stale stage-setting of abstract towns, living in a permanent twilight of physical exhaustion, we fled; and the farther we fled, the clearer it became that what was driving us on was something more than a boot-ed and buckled fool with his assortment of variously propelled junk — something of which he was a mere symbol, something monstrous and impalpable, a timeless and faceless mass of immemorial horror that still keeps coming at me from behind even here, in the green vacuum of Central Park.

Oh, she bore it gamely enough — with a kind of dazed cheerfulness. Once however, quite suddenly, she started to sob in a sympathetic railway carriage. "The dog," she said, "the dog we left. I cannot forget the poor dog." The honesty of her grief shocked me, as we had never had any dog. "I know," she said, "but I tried to imagine we had actually

bought that setter. And just think, he would be now whining behind a locked door." There had never been any talk of buying a setter.

I should also not like to forget a certain stretch of highroad and the sight of a family of refugees (two women, a child) whose old father, or grandfather, had died on the way. The sky was a chaos of black and flesh-colored clouds with an ugly sunburst beyond a hooded hill, and the dead man was lying on his back under a dusty plane tree. With a stick and their hands the women had tried to dig a roadside grave, but the soil was too hard; they had given it up and were sitting side by side, among the anemic poppies, a little apart from the corpse and its upturned beard. But the little boy was still scratching and scraping and tugging until he tumbled a flat stone and forgot the object of his solemn exertions as he crouched on his haunches, his thin, eloquent neck showing all its vertebrae to the headsman, and watched with surprise and delight thousands of minute brown ants seething, zigzagging, dispersing, heading for places of safety in the Gard, and the Aude, and the Drome, and the Var, and the Basses-Pyrénées — we two paused only in Pau.

Spain proved too difficult and we decided to move on to Nice. At a place called Faugères (a ten-minute stop) I squeezed out of the train to buy some food. When a couple of minutes later I came back, the train was gone, and the muddled old man responsible for the atrocious void that faced me (coal dust glittering in the heat between naked indifferent rails, and a lone piece of orange peel) brutally told me that, anyway, I had had no right to get out.

In a better world I could have had my wife located and told what to do (I had both tickets and most of the money); as it was, my nightmare struggle with the telephone proved futile, so I dismissed the whole series of diminutive voices barking at me from afar, sent two or three telegrams which are probably on their way only now, and late in the evening took the next local to Montpellier, farther than which her train would not stumble. Not finding her there, I had to choose between two alternatives: going on because she might have boarded the Marseilles train which I had just missed, or going back because she might have returned to Faugères. I forget now what tangle of reasoning led me to Marseilles and Nice.

Beyond such routine action as forwarding false data to a few unlikely places, the police did nothing to help: one man bellowed at me for being a nuisance; another sidetracked the question by doubting the authenticity of my marriage certificate because it was stamped on what he contended to be the wrong side; a third, a fat *commissaire* with liquid

brown eyes, confessed that he wrote poetry in his spare time. I looked up various acquaintances among the numerous Russians domiciled or stranded in Nice. I heard those among them who chanced to have Jewish blood talk of their doomed kinsmen crammed into hell-bound trains; and my own plight, by contrast, acquired a commonplace air of irreality while I sat in some crowded café with the milky blue sea in front of me and a shell-hollow murmur behind telling and retelling the tale of massacre and misery, and the gray paradise beyond the ocean, and the ways and whims of harsh consuls.

A week after my arrival an indolent plain-clothes man called upon me and took me down a crooked and smelly street to a black-stained house with the word "hotel" almost erased by dirt and time; there, he said, my wife had been found. The girl he produced was an absolute stranger, of course, but my friend Holmes kept on trying for some time to make her and me confess we were married, while her taciturn and muscular bedfellow stood by and listened, his bare arms crossed on his striped chest.

When at length I got rid of those people and had wandered back to my neighborhood, I happened to pass by a compact queue waiting at the entrance of a food store, and there, at the very end, was my wife, straining on tiptoe to catch a glimpse of what exactly was being sold. I think the first thing she said to me was that she hoped it was oranges.

Her tale seemed a trifle hazy, but perfectly banal. She had returned to Faugères and gone straight to the Commissariat instead of making inquiries at the station, where I had left a message for her. A party of refugees suggested that she join them; she spent the night in a bicycle shop with no bicycles, on the floor, together with three elderly women who lay, she said, like three logs in a row. Next day she realized that she had not enough money to reach Nice. Eventually she borrowed some from one of the log-women. She got into the wrong train, however, and traveled to a town the name of which she could not remember. She had arrived at Nice two days ago and had found some friends at the Russian church. They had told her I was somewhere around, looking for her, and would surely turn up soon.

Some time later, as I sat on the edge of the only chair in my garret and held her by her slender young hips (she was combing her soft hair and tossing her head back with every stroke), her dim smile changed all at once into an odd quiver and she placed one hand on my shoulder, staring down at me as if I were a reflection in a pool, which she had noticed for the first time.

"I've been lying to you, dear," she said. "Ya

lgunia. I stayed for several nights in Montpellier with a brute of a man I met on the train. I did not want it at all. He sold hair lotions."

The time, the place, the torture. Her fan, her gloves, her mask. I spent that night and many others getting it out of her bit by bit, but not getting it all. I was under the strange delusion that first I must find out every detail, reconstruct every minute, and only then decide whether I could bear it. But the limit of desired knowledge was unattainable, nor could I ever foretell the approximate point after which I might imagine myself satiated, because of course the denominator of every fraction of knowledge was potentially as infinite as the number of intervals between the fractions themselves.

Oh, the first time she had been too tired to mind, and the next had not minded because she was sure I had deserted her; and she apparently considered that such explanations ought to be a kind of consolation prize for me instead of the nonsense and agony they really were. It went on like that for eons, she breaking down every now and then, but soon rallying again, answering my unprintable questions in a breathless whisper or trying with a pitiful smile to wriggle into the semi-security of irrelevant commentaries, and I crushing and crushing the mad molar till my jaw almost burst with pain, a flaming pain which seemed somehow preferable to the dull, humming ache of humble endurance.

And mark, in between the periods of this inquest we were trying to get from reluctant authorities certain papers on the strength of which one might hope to obtain other papers which in their turn would make it lawful to apply for a third kind which would serve as a steppingstone towards a permit enabling the holder to apply for yet other papers which might or might not give him the means of discovering how and why it had happened. For even if I could imagine the accursed recurrent scene, I failed to link up its sharp-angled grotesque shadows with the dim limbs of my wife as she shook and rattled and dissolved in my violent grasp.

So nothing remained but to torture each other, to wait for hours on end in the Prefecture, filling forms, conferring with friends who had already probed the innermost viscera of all visas, pleading with secretaries, and filling forms again, with the result that her lusty and versatile traveling salesman became blended in a ghastly mix-up with rat-whiskered snarling officials, rotting bundles of obsolete records, the reek of violet ink, bribes slipped under gangrenous blotting paper, fat flies tickling moist necks with their rapid cold padded feet, new-laid clumsy concave photographs of your six subhuman doubles, the tragic eyes and patient politeness of petitionaries

born in Slutsk, Starodub, or Bobruisk, the funnels and pulleys of the Holy Inquisition, the awful smile of the bald man with the glasses, who had been told that his passport could not be found.

I confess that one evening, after a particularly abominable day, I sank down on a stone bench weeping and cursing a mock world where millions of lives were being juggled by the clammy hands of consuls and *commissaires*. I noticed she was crying too, and then I told her that nothing would really have mattered the way it mattered now, had she not gone and done what she did.

"You will think me crazy," she said with a vehemence that, for a second, almost made a real person of her, "but I didn't — I swear that I didn't. Perhaps I live several lives at once. Perhaps I wanted to test you. Perhaps this bench is a dream and we are in Saratov or on some star."

It would be tedious to nuzzle the different stages through which I passed before accepting finally the first version of her delay. I did not talk to her and was a good deal alone. She would glimmer and fade, and reappear with some trifle she thought I would appreciate, — a handful of cherries, three precious cigarettes, or the like, — treating me with the unruffled mute sweetness of a nurse that trips from and to a gruff convalescent. I ceased visiting most of our mutual friends because they had lost all interest in my passport affairs and seemed to have turned vaguely inimical. I composed several poems. I drank all the wine I could get. I clasped her one day to my groaning breast, and we went for a week to Caboule and lay on the round pink pebbles of the narrow beach. Strange to say, the happier our new relations seemed, the stronger I felt an undercurrent of poignant sadness, but I kept telling myself that this was an intrinsic feature of all true bliss.

In the meantime, something had shifted in the moving pattern of our fates and at last I emerged from a dark and hot office with a couple of plump *visas de sortie* cupped in my trembling hands. Into these the U. S. A. serum was duly injected, and I dashed to Marseilles and managed to get tickets for the very next boat. I returned and tramped up the stairs. I saw a rose in a glass on the table — the sugar pink of its obvious beauty, the parasitic air bubbles clinging to its stem. Her two spare dresses were gone, her comb was gone, her checkered coat was gone, and so was the mauve hair-band with a mauve bow that had been her hat. There was no note pinned to the pillow, nothing at all in the room to enlighten me, for of course the rose was merely what French rhymsters call *une cheville*.

I went to the Veretennikovs, who could tell me

nothing; to the Hellmans, who refused to say anything; and to the Elaguins, who were not sure whether to tell me or not. Finally the old lady — and you know what Anna Vladimirovna is like at crucial moments — asked for her rubber-tipped cane, heavily but energetically dislodged her bulk from her favorite armchair, and took me into the garden. There she informed me that, being twice my age, she had the right to say I was a bully and a cad.

You must imagine the scene: the tiny graveled garden with its blue Arabian Nights jar and solitary cypress; the cracked terrace where the old lady's father had dozed with a rug on his knees when he retired from his Novgorod governorship to spend a few last evenings in Nice; the pale-green sky; a whiff of vanilla in the deepening dusk; the crickets emitting their metallic trill pitched at two octaves above middle C; and Anna Vladimirovna, the folds of her cheeks jerkily dangling as she flung at me a motherly but quite undeserved insult.

During several preceding weeks, my dear V., every time she had visited by herself the three or four families we both knew, my ghostly wife had filled the eager ears of all those kind people with an extraordinary story. To wit: that she had madly fallen in love with a young Frenchman who could give her a turreted home and a crested name; that she had implored me for a divorce and I had refused; that in fact I had said I would rather shoot her and myself than sail to New York alone; that she had said her father in a similar case had acted like a gentleman; that I had answered I did not give a hoot for her *cocu de père*.

There were loads of other preposterous details of that kind — but they all hung together in such a remarkable fashion that no wonder the old lady made me swear I would not seek to pursue the lovers with a cocked pistol. They had gone, she said, to a chateau in Lozère. I inquired whether she had ever set eyes upon the man. No, but she had been shown his picture. As I was about to leave, Anna Vladimirovna, who had slightly relaxed and had even given me her five fat fingers to kiss, suddenly flared up again, struck the gravel with her cane, and said in her deep strong voice: "But one thing I shall never forgive you — her dog, that poor beast which you hanged with your own hands before leaving Paris."

Whether the gentleman of leisure had changed into a traveling salesman, or whether the metamorphosis had been reversed, or whether again he was neither the one nor the other, but the non-descript Russian who had courted her before our marriage — all this was absolutely unessential. She had gone. That was the end. I should have been a

fool had I begun the nightmare business of searching and waiting for her all over again.

On the fourth morning of a long and dismal sea voyage, I met on the deck a solemn but pleasant old doctor with whom I had played chess in Paris. He asked me whether my wife was very much incommoded by the rough seas. I answered that I had sailed alone; whereupon he looked taken aback and then said he had seen her a couple of days before going on board, namely in Marseilles, walking, rather aimlessly he thought, along the embankment. She said that I would presently join her with bag and tickets.

This is, I gather, the point of the whole story — although if you write it, you had better not make him a doctor, as that kind of thing has been overdone. It was at that moment that I suddenly knew for certain that she had never existed at all. I shall tell you another thing. When I arrived I hastened to satisfy a certain morbid curiosity: I went to the address she had given me once; it proved to be an anonymous gap between two office buildings; I looked for her uncle's name in the directory; it was not there; I made some inquiries, and Gekko, who

knows everything, informed me that the man and his horsy wife existed all right, but had moved to San Francisco after their deaf little girl had died.

Viewing the past graphically, I see our mangled romance engulfed in a deep valley of mist between the crags of two matter-of-fact mountains: life had been real before, life will be real from now on, I hope. Not tomorrow, though. Perhaps after tomorrow. You, happy mortal, with your lovely family (how is Inès? how are the twins?) and your diversified work (how are the lichens?), can hardly be expected to puzzle out my misfortune in terms of human communion, but you may clarify things for me through the prism of your art.

Yet the pity of it. Curse your art, I am hideously unhappy. She keeps on walking to and fro where the brown nets are spread to dry on the hot stone slabs and the dappled light of the water plays on the side of a moored fishing boat. Somewhere, somehow, I have made some fatal mistake. There are tiny pale bits of broken fish scales glistening here and there in the brown meshes. It may all end in *Aleppo* if I am not careful. Spare me, V.: you would load your dice with an unbearable implication if you took that for a title.

POEMS FROM THE RAF

by JOHN PUDNEY

COMBAT REPORT

*Just then I saw the bloody Hun.
You saw the Hun? You, light and easy,
Carving the soundless daylight. I was breezy
When I saw that Hun. Oh wonder,
Pattern of stress, of nerve poise, flyer,
Overtaking time. He came out under
Nine-tenths cloud, but I was higher.
Did Michelangelo aspire,
Painting the laughing cumulus, to ride
The majesty of air. He was a trier —
I'll give him that, the Hun. So you convert
Ultimate sky to air speed, drift, and cover:
Sure with the tricky tools of God and lover.
I let him have a sharp four-second squirt,
Closing to fifty yards. He went on fire.
Your deadly petals painted, you exert
A simple stature. Man-high, without pride,
You pick your way through heaven and the dirt.
He burnt out in the air: that's how the poor sod died.*

ROSES AND RUINS

ONCE more the rose, rally of English heart,
Blooms at the crater, at the ruined sill,
Where life left off, where love was left, where part
Of you or you stay still.

There is no public wrong or private grief
Can stain the colors, steal the proud design.
Autumn may snatch the petal and the leaf.
Now, the whole flower is yours and mine.

Lucky to live and greet the rose full blown,
Which blooms on death and flaunts the frightened hour;
To see the emblem of most inner bone
Clothed in the frail flesh of the flower.

MISSING

LESS said the better.
The bill unpaid, the dead letter,
No roses at the end
Of Smith, my friend.

Last words don't matter,
And there are none to flatter.
Words will not fill the post
Of Smith, the ghost.

For Smith, our brother,
Only son of loving mother,
The ocean lifted, stirred,
Leaving no word.

FLYING FORTRESSES

FLYING with Americans in their B Seventeen,
Weapon-bright ship of the new world, the steady
Majestic job, I saw my England green,
Rutted, furrowed and smudged already
With history and war and the loved scene.
There below, framed in the bombardier's panel,
Was harvest stooked, or the eighteenth-century plan
Of ancestors, or pitheads, or a glint of the Channel,
Or plush-bricked manufacturing town. A man
In American kit beside me, all that crew,
Positive all, teamed-up in their B Seventeen
Out of the scalding west of America, anew
Brought, quick and keen, rare passion to the view.

» Children impose a heavy financial burden — especially now when fathers are in uniform. What relief has the State to offer?

WHAT PRICE CHILDREN?

by F. EMERSON ANDREWS

1

THREE persons made me think. Frederick Wynne, an electrical engineer, and his Minnesota wife have a boy of ten. They think the one-child system is a bad one, and would gladly have had more children — but there was the depression. Fred was nothing but a radio repairman on odd jobs for three years. That experience bit deep. Even now Fred does not feel secure; war prosperity, too, may end. They will not have another child.

Dr. Bernard Duel is the nationally known head of a great educational institution. I have not used his real name, since he might not relish my repeating a casual and personal remark which made a deep impression on me. Talking about professors' salaries and giving children proper opportunities, Dr. Duel said, "We spaced our children so that only one would be in college at a time." Dr. Duel and his wife have two children, one a WAC and the other a doctor.

Joe Corrigan drives a coal truck. I got to know him quite well one summer when I served as weighmaster in a coal yard. One day Joe asked for a little time to make his regular monthly visit to the relief office. I knew he was the best-paid driver in the yard, and at the first opportunity I asked his employer how it happened that Joe was getting relief. "Big family," said the boss briefly. "Joe's a good worker and I pay him every cent the job's worth; but it is scarcely my fault Joe has eleven children."

Four adults, foresighted, prudent, desirous of giving their children the best in environment and education, have a total of three children. Two adults, living in cramped and unhealthful quarters and unable even to feed their brood without the aid of "relief," have a total of eleven children.

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What has been happening to the family in America while we have been living and not looking? A generation or so ago, the family was a going concern. Most people lived on farms. It did not cost much to feed and clothe children, and in a very few years they were doing substantial chores on the farm and in the house, and more than made their keep. Rearing children was frequently a profitable business.

It seldom is now. This is not because today's John is less strong than yesterday's Jake, or Shirley less willing than Susie; they have less chance. Most modern Johns and Shirleys live in towns or cities where productive chores are fewer; they go to school longer each year, and for more years. If they try to work, they find that an old-fashioned form of family security — child labor — is, quite properly, being legislated out of existence. But meanwhile the costs of rearing and educating a child have skyrocketed.

How much does it cost to rear a child? A recent estimate for middle-class American families, based on prices before the war, puts it at \$300 for prenatal and birth expenses, an average of \$300 a year for twenty years for food, clothes, doctors, gifts, fares, and incidentals; and an additional \$800 a year for tuition and other special expenses for four years, if college is part of the picture. Total outlay per child, \$9500. Income — probably zero.

These figures may be generalized for any income group by considering that each child costs about as much as a house for that group. Indeed, children and houses on the FHA plan have several parallels: there is a substantial down payment followed by regular monthly payments for a period of about twenty years. If you have two, three, or more children, you are contracting for the cost equivalent of two, three, or more houses, with most payments running simultaneously!

Careful men and women do not lightly obligate themselves to purchases in the \$10,000 range, even

in the case of a single house which may save rent, has permanent value, and at worst can be abandoned after a few payments. A child merely adds to rent. He cannot handily be abandoned, whatever the shifts in your circumstances. And at the close of the twenty-year payment period (indeed, now at eighteen) he is suddenly not yours at all, but belongs to himself and his country.

2

FORTUNATELY, few of us who are fathers or mothers take only the economic view of our families. Children mean so very much in love, fulfillment, and downright fun. But because, bit by bit, children have ceased to be partners in a going concern and have become a heavy burden financially, the family is on dangerous footing.

The situation into which we have somehow drifted sentences all parents to a lower standard of living than their friends and associates of the same income who have no children. This might be endurable for the parents, for there are compensations; but it is not endurable to see in advance that this inequality will almost certainly prevent them from giving their children the things they need and should have.

The result is Fred Wynne, Dr. Duel — and Joe Corrigan. The result, in broader averages, is few or no children in families which have high standards of child care and education, and would provide healthful, stimulating environments for America's future leaders, but large families of children among the careless and improvident.

There are exceptions, of course; and we shall always get a few sterling leaders out of the most unpromising environments. But we have let the family become an insolvent business which cannot possibly balance its books. In terms of the long future for America, we are now putting into effect a brand-new law, not of nature but of stupid man — the survival of the unfittest.

There is a way out. It is democratic, practical, and could be introduced in such form that it would aid rather than complicate our present difficult financial situation. It is the device known as children's allowances — cash payments to help parents meet the additional costs of their dependents. In the form best adapted to our emergency, children's allowances would be payments to mothers in behalf of their dependent children; in effect, salaries for mothers.

And why not salaries for mothers? Let's look at this question squarely. A woman who raises pigs is

called a producer by the Census Bureau, and is paid for her pigs. A few years ago she was even paid money for *not* raising pigs. But a woman who chooses the vastly more difficult occupation of both producing and rearing children — the job that is basically the most important to us as a nation — is not even a "gainful worker" according to the Census Bureau, and is not paid, either by the government or by her husband, since he has now less for her than if there were no children.

This idea of children's allowances is not new. In England, Wesleyan Methodist ministers have been getting annual children's allowances for a hundred and fifty years. Australia covered civil servants as early as 1920, and has now universalized such allowances as a war measure. In France, before the Nazi invasion, family allowances — now more generally called children's allowances — covered not only wage earners and government employees, but teachers, artists, the self-employed, farmers. The 1938 Pan American Conference recommended such allowances for the American republics, and Chile is one of the twenty-eight countries which already had systems of children's allowances before the outbreak of the war.

Very little news of these important developments trickled through to most Americans. The great depression was upon us, and then the war, and were we not sufficiently involved in adjustments to our own Social Security Act? Moreover, varying systems of children's allowances had been adopted by Germany, Italy, and Japan, and it became a simple matter to brand them out-of-hand as totalitarian devices for increasing cannon fodder, without bothering to consider them on their intrinsic merits and demerits, or to remember that they also had been adopted by conservative governments of undoubtedly democratic nations.

Then came Sir William Beveridge's famous report, advancing children's allowances as the first of three assumptions underlying his whole plan for "social security from birth to death for everyone." He pointed out that from a sixth to a quarter of all want in Great Britain was due to failure to relate income during earning to size of family; that it was "unreasonable" to set up schemes for the elimination of want due to unemployment and fail to take care of the want which existed in large families even during full employment. He proposed an allowance rate — nothing for the first child, and an average of 8 shillings a week for those beyond the first — which would not pay the full costs of rearing children, but should be regarded "both as a help to parents in meeting their responsibilities, and as an acceptance of new responsibilities by the community."

His proposal has already been accepted in principle by the Churchill Government, and there is some probability that it may be adopted ahead of other proposals in the Beveridge Plan as a war measure. Indeed, long before the Beveridge Report, Lord Keynes, at the very beginning of hostilities, was proposing children's allowances as a necessary part of his plan for financing the war.

3

IN THE United States, the idea of children's allowances strikes most people as a complete novelty. Yet we have long been using this principle, but in a disjointed program with many gaps and inequities.

Public schools are a subsidy to children which the bachelor landowner helps to pay. Free milk and free dental service in some schools, playgrounds for children, half fare for young children, are other minor subsidies. The Social Security Act took another long step in this direction, and now pays out more than 100 million dollars a year to mothers in behalf of dependent children. But for the mother to receive it, the father must either die, desert, or be put in jail. Up in Vermont I know a father who sometimes generously does get himself jailed; his family of fourteen is then much better off than on any wage he could earn.

We already have a system of children's allowances for the armed forces. The Servicemen's Dependents Allowance Act of 1942 provides as a direct government contribution \$12 per month for the first child, and \$10 for each additional child. Moreover, these "children" may include adopted children, step-children, and under some circumstances illegitimate children. Although widespread drafting of fathers has not yet occurred, so far as the law is concerned, in both this and the last war a complete system of children's allowances has actually been available to a large part of our population.

Our queerest subsidy for children, as it works in practice, is our income tax law. Because the \$350 exemption for each child under eighteen is in effect applied to the highest rate paid, at the 1942 rates of 6 per cent tax and surtaxes ranging from 13 to 82 per cent, the government "rebates" to families paying at the lower of these rates only 19 per cent of \$350, or \$66.50. But the business executive or Hollywood star who gets more than \$200,000 a year receives a rebate of \$308 for *his* child!

This anomaly is reflected in all its absurdity in the payroll deductions of 20 per cent, after personal exemptions, which are now in effect. A workman paid less than \$24 a week gets precisely the same

amount deducted whether he is married and has no children or is married and has three children to support. Persons receiving \$50 a week or more have their tax progressively decreased \$1.20 a week for each child.

In civilian life, children's allowances have already been tried out in a few isolated instances in America. The Columbia Conserve Company in Indianapolis has for many years supplemented its basic wage with an allowance for family dependents. Bennington College, subject to availability of funds, has set up a plan permitting an allotment to its staff of an extra \$500 a year for each dependent up to three in number.

At least seventy-five school boards have authorized family allowances for schoolteachers. (In many such systems the wife is counted as a dependent as well as the children in establishing the rate, and the term "family allowance" is therefore the appropriate one.) The teaching profession is a singularly fine example of one of the further advantages of children's allowances — its contribution toward solving the "equal pay for equal work" dilemma.

The great majority of public schoolteachers are single women, usually without dependents. But educational efficiency and social policy require that we retain in the teaching force considerable numbers of mature men and women who do have dependents. Tax-conscious citizens would howl down any proposal that the salary level in teaching be raised to the point where a "normal" family of three children could be comfortably supported, and that would in fact result in paying the costs of vast numbers of children who do not exist.

But the experienced woman high-school teacher without dependents feels she should be paid as much for her equal work as her male colleague who does have a family to support. We recognize the abstract justice of her position, but the present wage system has no solution except subterfuge or compromise. Either the double salary standard is maintained (often unjustly, since it sometimes is the man who is fancy-free and the woman who has the dependents), or men are given administrative positions so that they can be paid adequate salaries, or professions like teaching and social work, where the unattached woman largely establishes the salary level, fail to attract or to retain many competent men. If children's allowances were available, either nationally or in the local school system, it would be much easier to establish a salary level based upon quality of work and ordinary needs, and still retain teachers with larger family responsibilities.

The first governmental recognition of children's allowances, aside from reports of foreign develop-

ments which the *Monthly Labor Review* has carried with particular care, was the definite proposal of the National Resources Planning Board in January, 1942, that "family allowances" be included in the post-war program for raising living standards and securing full employment. Both the term and the idea were then so new in America that this proposal raised scarcely a ripple, and few persons who read the report were even remotely aware of its possibilities.

Later in 1942 the Beveridge Report, placing children's allowances first among its three assumptions basic to social security, encouraged the hope that now the subject might at least be fully discussed in America. Those of us who knew a report of somewhat similar scope was already running through the presses in Washington awaited its release with lively interest.

In March of this year the President released to Congress this report, entitled *Security, Work, and Relief Policies*. This five-pound document of half a million words failed to include any mention of children's allowances. Indeed, the numerous constructive proposals which this report contains are so lost in technical verbiage that only a few courageous students have ever waded through the whole of it. The British Beveridge Report, when briefly forbidden to the armed forces, created a national scandal, while our own allegedly similar document could probably not be forced down a typical doughboy's throat for even an extra week's pay.

Why did this lengthy report on American social security fail to consider children's allowances? Some of the persons responsible for framing it were asked just that question in New York in early June. Reference was made to administrative difficulties because of the forty-eight states, and Mr. Altmeyer, Chairman of the Social Security Board, after referring to the large proportion of absolute want in Britain due to size of family, said he thought it "doubtful whether that is true to the same extent in this country."

Another person present at this meeting was Sir William Beveridge himself. As a national guest, he referred politely to our report, to the special administrative difficulties created by our states, and to the necessity for us to find our own solutions to our problems. But on children's allowances he went straight to the heart of the matter, without relating them only to absolute want or putting five pounds of other considerations ahead of them. Said Sir William: —

Finally, children's allowances are really necessary to give equality of opportunity as between the child in a small family and the child in the large family. If you

want equality for all individuals, you can't do without children's allowances. That is the argument which does influence us in Britain. You may take the principles of children's allowances as accepted in Britain and the fact that it is the greatest revolution of all resulting from my report.

4

WE ARE at war. It is abundantly clear that the present Congress and probably the people in general are in no mood for reform for reform's sake. We have a sublime and probably mistaken faith that the golden tomorrow can be built tomorrow, and our tree of hope will burst into full leaf, ready to shade us, even if we neglect planting the seeds today. This is a dangerous attitude, but we may as well take it for granted that social problems in this country will receive little attention unless they are directly related to the war effort.

That, however, is precisely the reason for stressing children's allowances now. In time of peace, they might await the long research they deserve into problems of administration, sectional differences, alternative possibilities such as payment "in kind" (school meals, shoes, and so on, instead of cash), and ultimate effects on population. Now they are put forward as an important and possibly indispensable element in financing the war.

We all know that the money we are free to spend must soon be reduced to the amount of goods — outside of tanks, airplanes, and other war supplies — we are still able to make. That is common sense and orthodox economics. Spare money in people's pockets is the floodwater of inflation which will break through any dam of price control or rationing we attempt to set up. The Nazis themselves are not able to suppress black markets, and every American housewife knows how widely ceiling prices are being violated. Apparently the only effective way to avoid severe inflation is to bring the spendable part of wages and income down to the value of consumers' goods we are currently producing.

The government is trying to absorb excess income with heavier taxes, voluntary savings, and other devices, including the freezing of wage levels. All these measures run head on into one central and immutable fact: when we are all reduced to necessities, needs vary radically with family size.

Here again is my friend on the coal truck, Joe Corrigan. Milk in Joe's town goes up 2 cents a quart. Mike, the unmarried driver on the truck next to Joe, drinks a quart of milk a day, and his wages have to be increased the negligible amount of 14 cents a week if he is to be as well off after the

milk increase. But Joe, with his wife and eleven children, consumes thirteen quarts a day, and his wages have to be increased \$1.82 a week simply because milk went up 2 cents.

Joe demands a wage increase of \$1.82 so that his children may have milk, and few will blame him. If he gets it, Mike, who hauls just as much coal, demands the same increase. If *he* gets it, then Mike has the increased price of eighty-four unused quarts of milk jingling around in his pocket each week, crying to be spent for things we can no longer afford to make.

In practice, the result is usually a "compromise," which fails to give Joe enough money to buy all the milk his children need, and yet gives Mike considerable excess spending money. In times of peace, this situation has been tolerated because Joe could apply for relief and Mike's excess money could be siphoned away with horses that lost by a nose, luxury gadgets, and other devices. In time of war the excess money threatens national disaster. The situation it creates is explosive and intolerable.

We are experimenting with a curious assortment of correctives. Wages are frozen, but that does not freeze families from increasing in size and needs; meanwhile milk and many other things have gone up in price. Forced savings have been proposed, and high-pressure bond drives are being conducted. Joe Corrigan, unable to feed his family on his full wages, is left feeling that he is somehow a traitor to his country and a blot on his company's record.

A sales tax is being considered. Such a tax, to achieve substantial returns, would have to go down into foods and other daily necessities, and wage earners with large families would be paying the great bulk of the tax, both in dollars and in proportion to income. We are now experimenting with holding back 20 per cent of income, but somewhat less where dependents exist. The fact is that nearly all our measures to meet the special problems of war finance run afoul of this single problem of family needs varying with family size, and we have drifted into a morass of complicated adjustments and half-measures instead of meeting that single problem directly and positively.

I propose, primarily as a fiscal war measure and secondarily as an aid to family life, the prompt adoption of a system of children's allowances in the United States.

5

TO MAKE this proposal concrete for purposes of discussion, I suggest certain governing principles. These are not original and they are not final. They

are personal judgments growing out of considerable study of the problems involved, but clearly recognizing that much further study is desirable and quite different decisions may finally be made.

1. *Coverage.* This should be provided for every dependent child up to the sixteenth birthday, or eighteenth if the child is in school. To keep the scheme fully democratic, without odor of relief or charity, payments should be made in behalf of all dependent children without regard to family income or status. Coverage of all children is recommended, rather than beginning with the second child as suggested in England, since it is with arrival of the first child that the mother's opportunities for remunerative work outside the home are heavily handicapped.
2. *Beneficiary.* Payments should be made to the mother. There is a little more assurance that the chief benefit will go to the children, for whose welfare the allowances are intended, than there would be if payment were made to the father. There is justice, too, in mothers receiving cash income for their work; and in many families such an income will improve the mother's self-respect and make for family stability.
3. *Source of funds.* Children's allowances should be non-contributory, coming out of a central fund from general taxation.
4. *Initial rate.* The amount allowed should vary with the age of the child. It will probably be proportioned to the state or sectional average industrial wage. This sectional base does not achieve national equality (politically difficult even if socially desirable) but does take into account sectional variations in living costs. The rate should be kept below the costs of child-rearing, which is not to be made a profitable business but to be freed from its hopeless handicaps. Probably an average of \$3.00 per week per child is desirable at present price levels.

What is the cost of this proposal? There are at least two answers, each valid under certain assumptions. Let us look at the statistics first.

According to the 1940 Census, there were approximately 35 million children under sixteen years of age. Of those sixteen and seventeen years old, 68.7 per cent were attending school at the time of the Census — probably a smaller percentage now. If a round 3 million are now attending school in those ages, then approximately 38 million children are eligible under our assumption as to coverage. At an averaged \$3.00 a week for 52 weeks, plus the standard estimate of 3 per cent for administration, the annual cost of the program comes in round figures to 6 billion dollars.

There are certain offsets. The children's allowances we are paying to families of servicemen — under the 1942 Act, \$12 a month for the first child and \$10 for additional children, with an increased rate pending — would no longer be needed. The

program of Aid to Dependent Children would likewise be a duplication which probably could be abandoned. And the relief offices would no longer need to dole out monthly sums to the Joe Corrigan. Checked estimates of these offsets do not exist, but there is no doubt that they are considerable.

To effect further savings, it will probably be proposed that children of the wealthy and middle-income groups be excluded. This would destroy important characteristics of the program, and is unwise. If it is argued that otherwise we cannot afford to pay out \$3.00 a week per child, it may be replied that we already are affording \$5.92 a week — in income-tax exemption — for each child of the \$200,000 a year income group, and slightly less for other high-income groups. The exemption provision of the income tax could be modified, or made an alternative to direct allowances, but children's allowances should remain a universal opportunity, like the public school, expressing the community's concern for all children.

A program which appears to cost 6 billion dollars would have seemed utterly fantastic a few years ago, even with the substantial offsets which have been indicated. Now we are spending at the rate of more than 6 billion dollars *a month* for war activities alone, to destroy and not to build up, and still retain a high general standard of living. We have had to revise our economic thinking, to take into account the whole picture of resources and production instead of isolated expenditure.

From this point of view, the net cost of children's allowances may prove completely negligible, and during the war period they may actually result in an overall saving. We need to feed and clothe all the nation's 38 million children. We can do this by providing for minimum essentials through a system of children's allowances which takes into direct account the number of persons and can be made immediately sensitive to price changes.

Or we can try to feed and clothe these 38 million children by the present wage system, in a war economy stripped to essentials. Then, if the cost of feeding and clothing one person a week rises \$1.00, Joe Corrigan will demand an increase of \$13. Any rise in the per person cost of living will result in a demand from wage earners for an increase of at least five times that amount, to take care of the mythical average family. This is an inevitable demand under our present wage system, though it results in proper increases for only a few families, inadequate wages for the Corrigan, and surplus spendable wages for the great majority of workers who have fewer than five persons in the family.

Then we scurry about, trying to absorb the excess spending money, trying to get help in some fashion for the extra young Corrigan, trying (if Congress will agree) to roll back prices by spending a billion dollars of Federal money, in order to avoid another plague of strikes, further price increases because of higher wages, and another whirl of the inflationary spiral.

It would be cheaper in money, simpler in administration, and better for families to level out most of these inequities by a system of children's allowances.

I have stressed the economic possibilities of children's allowances because this feature has the most immediate importance in the war situation. In the long view, human values, the relation of such allowances to healthy family life, and their possible effects upon the quality of our population may prove the major considerations.

We need to keep in mind the quite human problems of Fred Wynne, who has had only one child because he was afraid of losing his job and of being unable to feed even that one; of Dr. Duel, who has had only two children because he wished to be certain he could afford full opportunities for them; and of Joe Corrigan, who might possibly have had fewer children and given them a better home to grow up in if his situation had not become hopeless almost at the outset.

And now we need to keep especially in mind one other person, the soldier father. He has surrendered his job, he has put a moratorium on building a sound economic future, he is risking his life for his country. At the same time he and his wife are having the child they want, who must perhaps come now or never. Temporarily, the community is assuming the bare costs of supporting this child. He has his system of children's allowances — for the duration.

When he comes back, his feet dusty from the road to Berlin or his face tanned by the rays of the *Sinking Sun*, what then? Perhaps he will find a job, without painful delay or selling apples on street corners, but he will need to begin at the bottom. Some years have been lost out of his life. He cannot follow a pattern once common — work several years, accumulating savings; marry, and have perhaps a year or two of both working; and then undertake the joys and costs of a family. Can he expect less from society, for which he has risked everything, than to have his child's allowance continued into civilian life, and at least this much of his economic cares a shared responsibility?

CAMP FOLLOWER

Job Hunt; The USO Club

by BARBARA KLAU

6

MY FIRST days in Gladwyn convinced me that I had to get a job. I was determined not to fiddle away my days flipping through magazines in the palatial new USO club or lingering over cokes in the drugstores, like most of the Army wives in town. Since I was fresh from a war job in Washington, the idleness seemed immoral as well as boring.

Starting at the places where I most wanted to work, I made the rounds of the local newspapers and radio stations and was politely turned down when I said that my husband was stationed at the camp. Even pretending that he was part of the permanent cadre and teaching in a post school didn't help.

"All you girls say your husbands are cadre," the managing editor of the *Itaska Eagle* said, not unpleasantly. "There can't be that many cadremen at Hickory. No, you girls aren't very good risks from the hiring end."

My second choice was defense work, and I went to the local United States Employment Service office to find out what was available. I had written a lot about this organization while working for the Office of War Information in Washington. What I had written had mostly been built around such slogans as "Apply to your nearest U.S.E.S." or "The right person in the right war job." Convinced by my own propaganda, I walked into the employment office hoping to get a job on the production line in some war plant, where I could take my proper place as "the woman behind the man behind the gun."

It was noon and there was only one person in the

spacious, well-lighted office. "I want to get some information about defense work," I said. "Are there any war plants around here?"

The man, who was elderly and somehow a part of the chair and desk he sat at, handed me a blank. I could see his bald head, shining through side hair which was carefully combed over it.

"Fill this out," he said.

"But are there any defense plants here?"

"Yes," he said. "There's one. If you'll just fill this out."

"Could you tell me something about the work?" I asked. He looked at me curiously, and shoved the blank at me again.

"Fill this out, and we'll try to place you." He was obviously bored with the whole process.

"I'd like to find out something about the work available before I fill out an application," I said, speaking very precisely.

"Lady," he said slowly, "just fill out this blank. That's all you have to do." He spoke as though repeating an order to a very dull-witted dog.

"But what kind of work is it? What are the hours? Do they have any openings? What is the pay?"

It was impossible to puncture his routine.

"You can sit over there," he said, pointing to a desk. "Just take this blank, and answer the questions, and give it back to me. Then we'll let you know when something turns up."

"I should like to know what kind of plant it is," I said, unable to hide my exasperation. "I won't fill out any blank without knowing what I'm filling it out for."

"I'm not allowed to tell you where the defense plant is," the man said sullenly. "I'm a government worker. I can't tell you that."

"But I didn't ask where the plant is. I don't give a damn where it is."

He rustled the blank impatiently in front of me.

After graduation from Vassar in 1941, BARBARA KLAU worked with the Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs and the OWI. Her first book, *One Summer*, a story for children, was published by Viking when she was fourteen. Since then she has written three more books for children. Her husband is Spencer Klaw, former president of the *Harvard Crimson*, more recently connected with the *San Francisco Chronicle* and the United Press in Washington, D. C., and now in the Signal Corps.

This is the second of three installments.

I refused to look at it, swallowed hard, and decided to try again.

"Will you tell me something about the kind of work?" I asked.

"No," the man said, almost pettishly. "You're just supposed to fill out this blank. That's the regular procedure." I gave it up altogether.

"Well, can you tell me something about the U.S. Crop Corps? Do they need workers around here?" The Crop Corps had been the last campaign I had worked on for OWI before I left: "Food is as important as ammunition"; "Volunteer your services to help farmers meet their record production goals."

The clerk looked blank.

"You know," I explained. "The land army, to help farmers get in their crops. Is there a farm labor shortage here?" I remembered precisely the last time I had urged housewives to register with the U.S.E.S. for the Crop Corps.

"I don't know anything about it," he said defensively, slumping deeper into his chair.

"But the U.S.E.S. is handling it," I insisted. "People are supposed to register with the U.S.E.S."

"Not here. We don't have anything to do with it," he muttered. "Must be somewhere else, some agriculture place. I've never heard of it."

That seemed to settle it. He sat up again, picked up the blank, and held it out to me.

"Now," he said, once more the Civil Servant, "if you'll just fill this out —"

I took the blank, rapidly tore it to bits, and stalked out of the office. I felt like apologizing personally to every person who had ever read my appeals to go to the U.S.E.S.

7

THE girl I sat next to on the bus going back home was too ecstatically happy to be ignored, and my anger melted away as I talked to her.

"See this box," she said, running her hand over a dress box she held in her lap. "It's my wedding dress. I'm going to be married this afternoon."

It was already three o'clock, and the wedding was to take place at four in one of the chapels at Camp Hickory, she said.

"You know, Bill's company commander is going to come to the wedding, and he's given the whole company the afternoon off. Gosh, how will I ever get ready in time? I feel so dirty." She had been riding on buses for two days, but she was very gay. "I hope there's a bathtub where Bill got me a room."

"Is he getting any time off?" I asked.

"Until reveille tomorrow morning," she said.

"Are you going to stay here?"

"As long as my money holds out," she said.

"Then I'll go back to my job in the shoe store at home, and save up some more."

"Why not get a job here?"

"Oh, I couldn't get anything decent, and anyway, Bill doesn't want me to work." It sounded inconsistent, but she was obviously proud of his protectiveness. I told her that I was in the process of job hunting.

"Have you tried out at the Post?" she asked.

"Bill tells me that lots of wives work out there. Of course, most of the work is Civil Service, and you have to sign a paper swearing to stay for six months, but there are some other jobs — working at the PX's and things like that." She seemed pretty thoroughly prepared for life as a Hickory wife. I asked her how she knew so much about it.

"Oh, Bill's been here for ages, and he writes every day," she explained. "He couldn't just write love letters all the time."

I wished her happiness when we got off the bus, and went into the bus station to get a schedule. When I came out she was standing in the middle of the pavement, her dress box in her arms, and her luggage spread in a semicircle around her.

"Can I give you a hand?" I asked.

"Oh, no, thanks," she said. "I was just kind of hoping that Bill would turn up, but I guess he couldn't get off." She stopped to glance at a soldier hurrying out of the bus station, but it wasn't Bill. "I hope he comes in time," she said. "I don't know where to go, out at camp. Guess I might as well go to my room."

I went out to the camp myself that afternoon — for a much less exciting reason — and got my first taste of Army procedure, my first glance at an Army camp.

We had to get off the bus at the gate, secure little white trip passes from the MP's on duty, and catch the next bus going in — twenty minutes later. A girl carrying a baby waited for the bus with me. She was going to visit her husband at the hospital where, she told me, he was recuperating from Camp Hickory croupe. This ailment, officially diagnosed as nasal pharyngitis, affects all Hickory soldiers more or less constantly. The young mother was carrying a satchel of diapers, and one MP discarded his military bearing to hold it for her, while the other googled at the baby.

The long, straight highway into camp ran over absolutely flat country. We passed the regimental commanders' houses, miniature suburban villas, cut to a GI pattern. We passed an obstacle course, and

trucks driven by WACS. Finally the bus driver pointed out the Civilian Employment office, and let me off.

It was a square, dreary building, with a rail cutting off visitors from workers. The girls who worked behind the railing looked like the secretaries in any Washington office, except that they wore ankle socks, had more room to move around in, and didn't seem to have any work to do. Soldiers, mostly officers, streamed in and out, stopping to get cokes out of the coke machine.

There was an information desk behind the railing, but no one was there. When I finally got the attention of one of the girls, she told me that the head of civilian employment wasn't there that day, but the information attendant could answer my questions.

"She's gone out somewhere," the girl said vaguely, "but she'll probably be right back." I sat down and waited, talking to a nervous girl, nineteen years old, who was applying for her first job. She was overdressed, over made-up, and highly scornful of Gladwyn, her home town.

We waited for three quarters of an hour before the information girl came back, carrying a coke and wiping doughnut crumbs off her mouth.

She was short and stocky and wore a blue uniform, with a "Camp Hickory Service Command" insignia on her shoulder. Keeping the straw in her coke bottle between her lips, she looked up when I went over to the rail.

"I'd like to find out about jobs on the Post," I said.

"Our only openings are in the camp laundries," she told me, releasing the straw only long enough to speak.

"What kind of jobs are there in the laundries?"

"Straight laundry work," she said. "Washing clothes. Folding shirts. Ironing."

"Nothing else?" I asked.

She looked me up and down. "No," she said. "Nothing else." I have seldom disliked a girl so quickly and thoroughly. I thanked her, and walked out to wait for the bus home, thinking that getting a war job in Gladwyn demanded more humility than I possessed.

Two Gray Ladies in a car pulled up at the bus stop and asked me and a sergeant if we would like a ride into Gladwyn. They had just finished a shift at the hospital, they said.

Sitting in the back of the car with me, the sergeant asked what I was doing out at camp. I told him I had been to the Civilian Employment agency.

"Get a job?" he asked.

"No, they don't have anything but laundry work, and I didn't want that."

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed. "Why, they hire girls every day for all kinds of work." He asked me whom I had talked to. "Oh, that fathead," he said, when I described her. "She's too big for her buttons." The Gray Ladies tittered in the front seat. He seemed to know all about the office, and I asked him if he had been at Hickory long.

"Sixteen months," he said. "And they've been mighty long months."

We drove into town down a street of new-looking houses. "This is what we call 'mortgage row,'" one of the ladies told us, as though pointing out the sights. We drove past the USO club, and I asked them to let me off there.

8

I HAD a couple of hours before I expected Spencer, and having heard the USO had an employment service, I decided to try it.

The woman who ran it spoke softly and neatly, and had an immobile face that was rather chilling. I wondered momentarily how these social welfare agencies picked their employees. However, she didn't quiver at the thought of my being a soldier's wife, and she seemed to think there were jobs to be had in Gladwyn.

"Most of it, of course," she said, "is night work. That is when all the stores need help because of the soldier trade." She tended to reduce things to words of one syllable.

I said I didn't see any point in taking a night job, as the evening was the only time my husband got in from camp.

"Do any of the wives take night work?" I asked curiously.

"Some of them have no choice," she said.

"What do their husbands do?"

"Oh, they come and sit in the stores and restaurants and chat when the girls aren't busy," she explained.

We saw many such couples later — the husbands sitting in restaurant booths, sipping a cup of coffee, watching their wives hover over the late customers; a soldier perched at a sewing machine in a cleaning shop while his wife passed clothes back and forth across the counter to other soldiers.

The woman asked me questions and recorded the answers on a blank.

"Name, please?" I told her.

"Educational experience?" Before I could an-

swer, she translated the question. "That is, how many years of high school have you had?" Her manner made me wish I had a Phi Beta Kappa key that I could twirl in her face. I told her I had finished high school, and also college, and immediately resented her new interest in me.

She did have some suggestions: looking after officers' children, which I said I'd like to do; doing housework, which I wasn't too keen on; and working at the Pet Milk Company on the edge of town. (I tried that the next day, but the office manager told me he wasn't interested in "transients.")

She said she'd let me know if anything more definite turned up, and I left, my determination to work rapidly fading. When I knew the USO officials better some weeks later, I asked one of them how this woman who ran the employment agency — a soldier's wife like the rest of us — had been picked for the job.

"Oh, well, she has such good qualifications," the worker explained. "She's a college graduate." I decided I had underestimated college.

It was after a week and a half of desultory job hunting that I decided to settle for volunteer work. I registered for a nurse's aide course, which "will get under way any day now," the Red Cross woman told me confidently. The course was still about to get under way six weeks later. I volunteered to work at the reception desk of the USO club two hours every afternoon — which involved asking soldiers and their wives to sign their names in the guest book — and registered as a junior hostess — which involved nothing at all, I found out later. And I went twice a week to make surgical dressings for the Red Cross.

It seemed like incredibly little to be putting into the war effort. At first I hated myself for being content, and I was amazed that the days passed so quickly. I still winced when I heard a soldier's wife say: "Oh, I'm doing my share. Gosh, I've given my husband, haven't I?" But I couldn't argue any more, because I, too, had become one of the fiddlers.

9

ONE day when I was playing receptionist — or hostess, as the officials preferred to call it — at the desk of Gladwyn's USO club, I saw a soldier come up the steps to the building, stick his head in the door, and retreat quickly. I watched him back up, study the large red, white, and blue USO sign above the door, and come in again.

Aware that I had witnessed the maneuver, he explained his uncertainty when he stopped at my

desk to sign the register. "You know," he said, "when I saw all these girls in here, I thought I must be in the wrong place."

I understood the soldier's confusion, for I had had the same reaction when I first came into the building. USO clubs, as I had always understood their function, were places where servicemen could write letters, relax, entertain themselves and be entertained. Not until I came to Gladwyn did I know about the second function of the clubs — as a daytime haven for servicemen's wives.

All day long, girls climbed the steep hill to Gladwyn's magnificent USO club, panting up the last of the broad concrete steps, stopping to register at the desk (an FBI regulation, club officials confided to a few of us habitués), and fanned out through the building. We didn't jam the rooms as the soldiers did at night, but we used every facility constantly. By the time my daily shift at the reception desk started at five o'clock, the little meter that recorded the number of people entering the building usually read about 200, few of whom by that time of day had been soldiers.

The club, as the officials reminded us, was our home, and we used the large sprawling building as just that. There was nothing institutional about the rooms, with the exception of a neon sign over the snack bar. The main lounge had a large fireplace at one end and tall sunny windows at the other. Pine paneled walls, carpeted floors, and attractive furniture made it a handsome and comfortable room.

The wives gathered to talk on the couches and chairs, which were conveniently grouped for privacy. Some girl was usually picking at the piano at the far end of the lounge, undaunted by any conflict with the juke box or victrola in the music room. The club's checkroom was manned by a club employee at night, but during the day it was unattended, and wives ran in and out of it.

In the library at the left of the main lounge, the girls read magazines and books, — but mostly magazines picked up casually from the long bench where they were spread out, — wrote letters, and collected in corners to talk. No rules of silence were enforced, though the peaceful, sunny room was usually fairly quiet.

To the right of the lounge was the "music room," no doubt designed originally for serious music lovers, but used during the daytime for the inevitable bridge game, as unending as the crap games in the soldiers' barracks at Camp Hickory. The players shifted during the day; when one girl drifted off, another with time to kill took her place. Kibitzers kept up the morale of the players by feed-

ing the combination radio-victrola — an exceedingly wheezy machine. Through the constant music the thin plunking of pingpong balls could usually be heard from the vast gymnasium-like ballroom.

The club also provided us with a good many strictly utilitarian facilities, which were, in our transient lives, invaluable. A sewing machine and an ironing board were set up on the stage at the far end of the ballroom, and were taken down only on dance nights to make room for the orchestra. Wives who had never before sewed anything but buttons turned their hands to dressmaking to give themselves something constructive to do and to help stretch their greatly reduced incomes. Girls came in wearing and carrying the clothes they wanted to press, unable to afford Gladwyn's slow and expensive laundries, and not being allowed to use the facilities where they lived.

The shiny white ladies' washroom was used for more than the casual cleaning-up that it had been built for. One morning, for instance, I found a girl there brushing her teeth, with a whole toilet kit spread out on the window sill beside her. She explained that the bathroom where she lived "was just too dirty."

"I got a can of Bon Ami and a brush and scrubbed my room when I moved in," she said, "but gosh, I just couldn't cope with that bathroom." She shook a vitamin pill out of the bottle, swallowed it, carefully repacked her kit, and left the washroom. I saw her later at the snack bar, eating a breakfast of coffee and doughnuts.

And it wasn't only because of fastidiousness that Army wives patronized the washroom. One day I met a short, hard-faced redhead in there, stripped to the waist, calmly washing her arms and shoulders. We started the inevitable conversation about living conditions.

"This is what I call a bath in Gladwyn," she said. "I haven't had a real one in seven weeks."

"No bathtub where you live?" I asked.

"Bathtub, hell, there isn't even any hot water." She was sitting on a stool washing her feet when I left the room.

The club was living, eating, recreation, and information center for us. There we received messages, for many of the houses we lived in had no phones or we weren't allowed to use them. And club officials were tireless in tracking us down to report that our husbands had called or a friend had left a message. Many girls who lived on the outskirts of town met their husbands there at night to save the men a long hike. And there we got our money, since the banks in town wouldn't cash our

out-of-town checks. Without the club's apparently limitless exchequer, we should have had an almost insurmountable problem in getting the cash to pay our weekly room rents.

When girls were on the room hunt — as most of us were most of the time — they made a point of spending at least a couple of hours a day at the club, asking friends if they knew of rooms, pouncing on girls who admitted that their husbands were about to be shipped. We made up a peculiarly frank, intimate, and changing society. We talked to other girls about everything, seeing each other almost daily, seldom knowing each other's names. When a girl hadn't been seen at the club for several days, it was assumed that she was gone, and with the exception of one or two close friends, the remaining clan of wives was interested only in the room she had vacated.

I suppose USO policy favored this daytime influx of females, for the building was certainly laid open to us, but among the club officials there was varying opinion. We were strongly defended, brooded over, and mothered by a succession of Y.W.C.A. program planners, but the director of the club itself, a Salvation Army major, told me that the Army wives frankly were a bother.

"All the time, we have to keep the building open for these girls," he confided to me one day, while unpacking a case of Hershey almond bars in the kitchen behind the snack bar. "They're here at nine in the morning, and they'd be here earlier if we opened any earlier. If it was just for the soldiers, we wouldn't have to open till the middle of the afternoon. And you know, they're noisier and messier than the men." He shook his square head morosely, and walked over to a cabinet to stow away the candy.

It was true that the Major worked long and hard at the club, but neither his secretary nor the personnel of the other organizations which make up the USO believed it was altogether necessary. The Major was the kind of executive who felt his presence always necessary, and his final word in every decision imperative. He trusted nothing to his co-workers, who he once told me were "an irresponsible bunch of spinster women."

But the club under the Major's direction was an extremely hospitable and friendly place. If a soldier got rowdy — which seldom happened — the Major dealt with him himself, never resorting to calling in the MP's, which he was empowered to do. "I don't want MP's around here," he told me once. "There's no point in having a club if the boys can't use it to forget the Army." The Major, basically, had the right idea.



Bottle Hunt in North Africa

By CAPTAIN HENRY L. HEYL

WE WERE a large hospital unit with many enlisted men, nurses, and doctors. Only, for the moment, we had no hospital. Also, we had no patients. It was three months after the Allied invasion and three months before the fall of Tunisia, a relatively quiet time in Morocco. We thought it was time we had a dance.

They had said to me, "Henry, you get the wine."

I sat down on a park bench to calculate how much we should need. It came out one hundred bottles. First, one hundred empty bottles, for wine merchants demanded an empty bottle before selling a full one. *C'est nécessaire absolument, monsieur, une bouteille!*

An Arab boy circulated shyly around my bench. I smiled and gave him a stick of Juicy Fruit gum. I asked him where I could find some empty bottles. He hopped up and down on his bare feet and signaled to me to come with him.

He led me from the light and shade of a sunny afternoon into a dark alley. Suddenly he darted away toward an arched doorway where he crouched quickly, as if he were playing squat tag. His tattered gray robe crumpled about him. Then quickly and dramatically he stood up and aside — and there were three empty wine bottles. He was proud as a chicken that has just laid a handsome egg. I gave him the whole package of Juicy Fruit. He danced off up the street, and the beautiful gum was the theme of his dance.

I bought a grass basket, made of purple and green stripes, to carry my bottles. I winked at an Arab veil. After all, it had winked first.

Soon I was staring at a small window full of empty wine bottles; but the unhappy Arab inside wouldn't sell me any. He sold vinegar and looked as if he drank it. I bought five bottles. When I was out of sight I looked both ways, and quickly

emptied the vinegar into the street. I had eight empty bottles.

Le Petit Poulet is a good place for lunch.

"François," I said to the waiter, "where can I get some empty wine bottles?"

"Ah, monsieur," he said, "*c'est difficile!*" Then he added confidentially, "*Restez ici, s'il vous plaît.*"

Five minutes later he emerged cautiously from the kitchen, his soiled white coat bulging on one side. He bowed over me as if to serve me and slid two empty bottles into my lap. I slipped a package of Luckies into his passing hands. He grinned.

All this time a quiet, middle-aged Frenchman had been eating opposite me. Finally he asked, in French, "You want bottles?"



"Yes," I said.

"It is difficult," he said. I agreed.

He cleaned his horn-rimmed glasses. "Why don't you get a barrel? A barrel," he said, "is difficult to find, like bottles, but it holds very much more wine."

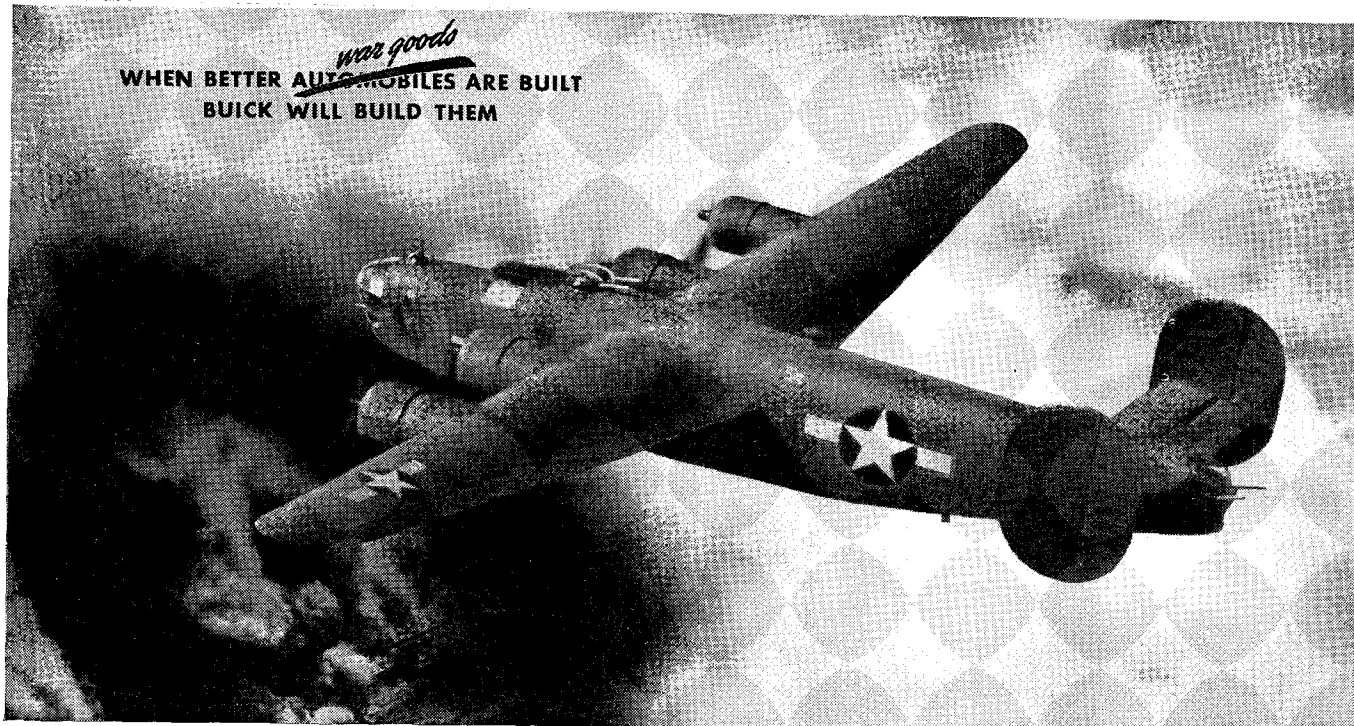
But in six stores there were no barrels.

Along the street came a happy horse pulling a wagon full of wine barrels. I waved to the driver to stop. He climbed down to hear me better. Certainly he knew where I could find barrels; he wrote an address on a scrap of paper. But certainly! I gave him five francs. He turned red and quickly gave it back to me. He stood very straight in his faded blue trousers and dirty shirt. "*Mon Capitaine,*" he said, "you are an American. Me, I am a Frenchman. *C'est la même chose* — the same thing. *À la victoire, Capitaine!*" and he climbed up on the barrels and cracked his whip.

I hailed a taxi, an open carriage with the spicy odor of a livery stable. It was a nice carriage but I

While serving as neurosurgeon with the Medical Corps in the North African invasion, CAPTAIN HENRY L. HEYL met and conquered the nice problem of supply which he describes for *Atlantic* readers.

war goods
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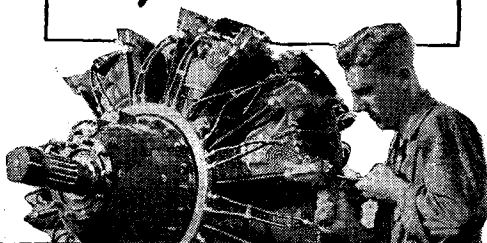
Some day they won't be building

war goods any more. They'll be back instead producing things to make life sweeter, liberty more meaningful, the pursuit of happiness easier.

But they're not thinking about that — yet. They've got a job to do for those guys swathed in flying suits whose work it is to drop the bombs that pave the way for Victory Day.

It's their biggest job ever, and they're making it their best. They want the crew to know, whenever they see a Buick name plate on their Liberator engine, that they've got something *good* to help 'em do their work!

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The Army-Navy "E" proudly flies over Buick plants in both Flint, Mich., and Melrose Park, Ill., having been awarded to Buick people for outstanding performance in the production of war goods.



Buick powers the Liberator

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was a little embarrassed, so I was glad to see my friend the Major on the sidewalk. He felt like hunting for barrels and climbed in beside me.

The driver was an Arab and his own language was all he spoke. I told him the address in French; I showed him the address on the paper. He nodded his hooded head. Then he confided the information to his horses in a series of loud, painful grunts.

We clop-clopped at a brisk trot straight into the middle of a busy intersection and there we stopped. Jeeps honked, bicycles collapsed. The snappy



French gendarme directing traffic could easily have stepped from his box right into the carriage. "*Pardon, Capitaine?*" he said. I asked him the way to the address. He gave the driver quick staccato directions in Arabic. The driver saluted the gendarme. The gendarme saluted me. I saluted the gendarme. "*Plaisir, Capitaine,*" he said.

Casa Accra, barrel makers, had many barrels. I told the fat French manager our problem. He did not say, "It is very difficult." He picked out one large barrel and three small barrels and called to a man in a leather apron who rinsed them out with black juice.

"What's that?" I asked.

"Water!" he said, and laughed. Then he rinsed them out with yellow juice.

"What's that?" the Major asked.

"Sulphur," he said. We were learning a great deal.

Then they loaded us into our carriage — one Arab, one major, four barrels, ten bottles, and a captain.

On the way home we overtook a donkey cart loaded with empty bottles. Suddenly one bottle fell off. It landed on a little spot of grass. I said to our driver, "Stop!" Quickly I jumped out and picked up the bottle.

"Eleven bottles," the Major chuckled.

2

An organization called the French Commission handles the rationing of native produce. The girl at the desk smiled. Her face had seen more of the

world than mine, and her hair was just a little too blonde. We both knew these things, sizing each other up. "*Certainement!*" she said. "Monsieur Heriot will see you. Monsieur Heriot is the monsieur in charge of wine permits."

At first, all I could see of Monsieur Heriot's head was mottled skin sparsely overlaid with listless gray hairs. Then he straightened up slowly and looked at me out of dull, tired eyes.

So I told him about our dance and our need for wine. Then for the first time he smiled. I had spoken of the dance as "*une petite affaire.*" "You mean '*une petite occasion,*' monsieur," he said. "A little affair," he chuckled, "it is something different!" There was a burst of laughter from the girl in the doorway.

"How many at your dance, please?" He figured carefully and began to fill out blanks. "What kind of wine?" he asked. He didn't seem nearly so tired. His pen scratched. He rubbed his hands together. "I have not heard of a dance since two years!" he said.

"You must come," I said, " — and bring Mademoiselle, *là-bas.*"

"*Capitaine!*" he exclaimed. "Oh!" said the empty doorway behind me. "Marie," he called, "you have heard?" Marie returned red-faced and excited. "*Capitaine,*" he grinned, "Mademoiselle and I, we tell you — how you say it? — O.K.!"

A few days later the Major went with me in a truck to get the wine. There were barrels all around us in Monsieur Arnault's cellar. Fat gray tuns as



big as dining-room tables. Barrels six feet high casting deep shadows where the sun shot in through the door.

"Some brandy, *mon Commandant?*" The Major accepted the glass Monsieur Arnault offered, and swallowed — quite a large swallow. His face grew purple. He leaned on a barrel and coughed softly, as though the whole coughing mechanism had been burned out. Then he handed me the glass. "Try it, Henry," he breathed.

I let the liquid meet my tight lips, and felt the outer layer of skin curl back. "*Merveilleuse!*" I murmured.

"It is *eau de vie*," announced Monsieur Arnault proudly. "It is made only here in Morocco."

"How fortunate!" gasped the Major.

We decided on red wine. An old Arab filled our barrels from a great tun. He picked up a piece of rubber hose from the floor and passed one end into the tun. The other end he stuck in his mouth and sucked hard. Suddenly his mouth and grisly chin overflowed with wine. He popped the hose into our beautiful barrel. And that was that. The Major and I turned pale, the wine gurgled, and the Arab shuffled off to get the next barrel.

Later, at the office of Monsieur Dochet, we tasted old wines and Moroccan champagne. This wine merchant wore a full beard and an immaculate rough tweed suit. His place was as neat as a bank. He opened a new bottle and poured the Major a small glass.

"It is the *eau de vie*," he said, "made only in Morocco!" We retreated in near-panic.

But there was no avoiding this monsieur. "Try it!" he commanded. The Major slowly raised the glass to his lips. Then he licked his lips, glanced quickly at me, and tossed it down. His eyes sparkled. I sampled the brandy, and it was very different, this *eau de vie*!

"We will take twenty bottles!" I cried, producing our permit.

Monsieur was genial and hearty. "Very good, *Capitaine*," he said, adding slyly: "You have the empty bottles, no?"

"Oh, yes," I said, pointing to them. He counted. "But there are only eleven, *Capitaine*," he said.

I smiled my best smile and gave him a pack of Camels. The Major grinned and gave him a Philip Morris. Monsieur grinned. We were old friends. Then he spoke to an Arab boy who brought eleven bottles of *eau de vie*.



"It is correct, *Capitaine*," asked Monsieur smiling, "you give me eleven bottles, I give you eleven, yes?"

There was no way around him.

The Major and I felt too happy to ride in a truck. We sent our driver ahead with the wine, while we hired an open carriage. In this we jogged toward home like two princes.

As we reached the outskirts of the city, we sud-

denly came upon a Senegalese band rehearsing in a field — about forty black natives and a French leader. The men wore red pantaloons, yellow shirts, and blue caps. We stopped to listen. So did others: two giggling girls, three Arab farmers, a couple of donkeys, a bicycle, and a camel.

The band leader was intense and fiery. He crossed the street to get the effect of his band at a distance. Then he saw us. He stiffened, and shouted an order at his men. They came to rigid attention. He raised his baton, brought it down with a flourish, and blasting across to us came "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

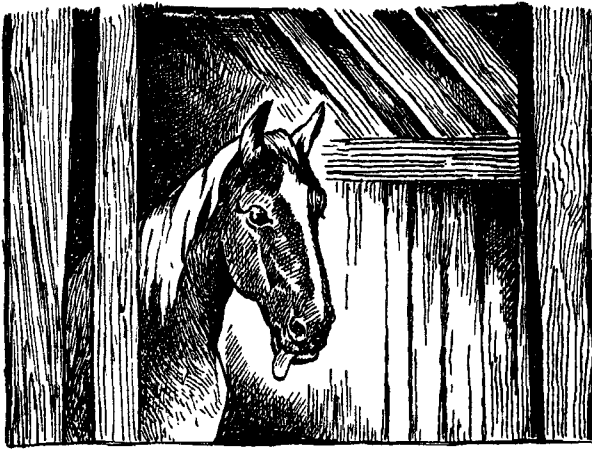
For a moment we felt we should stand. We compromised by saluting the apoplectic little leader when he had brought them through a triumphant finale. The band started a native march as we moved off. But in our heads it mixed with "The Stars and Stripes Forever," the four barrels of wine, and the eleven bottles of *eau de vie*, made only in Morocco.



Seismograph

By A. M. SULLIVAN

THE earth twitches its skin
Like a goaded elephant
And jars the electric pin
Which measures the irritant.
This is the pain recorder
Of the terrestrial ache
And sea disorder
By which men take
Heed of pressure points
By volcanic fountains,
And listen to creaking joints
In the fevered mountains.
It records earth's wounds
But never the patter
Of marching feet, nor sounds
Of iron throats that scatter
Hate on her crust.
Four horsemen who caper
In the horizon's red dust
Make no hoof prints on paper
Of the earth-gear'd drum,
No more than the deer
That plunges from
The scent of fear.



The Smile on the Face of the Mare

By WALTER BINGER

OUR early cubbing hunts in Connecticut start at half past five in the morning. For me they start at four. If it takes me thirty minutes to walk my horse to the meet, I must leave at five and my horse must be fed at four. But I have no groom, and my elderly neighbor, the farmer who looks after my horse, cannot arise so early, nor can I. Why, after all, thought I, does it take a man to put grain into a bin? The answer was obvious: it does not; a machine can do it better.

Obviously two mechanisms were required for my automatic feeder: a timepiece and a release for the oats. After considering various methods of release, such as the opening of small doors, I decided that the simplest way of starting the feed on its downward path was by upsetting it from a bucket. There was nothing mysterious about the timepiece either; merely a clock made for the purpose of opening furnace doors.

This it accomplishes by holding a weight, suspended from a hook at the back of the clock, which falls off when the hook turns upside down as the alarm goes off. When Archimedes said: "Give me a fulcrum for my lever and I shall move the world," he might as well have said, "Give me a hook on which to hang a pulley," for a falling weight drawing a chain through a pulley will give your "world" the same yank upwards as the end of Archimedes' crowbar.

So the bucket was filled with oats while a toy pail, with enough pebbles in it to constitute an effective upsetting force, was the weight. The clock was started and the alarm wound by turning the stem

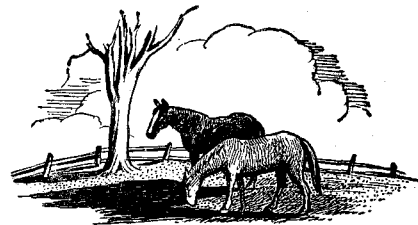
WALTER BINGER is a member of a New York engineering firm, but horses and the hunt are his avocation.

which ends in the hook; and on this hook the weight was hung. And so to bed.

When it became known that my horse was being fed mechanically I had to answer many questions. "Who wakes the horse?" "How does she get her shower?" But the most difficult and the one my family has always maintained I have never satisfactorily answered is: "How do you know that the horse has eaten the oats?" They have always twitted me because I simply affirm that she must have. According to them, that is jumping at conclusions. All the knowledge I have about the feed, say they, is that it is no longer in the pail.

But I counter with the argument that the only way the poet knew — and knew with such certainty that he was willing to publish the fact — that when "they came back from the ride" it was "with the lady inside," was that there was a "smile on the face of the tiger."

I can always detect a smile on the face of the mare.



Awake, My Lute!

By C. S. LEWIS

I STOOD in the gloom of a spacious room

Where I listened for hours (on and off)

To a terrible bore with a beard like a snore

And a heavy rectangular cough,

Who discoursed on the habits of orchids and rabbits

And how an electron behaves

And a way to cure croup with solidified soup

In a pattern of circular waves;

Till I suddenly spied that what stood at his side

Was a richly upholstered baboon

With paws like the puns in a poem of Donne's

And a tail like a voyage to the Moon.

Then I whispered "Look out! For I very much doubt

If your colleague is really a man."

But the lecturer said, without turning his head,
"Oh, that's only the Beverage Plan!"

As one might have foreseen, the whole sky became green

At this most injudicious remark,

For the Flood had begun and we both had to run

For our place in the queue to the Ark.

Then, I hardly knew how (we were swimming by now),

A dark-haired girl of 19 came to CBS one July day in 1940 and asked nervously for an audition; she had never sung on the air nor had she much of a repertory. She was heard, and respectfully declined—but CBS couldn't forget her voice; asked her back to sing again; advised her to study hard. A year later she returned for audition No. 3. She had become an extraordinary soprano. She's singing now on the *American Melody Hour*. Her name is Eileen Farrell, and she lines up alongside many another great artist who first enchanted people on CBS air simply because CBS makes discovery and encouragement of talent a major enterprise.

★

The unromantic CBS Accounting Department just okayed some bills for the man who ran them up. They were items like 1 pair shorts, 12 rupees; 1 pair socks, 9 rupees; 1 shirt, 18 rupees; 1 handkerchief, 6 rupees; 1 tube shaving cream, 6 rupees; 2 razor blades, 6 rupees; 1 tooth powder, 3 rupees; 1 cheap suitcase, 66 rupees; 1 rebuilt portable typewriter, 354 rupees. The bills were contracted in Calcutta by one Eric Severeid. He is a CBS war correspondent. In a transport in the Burma air August 2 enroute to Chungking he had to bail out into the jungle. When he turned up in Calcutta he had to get a new outfit. Hence the bills. A rupee exchanges for about 33 cents. Severeid wasn't any more unnerved by his adventure than the Accounting Department when they ran head on into those rupees.

★

This is a pretty intricate bulletin, so please follow it carefully: The other night a man named Harlow Shapley, who is probably our first-magnitude astronomer, and a man named Fred Allen, who is one of CBS' star-philosophers, got into an eight-hour discussion of the future of the human race. It ended in a tie. Shapley forecast world-citizenship within 1,000 years. Allen forecast the prompt end of radio unless something is done about whistling by the studio audience. Shapley then civilly expounded his harsh "Theory of Puddle Polarity," which

translates into something like this: some commercials sometimes heard on the radio rate so low in listening value that the faintest improvement is bound to be hailed as real progress. In plain words, if your Pole is not a peak but a puddle, anything outward from that pole is improvement. In short, said Shapley, *there is hope*.

At this Allen brightened, but not for long. For Shapley said "I forgot to add that one stone in the arch of my Plan for Deferred Senility" (that is his plan for the salvation of civilization) "is the Non-Necessity of Comedy." Allen said Shapley was up too late, and the symposium sort of broke up. Allen said he didn't exactly know how soon he was coming back on the CBS air, but when he did, he was going to get that talking mynah bird of Mrs. Carveth Wells' to tell Shapley a few things about Allen's own Necessity for Comedy. Shapley then went to Cambridge to dust off a new galaxy to prove that the world is off-center in the Universe, and Allen went to Hollywood, which had been off-center for years. A press story says that Jack Haley met Allen at the train with a live calf, and Richard Connell took him alley-shopping in Beverly Hills, but the day's haul was light.



★

In eight languages, seven days a week, CBS news and news-features go out over the world by short-wave. The languages are English, French, Italian, German, Polish, Serbo-Croatian, Dutch, and Czech. The CBS short-wave schedule marches round the clock, with short pauses only for transmitter-maintenance. In addition to the outbound world-news service, over 5 hours a day of entertainment are shortwaved by CBS to American troops and English-speaking peoples wherever they are on earth. And if you remarked the absence of Spanish and Portuguese from the list of tongues above, remember that from late afternoon to late night the powerful CBS short-wave transmitters are pouring out words and music to the

whole of Latin America. Unless you're a short-wave fan, you're not likely to eavesdrop many of these trans-ocean programs, because the air-waves most probably will skip over you here at home.

★

Of the 3,072 counties in the 48 United States the county most fraught with radio receiving sets is Cook, Illinois. Cook has 4,063,342 people; they own over a million radios. The island of Manhattan (which is New York county, New York) had in 1940 only 1,889,924 people, perhaps has more today on account of visitors from the mainland—and commuters who can't get gas and who have moved in town—and has something like 515,992 radios. The county with the smallest population seems to be Armstrong, in South Dakota, with 42 inhabitants and 9 radios.

If you are a CBS client, the network's Research Department will surprise you with piercing intimacies about the 3,070 counties that fill in the span between Cook and Armstrong. CBS will tell you, for instance, the CBS net circulation in each of the 3,072 counties—that is, just how many people listen, day and night, to CBS stations. No other network provides such accuracy of analytical service for its clients. But CBS clients like it because it helps them save distribution-waste for the consumer by more efficient application of their costs to the areas to which they send their products. They are gracious enough to call CBS research the best in radio.

★

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA

BROADCASTING SYSTEM

The sea got all covered with scum
 Made of publishers' blurbs and irregular verbs
 Of the kind which have datives in *-um*;
 And the waves were so high that far up in the sky
 We saw the grand lobster, and heard
 How he snorted, "Compare the achievements of
 Blair

With the grave of King Alfred the Third,
 And add a brief note and if possible quote,
 And distinguish and trace and discuss
 The probable course of a Methodist horse
 When it's catching a decimal buss."

My answer was Yes. But they marked it N.S.,¹

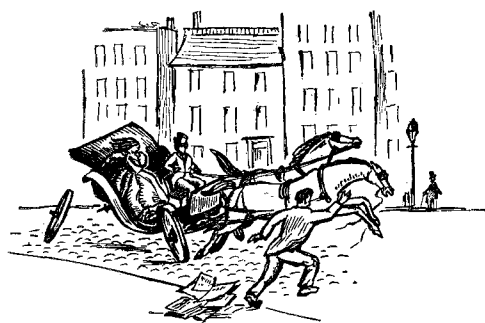
And a truffle-fish grabbed at my toe,
 And dragged me deep down to a bombulous town
 Where the traffic was silent and slow.

Then a voice out of heaven observed, "Quarter
 past seven!"

And I threw all the waves off my head,
 For that voice beyond doubt was the voice of my
 scout,²

And the bed of that sea was my bed.

¹ N. S. stands for *Non satis* (not enough), the mark given by Oxford examiners to a question on which the candidate has failed. ² A "scout" is a college servant.



"They Made Me What I Am Today"

By NEWMAN LEVY

IDEOLOGICALLY, at the age of eight, I was still untouched. Then Horatio Alger's books came into my life, and my views on politics, sociology, and economics began to take form. I had discovered Literature. I sometimes think of the futility of parents' attempting to impose their tastes upon their children. Heywood Broun used to tell how his infant son Woody would burst into tears every time he looked at the picture of Lenin that hung in the Broun home. Finally Heywood told him one day that it was a portrait of Nicholas Murray Butler. The child immediately quieted down, and thereafter everything was serene.

A native New Yorker, NEWMAN LEVY is a lawyer, versifier, and author of much lively writing about opera and the theater.

I have a similar difficulty in trying to educate my daughter to my standards. Many a time when I feel like listening to Sammy Kaye or Jimmy Dorsey on the victrola, she insists upon playing a Brandenburg Concerto or a Beethoven Quartet.

At any rate, Alger was my own discovery. I learned from him that in the world in which I lived



there were ragged but noble-minded heroes who sold newspapers, smashed baggage, and played the violin on the Weehawken Ferry. There were also men called Squires — sour-faced, crusty old reprobates, who frequently concealed beneath their stern exteriors hearts of gold. These squires invariably had lovely golden-haired daughters who had a disconcerting habit of getting lost or becoming involved with runaway horses. The secret of success, I learned, was to practice thrift and industry and to keep your eyes open for lost golden-haired daughters of wealthy squires.

Our hero, his face bright and shining with ambition after a night at the Newsboys' Lodging House on Chatham Square, would be playing his fiddle, peddling his newspapers, or smashing his baggage, as the case might be, when lo, he would be startled by the sight of a beautiful golden-haired little girl weeping bitterly in front of the *World* Building or being dragged by a team of infuriated black horses careering wildly down Park Row. Our hero, without thought of his own safety, would unhesitatingly dash forward and dry the tears of the weeping child, or else leap at the bridles of the enraged steeds and bring the animals under control. In either event, having retrieved the young lady, he would then return her to her anguished father who dwelt in a brownstone mansion on Madison Avenue. The old man's flinty heart would melt, and he would promptly take the young man into his countinghouse at a munificent salary (I had a curious impression that a countinghouse was a place where people sat around and counted — something like our arithmetic class). Success, wealth, and presumably matrimony thereupon followed.

That is approximately the formula of the Alger books. It is a success-story pattern, very much like the tale of the young man who amassed a hundred



SOMETIMES, NOT EVEN GRATITUDE

The long, the lonely vigil through the night . . . the soothing, healing skill . . . the heart which, understanding, comforts—for these priceless gifts of compassion and of help, what is her recompense?

The monthly wage of a hospital nurse is small, the hours long, the tasks exacting. She gives to each patient within the aura of her passing something of herself. And receives, from some, not even gratitude.

But she *serves* . . . and that, for her and all the thousands like her in our voluntary hospitals, is ample payment. She reflects the spirit of her

hospital and yours: organized without thought of personal gain, operating without profit, spending itself and its resources for the good of the community.

Your voluntary hospital cannot do this task without your aid. It needs three kinds of help: your constructive financial support . . . earnest recruits for the new Nurses' Cadet Corps . . . sincere volunteers to serve as Nurses' Aids. In one of these phases your help is urgently needed. The superintendent of your voluntary hospital will be happy to discuss it with you.

This advertisement is a contribution toward the urgent, inspiring ministry of the Hospitals of America from

AMERICAN HOSPITAL SUPPLY CORPORATION, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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thousand dollars by dint of thrift, industry, self-denial, and an aunt who died and left him ninety-nine thousand, eight hundred and seventy-five dollars and forty-four cents. The Alger boys had no rich aunts, but they did very well by finding blondes and stopping runaways.

Much time during my early youth was spent in looking for lost golden-haired daughters of wealthy squires — a habit, I may say, that has never left me. My clothes were not ragged, but I believed that I might be able to overcome that handicap if I acquired the other virtues of an Alger hero. I was confident that, given half a chance, I could melt the heart of the flintiest squire. I could not play the violin so well as Phil the Fiddler — in fact I could not play it at all; but at the age of nine I was able to do a pretty good job with *Für Elise* on the piano.

Thus I grew into adolescence with a smug, complacent faith in *laissez faire*, in the best of all possible worlds, in the inevitability of rags-to-riches, and with a fuzzy social outlook that could have qualified me, at the age of twelve, as a Chamber of Commerce speaker or an Association of Manufacturers columnist. I do not recall whether we are told that George F. Babbitt grew up on Alger, but I am quite certain that he did. He gives every indication of having been exposed, as we all were, to the blight.

My college contemporaries have done all right according to Horatio Alger standards. I see some of them occasionally when they drop into my office to talk over old times and try to sell me a twenty-year endowment policy. They are still the same old fun-loving Jones, Smith, and Henderson of yore. They are also the generation that grew up (chronologically) before the last war, and constitutes the leadership of today.

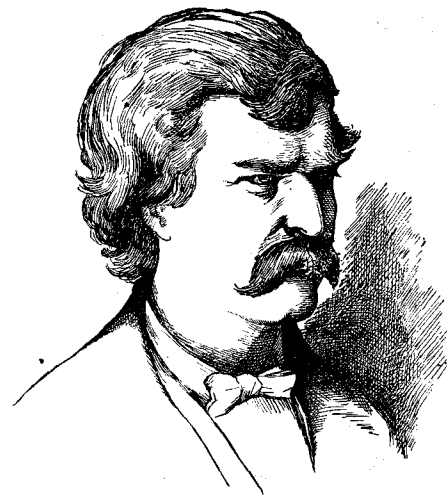
The outlook for the future seems brighter. The young boys of my acquaintance all read Superman.



The New Scholarship

By LEONARD BACON

You ask us why our work is brittle
And shatters at the slightest touch.
We think too much about too little
And think too little of too much.



Mark Twain and the Tichenor Bonanza

By LOWRY CHARLES WIMBERLY

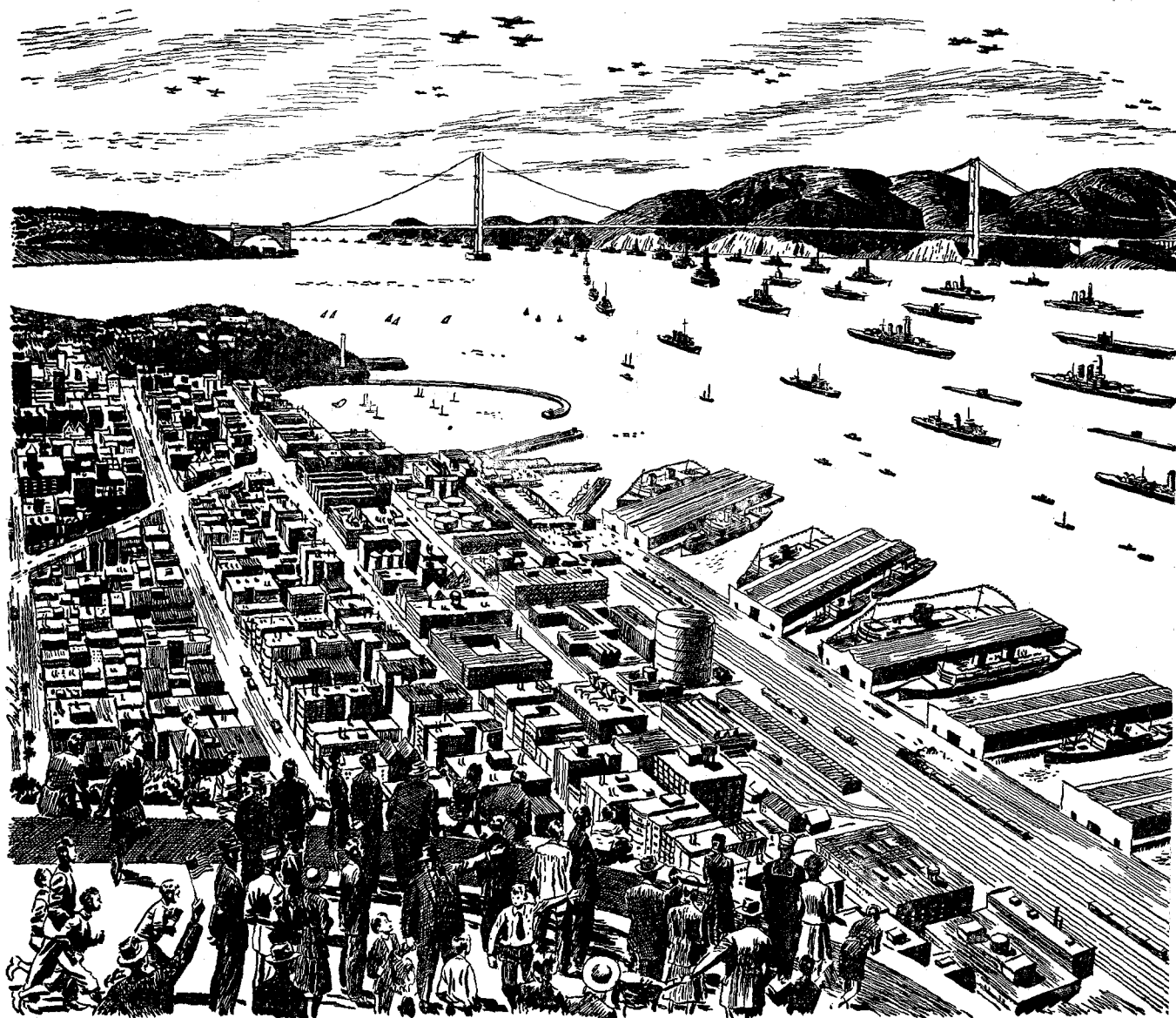
MARK TWAIN knew them all — crack-brained inventors, stock swindlers, and promoters of easy-money schemes. So it is not surprising that the Tichenor bonanza, of Calistoga, California, should have struck his funny-bone and given rise to one of his most laughable bits of farcicality.

It was nearing mid-September, 1880, when a dispatch from the *San Francisco Call* announced to the world that Anson C. Tichenor, proprietor of the Hot Springs Hotel at Calistoga, had invented a marvelous process for extracting gold from the "gold-bearing" waters near that town.

The dispatch, copied by newspapers throughout the country, created a nation-wide stir. Mark read it in the *New York Evening Post*, and it was to the *Post* that he addressed his burlesque of Tichenor's process, a money-making humbug that bade fair to start another gold rush to California. But its exposure came too soon for the rush to get under way. Here is the *Call* dispatch just as it caught Mark's eye at his home in Hartford, Connecticut, September 12, 1880: —

"A dispatch from Calistoga says that great excitement has existed in that place for two weeks, over quantities of gold in solution in the water of the springs. A. C. Tichenor, who recently bought the Hot Springs Hotel property, has been at work for the past two weeks extracting gold from the water by a process known only to himself. The

LOWRY CHARLES WIMBERLY, the antiquarian who turned up these neglected gems from old newspaper files, is Professor of English at the University of Nebraska and the editor of *Prairie Schooner*.



The Chapter in Your Life entitled **SAN FRANCISCO**

...when the fleet comes home again

It has been a long time now since the battlewagons slipped out through the Golden Gate to keep a date with destiny.

But the day is surely coming when they will file in again, victorious—to the stirring welcome of the city they call home.

If you can be here on that day, it will be a highlight experience of your life. It can be a thrilling climax in your first post-war vacation—a glorious vacation in California... and San Francisco!

You may know this city and remember the glorious hilltop views of the bay and the mighty bridges... the jaunty cable cars and curbside flower stands... Chinatown's romantic bazaars and alleys...

Fishermen's Wharf, with its fleet of little boats and men mending their nets in the sunshine... Golden Gate Park, fairyland of trees and emerald lawns rolling out to the Ocean Beach...

All this will welcome you to San Francisco, after the War is won.

You will also visit famous places close to San Francisco—mile-high Lake Tahoe, Mark Twain's "Sea of the Sky"; the storied Gold Towns of '49; Yosemite National Park; groves of giant Redwoods; Monterey Bay, the "Circle of Enchantment"; Shasta Dam in the rugged Shasta-Cascade Wonderland...

San Francisco is very busy now, of course. It is virtually the West Coast capi-

tal of America at war. And you are busy too. However, it may give you pleasure and relaxation just to think about and plan your Victory Vacation. So, send for your free copy of the illustrated booklet, *The Chapter in Your Life entitled San Francisco*. Send the coupon now.

CALIFORNIANS INC.

Dept. A-1, 703 Market St., San Francisco 3, C
Please send me my free copy of the illustrated booklet, "The Chapter in Your Life entitled San Francisco." Thank you.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

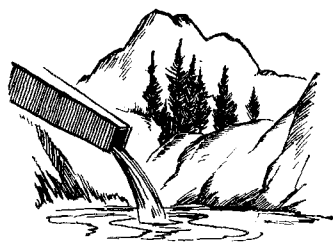
clear-up yesterday showed that he has succeeded in extracting a thousand and sixty dollars from ten barrels of water. The gold is of the highest grade of fineness, and as springs in that locality are very numerous, and the volume of water is exceedingly large, it would be useless to attempt to estimate their value if they continue to yield as rich returns as the experiments have produced thus far."

2

Though he had lived in California — he had even been a reporter on the *Call* — it is doubtful that Mark Twain had ever heard of Tichenor until he read in the *New York Evening Post* an account of the great bonanza. The account moved him to write the following letter: —

Hartford, Conn., Sept. 14, 1880

I have just seen your dispatch from San Francisco in Saturday's *Evening Post* about gold in solution in Calistoga springs, and about the proprietor having extracted \$1,060 in gold of the utmost fineness from ten barrels of water during the past fortnight, by a process known only to himself. This



will surprise many of your readers, but it does not surprise me, for I once owned those springs myself.

What does surprise me, however, is the falling off in the richness of the water. In my time the yield was a dollar a dipperful. I am not saying this to injure the property in the case contemplated; I am saying it in the interest of history. It may be the proprietor's process is an inferior one. Yes, that may be the fault. Mine was to take my uncle — I had an extra uncle at that time, on account of his parents dying and leaving him on my hands — and fill him up and let him stand fifteen minutes to give the water a chance to settle well. Then I inserted him in an exhausted receiver, which had the effect of sucking the gold out through the pores. I have taken more than \$11,000 out of that old man in a day and a half. I should have held onto those springs but for the badness of the roads and the difficulty of getting gold to market.

I consider gold-yielding water in many respects remarkable, and yet no more so than the gold-bearing air of "Catgut Cañon" up there toward the

head of the auriferous range. This air, or this wind, for it is a kind of trade wind which blows steadily down six hundred miles of rich quartz croppings during an hour and a quarter every day, except Sundays, is heavily charged with exquisitely fine, impalpable gold. Nothing precipitated and solidified this gold so readily as contact with human flesh heated by passion. The time that Wm. Abrahams was disappointed in love he used to step outdoors when the wind was blowing, and come in again and begin to sigh and sigh, and his brother and



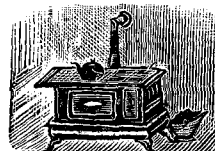
I would extract over \$1.50 out of every sigh.

He sighed right along, and the time that John Habison and Alick Norton quarreled about Habison's dog, they stood there swearing at each other all they knew how, and what they didn't know about swearing they couldn't learn from you and me, not by a good deal; and at the end of every three or four minutes, they had to stop and make a dividend. If they did not their jaws would clog up so that they couldn't get the big nine-syllabled ones out at all; and when the wind was done blowing they cleaned up just a little over \$1,000 apiece.

I know these facts to be absolutely true, because I got them from a man whose mother I knew personally. I did not suppose a person could buy a water privilege at Calistoga at any price, but several good locations along the course of the "Catgut Cañon" gold-bearing trade winds are for sale. They are going to be stocked for the New York market. They will sell, too. People will swarm for them.

MARK TWAIN

Two weeks, lacking a day, after Mark wrote his letter to the *Post*, Professor Henry G. Hanks, California state assayer, arrived in Calistoga. He tested the "gold-bearing" water, found no sign of gold in it, either metallic or in solution, and called Tichenor a quack to his face. "A dozen hogsheads of the fluid," he said, "would contain not a perceptible trace of the aureate metal."



One of the unique
literary discoveries
of our times

THE
LITTLE
LOCKSMITH

BY
KATHARINE BUTLER HATHAWAY

Atlantic readers recall with gratitude those chapters of this exquisite autobiography which appeared during the fall and winter months of 1942. Last Christmas Eve the author of *The Little Locksmith* died, leaving behind her this living story of a triumphant life. "No words can convey its fascination and charm," says the *Boston Globe* in a two-column editorial. "... It is a powerful revelation of spiritual truth. The writing is a sheer delight for its own sake."

A November Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club

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COWARD-McCANN NEW YORK

THE *Atlantic* BOOKSHELF

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by EDWARD WEEKS

EVEN as little as six weeks on another planet makes your native soil look different. I had forgotten what it felt like to come home. When I landed back on American terra firma it was with those mixed feelings of relief and criticism with which a native returns. What strikes you at once is that we still have so much of everything and to spare. Whether it be measured in eggs, or paper, or gasoline, or meat, or books, our ration is so much more generous than that of any other nation. What an Englishman must think of our New York restaurants, I can easily imagine. What a visitor fresh from Moscow must think as he looks at an American newsstand, I can only guess. They stand up in queues for books in Russia and they never have enough.

This mood of self-criticism stays with you for only a little, but its effect made me realize that, thanks to what Mr. Churchill calls those "respectable oceans," we are still the least molested of all the great powers. In Russia literature, music, the ballet, and the theater are keyed to the fluctuating fortunes of war. England is so absorbed, China and dominated Europe so rent by the struggle, that books of peaceful preoccupation are almost unthinkable. Here, they are not only thinkable: they still go to press. Of course we have our war books, and their number will increase. But along with them we still harvest volumes of fiction and biography which were planted in the sunny, tranquil soil of peace. The English, missing this latitude in their writing, find ours singularly refreshing; we simply take it for granted.

The novelist has been more arrested by the pressure of events than the journalist or poet, the biographer or historian. And this is noticeable, even at our distance. A good many exiled novelists — Thomas Mann, Aldous Huxley, Somerset Maugham, to mention three — have taken refuge here, but only a fraction of them are still able to write fiction. Some American novelists have been stopped in their tracks with their books halfway to completion. Others have turned back to our American heritage,

searching for stories and for a philosophy which will keep us straight as we grope our way into the unknown ahead.

Pennsylvania Dutch

In the foreword to his new novel, *The Free Man* (Knopf \$1.75), **Conrad Richter** discloses the impulse which is the mainspring of his narrative. He is a Pennsylvania Dutchman whose family loyalty goes back to the Revolution, and both his heritage and his patriotism stand clear in these words: "Perhaps in an understanding of the Pennsylvania Dutch, their loyalty to democracy and their love of peace may be found the secret of a peaceful Europe in the years to come." Now this is a difficult undertaking: it means that he is trying to use the vitality and principles of faraway characters as a guiding light in the darkness of today.

To embody his wish, Mr. Richter has selected a yellow-haired Rhine boy of the 1740's. Henry Deller was eighteen years old — a sturdy, impulsive youngster — when with his parents he boarded ship at Rotterdam. His parents were Palatines with barely enough to pay their passage to Pennsylvania. We never see much of them, for on the fifty-seven-day voyage to Philadelphia they are brought down with pestilence, and die with almost incredible swiftness. Thus Henry is on his own before the ship docks. Where he picked up his English is never revealed, but he knows enough of it to resent the brutal chicanery with which he and many of his fellow passengers are sold as indentured servants. He knew the soul-seller who lied about their passage. But he was never to know who pilfered his family belongings or why the British so easily sanctioned the slavery. The first notes of this story are harsh and dissonant, for it is the theme of a wronged and headstrong boy kicking vindictively against injustice and being manhandled into submission.

Escape is in Henry's mind from the moment he leaves the ship, yet temporarily he has no choice but

THE *Atlantic Bookshelf*

to work as a redemptioner in a Pennsylvania mansion. The scenes of this rich Quaker interlude have the color of Howard Pyle. We see the apple coloring and surface hardness of Miss Amity, who baits the boy. And we have charming glimpses of the still life above stairs and the kitchen life below. Then Henry makes his break, and gains, on the edge of the Pennsylvania frontier, that reputation for freedom which was to result in his new name — Henry Free, or Frey as they spoke it in the dialect. For fifty years he lived as a respected trader with the Scotch, the Welsh, and the

Irish settlers of the North Branch; and with them he fought for our independence.

For the first time in his career I feel that Mr. Richter has been inhibited by the limitation of the short novel. In his effort to impress upon us Henry's love of freedom, and how he has had to earn that freedom the hard way, the novelist stresses what is brutal; the affection which we need to bind us to the boy is never admitted. This is, if you like, a problem of selection, and it is still more besetting in the second half, where there are too many gaps in Henry's life for us to see him whole or to know him with familiarity. How did he really tame his Shrew? What were they like as man and wife? And why did they have no children? These are the questions we really want to see an-

Houghton Mifflin Company have just
published:—  **RIO GRANDE TO CAPE HORN**

by Carleton Beals. Reviewers are calling it 'a pattern for the
Western Hemisphere which can set the whole world an example.'

 **JOURNEY INTO AMERICA** by Donald Culross

Peattie, who has made out of a shrewd selection of high—and low—

points from American history an inspiring self-portrait of America.

 **MEIN KAMPF** by Adolf Hitler, complete in new and

less formidable format, a new and easily-read translation by Ralph

Manheim of a book which has divided the world in bloody strug-

gle.  **BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES,**

swered, and without them the story must seem cold and secretive.

A magic transformation

"Creative literature," once wrote my predecessor, Ellery Sedgwick, "is a threadbare expression, but if there is any meaning at the heart of it, it is as an individual, following the course of his own adventures, spiritual and temporal, plots the large human fields, and I am not sure whether the real measure of the greatness of a book is not this special and poignant appeal to people far removed from the kind of life and the kind of experience which the author has made his own."

I found those words as I was paging through his

and my correspondence with **Katharine Butler Hathaway**, the author of *The Little Locksmith* (Coward-McCann \$2.50). Early in her childhood and for the rest of her life Mrs. Hathaway suffered the humiliation and discomfort of invalidism. But instead of leading a life apart, instead of making the easy surrender to self-pity, with sensitivity and great discipline she trained herself to write. In Castine, Maine, she found a house and a community which gave her the friendliness and respected the privacy which she needed. And there she began the writing of what would certainly have been two, and possibly three, volumes of her autobiography. But she lived only long enough to finish the first, portions of which appeared in this magazine in 1942-1943.

1943 edited by Martha Foley, a brilliant selection of the up-to-the-minute best in writing and thinking in the field of American fiction.



LOVE AT FIRST FLIGHT

by Charles Spalding and Otis Carney, a book of high (alt. 40,000 ft.) comedy about flying

for the Navy, with a refreshing sting beneath its froth. Already in its 26th thousand.



And finally **NEW WORLD A-**

COMING by Roi Ottley, a best seller by a Negro about

Negroes, that every American, white or black, should read.



You will want to read many if not all of these books. Check the titles that interest you. Remember them.



HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY
ANNOUNCES THE PUBLICATION OF
A BOOK OF BRILLIANT CRITICISM BY
Ellen Glasgow

A **CERTAIN MEASURE** is a book of brilliant criticism by one of America's most important novelists. Written as prefaces to her own novels, these essays far transcend the usual limits of such a form. They present an illuminating commentary on the novels they introduce, also a penetrating discussion of the art of fiction, and a revealing study of the social history of Virginia from 1850 to the present day.

In outlining the scope of these essays, their value as documentation, their significance to the literary history of America, one must not neglect to emphasize also their charm and wit. Brilliant flashes of autobiography, deft touches of literary criticism, ironic thrusts at prevalent stupidities, and tones of wise and mature humor are integral to the importance of Miss Glasgow's achievement. \$3.50

"In these days, so vast and confused, when most books are at best only good material half completed, it is a notable experience to find a book so profoundly unified, so brilliantly quiet and distinguished." STARK YOUNG

"What other novelist have we now with as clear a historical position...with so much intelligence, poetry and wit, and with so many proofs of a kind of integrity that is rare at any time?" VAN WYCK BROOKS

A Certain Measure

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Mrs. Hathaway had it in her power to recapture a scene with an intensity of feeling and a perfection of detail. When she tells us of the treasures which meant so much to her during her horizontal childhood — the little Revolutionary bullet which she would hold up, with its leaden strength, and the sandalwood trinkets from Japan; when she tells of being brought back on a stretcher to Salem in the bonfire dusk of autumn; when she writes of the first glimpse of herself in the mirror and of the healing drives in the night with her brother Warren; when she remembers the beauty of Castine Bay and those touches of fosterparenthood which only an aunt can know, she gives us pages whose beauty and authenticity are beyond question. Like *Amiel's Journal*, her book is a beautifully precise instrument with which to compare and measure human thought and aspiration. And how refreshing it is to turn away from the immensities of a world out of joint and to feel oneself gradually absorbed in this eager struggle of an individual to find her place in a not always compassionate universe. Something of Emily Dickinson walks again in this prose with its precision, its femininity, and its unimpeachable color of New England.

Marquand's mockery

It reminds me of the days of *Main Street* and Mencken to hear the way the town is talking about John Marquand. *So Little Time* (Little, Brown \$2.75) may not be the greatest novel of the year but it is hands down the most provoking.

Before people begin to take Mr. Marquand apart, I do wish they would give the devil his due. Consider the laughter which is in this book for anyone who will give it a chance. Of course much of it is mockery — that is what a satirist is for. But again and again the mockery arises from a sense of reality and a power of observation so clearly and sharply delineated that you snort or chuckle aloud as the shaft goes home. The Connecticut week-end, beginning with that harrowing visit with Uncle Judson who wants to be sure you wash your hands, and ending with that appalling evening in the Rumpus Room, is an easy case in point. If Mr. Marquand knew a little more about poets and poetry, the scene would be perfect.

Writing as pointed as this does not flow simply from a pen. Consider for a moment Mr. Marquand's professional career. It took him years to master the technique of the adventure story, and when he abandoned Mr. Moto, which he did long before Pearl Harbor, it was not because he had worn out his welcome in fiction magazines; it was because of a larger ambition coming up. Like Kenneth Roberts, he wanted to write novels about New England. But it takes courage to turn away from a sure thing and set yourself to learning the disciplines of a new medium in mid-career.

The question is — and it is a fair one to ask —

how far has he gone as a novelist since he wrote *The Late George Apley*? *Apley* was objective; it was a story which began as caricature but ended as characterization; there was not one live woman in the book; and since it was about the older generation, the novelist was at no time exposed to the risks which become apparent the moment he writes about his contemporaries. And *Apley* will always stand apart in our remembrance because it was the first: it had the freshness of a new taste. *Wickford Point* was charged with a good deal more personal feeling, but had in it a temper which at times came dangerously close to vindictiveness. With *H. M. Pulham, Esquire*, and now with *So Little Time*, Mr. Marquand has made his major bid as a novelist.

Mr. Marquand's technique — I mean the architectural device within which he fits his story — is once more beginning to hamper his flexibility. His use of the switch-back method of narration is so frequent and so obvious that it will never serve him so well in the future as it has in the past. The reader begins to watch the end of each chapter for the clues of what is to happen next, and the moment one becomes conscious of such slick craftsmanship, the whole illusion of the book is weakened.

At its best Mr. Marquand's satire is irresistibly amusing. His take-offs of Walter Newcombe the foreign correspondent, of Mintz the film producer, of Beckie who adores interior decorating, and of her husband Fred who knows all about tax-exempt bonds, have in them the truth that really makes you squirm. At its second-best his satire can be nagging, as for instance the disparagement of Madge, which in the end becomes positively monotonous.

His hardest problem is when he handles his characters straight. Here Mr. Marquand is least sure of himself; here, I feel, he has still to learn how to make a story add up to something bigger than any individual scene. You never really accept either. And as for Jeff himself, is he not a synthetic rather than a blended personality? Could a man who handles Stan the way he did (Stan's death, incidentally, is the best scene in the book), a man who could bring order out of chaos on the stage, a man so sensitive in his treatment of Jesse Fineman, the Jewish producer, be at the same time such a complete nitwit in his relations with his children and such an aching tooth of inferiority in his inner life? Jeff's self-torture makes this story one-third longer than it ought to be and, curiously enough, it seldom builds up your admiration for him. "Some twist of cultural development," writes Rebecca West, "has given the American people the tongue of the satirist. Nowhere else in the world is wit so general. . . . These satirists . . . jeer at the persons and institutions and ideas held up to public respect but do not spare those which deserve respect, because they do not know how that award is made. . . ."

I have often wished Mr. Marquand would devote his very considerable talents to writing a story of a Boston rebel, of whom the supply has never ceased since the days of Sam Adams. Justice Holmes, Moorfield Storey, Isabella Gardner, and Amy Lowell each

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rebelled against the conventional and in so doing made the Hub a livelier place. In such a revolt there would be full scope for the novelist's satire, and in addition he would be called upon to express more strength — more of the positive and less of the negative — than he was ever willing to allow Henry Pulham and Jeffrey Wilson.

Something for nothing

Since his prize novel, *Remembering Laughter*, which appeared seven years ago, Wallace Stegner has been working nearer and nearer to his heart's desire, and now at last he has his full say in *The Big Rock Candy Mountain* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce \$3.00). Before he came to rest in New England, where this book was written, Mr. Stegner had knocked around quite a bit. He knows the West not as a traveling salesman but as a boy who was born there, who knows the look and smell of the Mormon country, who knows how to use his hands and where the big fish are to be caught. He has his own collection of Western ballads and songs of the plains and he sings them the way they ought to be sung. He has an unquenchable appetite for the little villages of Dakota, the deep woods of Washington, the raw spots of Saskatchewan — where our rovers still go. Out of this knowledge and zest he has been slowly accumulating first the episodes, then the framework, then the final draft of this big novel. It has been a labor of love, the writing of which has stretched over more than five years.

The Big Rock Candy Mountain is the story of an American couple. Bo Mason is one of those husky, friendly, roving American spirits who are still to be found wherever the country needs opening. He can do any kind of grunt work, and do it better than most men. He has been a lumberjack, he played professional ball until he got a mouse in his knee, he sold beer for a brewery, ran a pool parlor, and he could make anything grow, given soil and water. Bo is an American frontiersman who began his search for El Dorado in 1905 and hasn't found it yet. There must be half a million of him in our armed forces.

His wife Elsa, in Masfield's words, is "the woman marching by the beaten man." Bo never knows that he is beaten. Hell, it's only a temporary setback — he will be on his feet again in a minute. But it is Elsa who feels the bruises; she feels them in her heart and she feels them as she sees what is happening to their two boys, Bruce and Chet. For Bo, who can win any man, and most women, is too impulsive to keep the kids with him. He misses their character, and they find him out. And Elsa's and the boys' rebelliousness, which began so early in tears, is the second theme of the composition (as it is the second half of the book), the first, of course, being Bo's ever hopeful, ever hopeless quest for the Big Rock Candy Mountain, where money grows on trees.

The novel is unhurried, it is never sensational, it has only a decent minimum of sex. If it grows in your mind, it is because the people in it are growing and you must read it for their sakes — or put it down. The country people, the minor characters like Elsa's Norwegian family, have an archaic stiffness which I find rather dulling to the page. In his short

novels, Mr. Stegner pared the story down to the stark essentials, and so left the scene uncomfortably bleak; now, at the other extreme, he has crowded in more detail than he needs. The many makeshift dwellings in which Bo and Elsa lived are authentic to the last detail — but there are too many details, and too little emphasis, to relay our interest from point to point. What keeps me reading is the integrity of the writing, the freshness of the Americana, and the ever deepening sympathy which I feel for the man and wife.

One of the major problems of the war is to bring home to this unmolested land of ours an unsugared realization of what our men are going through and *why* they have to go through it. The longer we dwell on the individual exploits of a few picked (and surviving) heroes, the longer we maintain the illusion that the fighting is really a chivalrous business in which the best — meaning our — boys win. No book can ever take the place of hurtful experience, and thus it is doubtful if more than a fraction of our people will ever feel as the Russian and the Englishman feels toward the German today.

Just as Richard Tregaskis told us so graphically as to leave no doubt what the Marines were going through on Guadalcanal, so now we shall expect to learn from Ernie Pyle and from **Ralph Ingersoll** the direct and undeviating story of our infantry in North Africa and in Sicily. In *The Battle is the Pay-off* (Harcourt, Brace \$2.00) Captain Ingersoll reduces to personal and vivid terms the fighting which took place in a few square miles of the Tunisian mountains. Naturally he translates these impressions through his own senses, but his primary aim is not to write about himself but about the men with whom he served — the men who were doing the in-fighting. His prose has the speedy, graphic quality of television. It sees the booby traps, the shell bursts, the dive bombing. It hears the sniping, the machine-gun fire and the scrappy, unaltered talk of men under fire. Strong medicine in places, but how else will you know?

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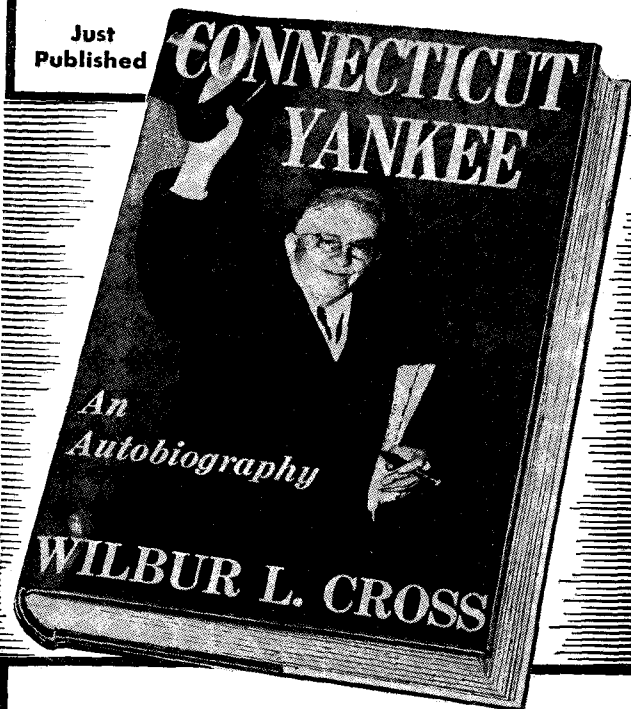
By Gerald W. Johnson

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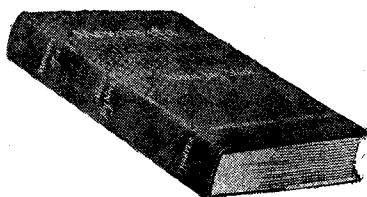
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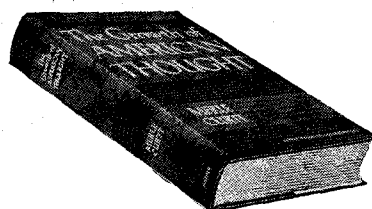
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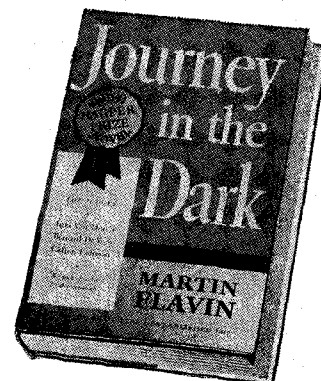


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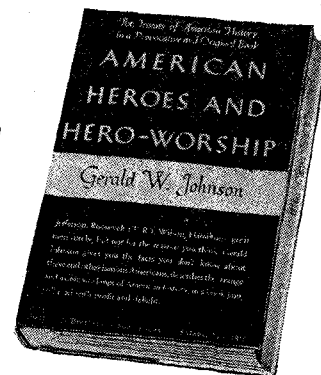
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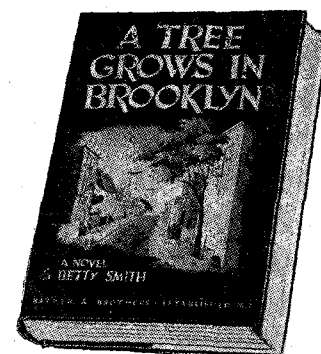
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The Story of Justice Holmes

by CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN

FOREWORD. — The story of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes is the story of his country. The narrative cannot begin with the flat date of his birth — 1841. This was a man whose presence carried tradition; over his shoulder one catches sight of his ancestors. His roots reached deep into American earth; it was the strength of these roots that permitted so splendid a flowering.

To know Judge Holmes at eighty — courtly, witty, scholarly, kind — it is well to have acquaintance with his Calvinist grandfather, Abiel Holmes, with his handsome, worldly great-grandfather, Judge Wendell, with his mother from whom he inherited, he said, “a trace of melancholy.” Above all, it is well to know his father, the sturdy Yankee who wrote bad verse and good books — professor of anatomy, talkative five-foot-three Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, who lived on applause and said so with engaging frankness, and who looked down his nose at his son’s choice of a profession.

15

SEPTEMBER, 1864. A young man walks up the steps of Dane Hall on Harvard Square, up between the white columns, through the wide doors, and takes his seat in the lecture room of Judge Joel Parker. He is eager, but he is also more than a little confused. He is by no means sure of himself. He has only the stubborn, hazy conviction that the law is what he is going to do next and do with all his might. Within the boundaries of this conviction he is slated for hours, days, years, of doubt and bitter uncertainty.

“Law student,” Holmes had written with a flourish three years ago in his army identification papers. On his return from the war in July of 1864 he would have liked to go over to Cambridge immediately and enroll in the Law School. But he hesitated. It was a serious step. Was the law really his objective in life — not merely the “starting point” he had called it in his class autobiography? There was one other possibility: philosophy, with the eventual goal a professorship at Harvard. Since his undergraduate days and his prize essay on Plato, Holmes’s passion for philosophy had grown steadily deeper. Metaphysics,

For more than three years CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN, essayist and the biographer of Tchaikovsky and the Rubinstein, has been at work on her biography of Justice Holmes. She says, “Why did I, being neither lawyer nor professional philosopher, undertake to write a book about Justice Holmes? I think because these are times when it is good to know about Americans who believed in their country, who worked for their country with all their might, and who had a good time doing it. I wanted to throw myself into the long study of just such a man. ‘Life is action and passion,’ Justice Holmes said. ‘I think it is required of a man that he should share the action and passion of his time at peril of being judged not to have lived.’” Certainly Holmes shared the action and passion of his country on the soldier’s field as well as on the judge’s bench. And the *Atlantic* and its readers are privileged to share with Mrs. Bowen her study of that splendid man and servant of his country.

dialectics, formal logic, theories of government and theories of sovereignty: these things fascinated him. And in 1864 these were the things that lay behind the law.

The question was: Should such knowledge be pursued with only itself as goal, or was it better to have a focus, a boundary, some clinical application outside the classroom, such as a money-making law practice that brought a man up against the world and the living problems of the world? Cousin Robert Morse, who had a very good law practice on Pemberton Square, said Wendell was born for the law.

Wendell received this statement with skepticism. The only thing he felt born for was to use his powers to the full. Even more clearly than when he was in the army, Holmes recognized that his powers were intellectual, that he was an “internal” man to whom ideas were more interesting than things. For three years he had lived a life as external as it would be possible to live. He had slept on the ground, had killed men with his own hand, saved men’s lives by his own hand. Now he was free, and the life of pure scholarship beckoned. But if he embraced it, if he followed in the footsteps of such a man as Emerson, might he not, at forty, find himself dwelling in a cloudland of pure speculation, his own vital force dilute in this rarefied region?

At home he said nothing of his plans, aware that his father had long ago studied the law and hated it. Dr. Holmes liked philosophy no better, having the scientist’s mistrust for abstract speculation. It seemed to him that lawyers went about solving their problems — and what dreary problems! — in a manner both unreal and devious. He had a quotation from Gulliver about lawyers, which he loved to air: “*It is a maxim among these lawyers, that whatever hath been done before may legally be done again: and therefore. . .*” Recollection of it kept Wendell’s lips

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sealed. He had no wish to be preached at concerning the uselessness of lawyers and philosophers in a hard, practical world.

"What are you going to do?" Dr. Holmes asked continually. "What about science? Science is the coming thing. What about teaching? It's true the professor's chair has an insulating quality that cuts it off from contact with reality. But combined with writing or some more practical application, teaching is a very satisfactory way to make a living."

He had talked until his wife cautioned him to be still, let Wendell alone, give him a chance for a rest and a few months' vacation before making his decision. If the war was not over by spring the boy would probably re-enlist whether he was physically fit or not. Let him have a winter free of responsibility. Give him time to look round, get flesh on his bones, heal up his nervous system.

On the first of August, Holmes had been mustered out of the Twentieth Regiment in a ceremony on the Common with the other three-year men. He carried the title of Lieutenant Colonel, breveted for "gallant and meritorious service at the battle of Chancellorsville." Afterward the Regiment marched around Faneuil Hall behind the brass band, ending up at the Apollo Gardens for beer and an excellent supper provided by the Citizens' Committee.

Wendell sat with Captain Magnitzky, an older man, a Pole from out near Lowell who had volunteered as a private and served right through the war. Wendell was immensely fond of him. "Do not look so troubled," Magnitzky told him now. "You have done your part. You were a good soldier, Captain Holmes. And you were not born for it. In six months, eight months, if we do not beat the Rebels you can perhaps re-enlist. Now it is time for you to forget soldiering and be a scholar. It is time for you to do for a little while the things you were born to do."

A few days later, Holmes knocked on the door of his father's study. "I am going to the Law School," he said without preamble.

Dr. Holmes looked up from his desk. "What's the use of that, Wendell? A lawyer can't be a great man."

The remark was instinctive. But if he had tried, Dr. Holmes could not have devised a statement more provocative to his son. *A lawyer can't be a great man.* To Wendell the statement combined a paternal cocksureness concerning the universe and its arrangements with a bland assurance that any son of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes could be a great man if he started out right. The words struck home, pointed, steel-shafted. If there had been doubts, they were resolved now. Wendell would go over to Cambridge and sign his name on the rolls at Dane Hall. He would prove that the profession of the law was not a way to make money on Court Street. The law was not merely a door opening into knowledge. It was a window, opening out on all mankind.

began to speak. It was a large class; the war had not caused college enrollments to fall off. The last class graduated from the College had in fact been much larger than Wendell's own class of '61. Peter Olney sat just across the aisle, Robert Lincoln next to him. Strange to be a student once more—to sit, notebook in hand, waiting for the professor's voice.

What an impressive-looking man Judge Parker was! Senior professor and Dean of the Law School, he had been Chief Justice of New Hampshire. His black eyes shot lightning, his features were strong, he carried himself very straight. When he strode through the room and onto the platform he looked as if he were going to walk right on through the other side. He was sixty-nine; he had lectured at the school for sixteen years. A good fight was meat and drink to Parker. He was much concerned with politics and for the past two years had bitterly condemned Lincoln's use of wartime powers. Everyone knew what Judge Parker had said to the president of Dartmouth. "Sir!" roared Parker. "This modern education is all a humbug!" President Lord had only sighed. "Judge Parker," he replied, "it is."

There was no other way to converse with Judge Parker. His knowledge of the law was vast. It was also exact, formal, and involved to the point of obscurity. Holmes had been warned not to try to understand Parker's lectures. Just get what he said into a notebook and then learn it by heart. Wendell had been scornful of this. He was no undergraduate trying to skim through college. He was a man of twenty-three who had been to war and desired knowledge.

But after the first twenty minutes of Joel Parker, Holmes was not so scornful of his adviser. He could not make sense of one word the Judge was saying. Holmes glanced around. Everyone else had stopped writing too. Peter Olney's eye was glassy. Only Robert Lincoln leaned forward, intent, frowning. Was this the frown of understanding or the anxious pucker that goes with hopeless incomprehension? Holmes hoped it was the latter. Only last night Harry James had told him that he had sat through an entire winter of lectures at the Law School without understanding a single word. Then he had joyfully abandoned the law. Father, Uncle John, Harry James — not stupid men.

At home that night Wendell Holmes was unusually silent. Next day Professor Parsons lectured. And Professor Parsons, fortunately, was a different matter altogether. Parsons hated the more technical parts of the law, such as pleading and property, and did not hesitate to say so. His father had been Chief Justice of Massachusetts, his own book on Contracts was being readied for its fifth edition and was so much used in the courts that a student was heard to ask if there was a statute making Parsons an authority. Even so he seemed more littérateur than lawyer. Holmes was drawn to him immediately.

Parsons always gave his first lecture of the year on the ethics of the profession and it always opened with the same words. The students grinned with anticipation: "If a young lawyer pays for his sign the first year and his

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office rent the next, he can tell himself he is doing very well."

The third professor, Emory Washburn, was a strikingly handsome man in his late sixties. In the early days of the war Holmes had been much impressed by seeing him march up and down, gun on shoulder, guarding Cambridge Arsenal with his students. Like the other two professors, Washburn was descended from a long line of patriots. He himself had been State Senator, Judge, Whig Governor of the Commonwealth. This summer Holmes had twice seen him walking behind soldiers' funerals in the uniform of the Home Guard. The bushy gray eyebrows and side whiskers of the former Governor looked strange under a private's cap, and somehow touching. "Oh, I like to help when I can," Washburn said. He was the best lecturer in the school, he could breathe life even into Coke on Littleton and the dreadful logic of Fearn on Contingent Remainders. When he laughed you could hear him across the Yard, and the students loved him. Holmes said it was Washburn who taught him the meaning of the phrase, "enthusiasm of the lecture room."

So far, so good. Under teachers of first-rate minds, strong characters, and contagious personalities, Holmes could start off with enthusiasm. He lived at his father's house on Charles Street, going back and forth to Boston in the crowded horsecars over the West Bridge, carrying large brown books to study at home — Spence and Fearn and Austin. Austin's *Jurisprudence* was new. Austin was a Utilitarian. Lawyers said his book attempted to untangle law from ethics, to separate old theories of political sovereignty from the historical foundations of society. But the book made very unpleasant reading. Later, in London, Frederick Pollock said that Austin "dogmatized overmuch," and with typical Pollockian candor declared the author to be "uncouth and excessive," his literary manner so repulsive that even at his most accurate it was difficult to believe what he said.

Not all the books Holmes studied were British. From the Law School itself came some of the best ones: Story's *Commentaries*, Greenleaf on Evidence, Stearns on Real Actions, Parsons on Contracts. For American jurisprudence Holmes had a book he liked: Walker's *Introduction to American Law*. It was, he said afterward, one of the two books that gave him a glimpse of what he was seeking — the law in its general, historical aspect. The other was the first volume of Spence's *Equitable Jurisdiction*.

Timothy Walker, a student at the Law School under Judge Story, had written his book as a very young man, apologizing in the preface because somebody older and wiser had not written it instead. In it he examined American law from the Bill of Rights to Civil Procedure, discussed the conflict of laws and from state to state quoted case and precedent to support him. He advised the student to shun delights and live laborious days. "Genius without toil," Holmes read on page nineteen, "may, to some extent, distinguish a man elsewhere; but here he must labor, or he cannot succeed. No quickness of invention can supply the place of patient investigation. A clear mind might determine at once what the law ought

to be, but actual inspection alone can determine what the law is."

Wendell Holmes did not spurn this investigation. He reveled in it, pursued it mightily. In the students' law club — the Marshall Club, it was called — he argued cases with Olney and Lincoln. At home he continued the argument until his father, rebelling, said if Wendell went on talking law he would get out his fiddle and play against him right there in the library. Wendell laughed.

How much pleasanter his father was to get on with, now that the decision was made and he was actually committed to the law! Wendell had not looked forward to living at home. After being a captain in the army, how could he submit even outwardly to his father's authority? Yet he had no choice. He had no money, he was twenty-three. It was his business to get through Law School as cheaply as possible.

Mrs. Holmes's pleasure in having her eldest son once more under her roof was extreme. It touched Dr. Holmes, made him suddenly more tolerant. When Mrs. Holmes heard Wendell's voice she came quickly into the room and sat down, watching him with an expression of such bright pleasure that Wendell turned instinctively, addressing the rest of his remarks to her. Once, while Wendell was speaking, his father got up and, putting an arm over his wife's shoulder, patted her gently, then left the room.

Mrs. Holmes was interested in every detail her son brought home from the Law School. She did not want to talk about the war, she said. She had had enough of war. Wendell had earned the right to use his mind. Let him use it then, while the chance was given him. The Rebels were not beaten; God knew what lay ahead. Mrs. Holmes was especially interested in the Marshall Club debates. Wendell had a talent for speaking, she said. Dr. Holmes did not agree, but for once he kept silence. The law was a bowl of sawdust; Wendell had undertaken to swallow it down. Let him swallow it then. His father wished him well. But what exactly was that phrase? *Sawdust without butter*. Some English barrister had said it to a young aspirant. "If you can eat sawdust without butter, young man, you will be a success in the law." He must look the phrase up, have it ready for Wendell next time the boy began to orate on the virtues of jurisprudence, over against medicine, as a mind trainer.

17

ONE evening in December, Cousin Robert Morse stopped in to see Wendell. He had a proposition to make. How would Wendell like to come into his office for the rest of the winter, part time of course, and see a little practical application of all this theory he was reading in Cambridge? Might do him good to handle a real writ, acquire a practical conviction of the difference between assumpsit and trover. After all, lawyers weren't made in libraries. The old apprentice system had had its points.

Wendell did not hesitate. Next Monday afternoon he sat on a high stool behind a desk in Barristers' Hall and

copied wills, deeds, trusts, for three hours. He could not pretend it was invigorating work. But as the weeks wore on he was continually surprised at the speed with which Morse moved when a question was brought to him. At Law School it had seemed that such questions would require weeks of argument, reference, and cross-reference before a decision could be reached. It left Wendell open-mouthed, he told the family at supper, to see the swift certainty with which a master of his business turned it off.

Dr. Holmes, helping himself to butter from the dish on the table, paused, knife in hand. "*Sawdust!*" he murmured. "*Sawdust without butter.*" He looked up. The old gleam was in his eye. "Wendell, have you heard what the English judge said to the young man who asked how a person could recognize a real vocation for the law?"

Under the table Neddy kicked his brother swiftly. Across the table his sister Amelia watched, her brown eyes quick as a bird's. Mrs. Holmes poured Wendell's tea, handing it to him serenely. Wendell looked at his mother; their eyes met without expression.

"No, Father," Wendell said gravely. "I haven't heard. What did the judge say to the young man who wanted to be a lawyer?"

In the autumn of 1865, beginning his second year at the Law School, Wendell Holmes looked at his courses with a dispassionate eye — and found them wanting. In the catalogue the course called "Instruction for the Bar" was listed briefly: "*various branches of the Common Law and Equity; Admiralty; Commercial, International and Constitutional Law; and the Jurisprudence of the United States.*" Holmes still had no fault to find with his teachers. They were admirable men.

But when you had mastered the subjects they presented, where did it lead? Holmes had thought to make all knowledge his province, walking from ignorance to light through a door labeled THE LAW. Now he found himself wandering in a maze of technicalities, a nightmare of doors that opened only to close silently upon themselves, with no progress made, no path revealed. With one or two exceptions the books that were put into his hand gave no perspective beyond the intricate learning they presented, appealing not at all Holmes's curiosity, his passion for an ordered intellectual vision of the connection of events. Any man of ambition is willing to labor unceasingly to master the tools of his profession — provided the tools are adequate to the job that will follow.

The trouble was that in 1865 the tools of legal education were dishearteningly inadequate. The law was not presented to the student with its sociological implications; he was not taught history, economics, or given any sense of continuity in the law, of past, present, or future. Year after year the same ancient books were given the student, the same rules to learn by rote. Wendell Holmes entered Law School only six years before Christopher Columbus Langdell brought the case system of study to Harvard. But when Holmes was in school, in 1865, the case system was as unknown to Cambridge as the telephone. Holmes had to learn the law the way his grandfather, Judge

Jackson, had learned it, by fumbling through detached and unrelated books on legal specialties and by studying such meager reports as the United States courts had lately gathered.

The temple of the law, Dr. Holmes had said, was very cold and cheerless about the threshold. With violence, his son repudiated this statement. But the farther he went in the law, the stronger grew his own doubts. And as always, doubt engendered challenge. Durant, a highly successful lawyer in the city, said the law was simply a system of fossilized injustice, with not enough intellectual interest to occupy an intelligent man for an hour. Holmes himself gave testimony to the hardships of his search: —

"*One found oneself plunged in a thick fog of details — in a black and frozen night, in which were no flowers, no spring, no easy joys. Voices of authority warned that in the crush of that ice any craft might sink. One heard Burke saying that law sharpens the mind by narrowing it. One heard in Thackeray of a lawyer bending all the powers of a great mind to a mean profession. One saw that artists and poets shrank from it as from an alien world. . . .*"

And yet, observing Holmes at twenty-four as he pursues his way through the law, one has the impression that the blind seeking, the lack of compass, chart, and rudder, was for him a not unfavorable circumstance. Lack of tools may cause the weak to abandon their project. But to the strong it is a constant, irksome challenge. Chancellor Kent said he owed his reputation to the fact that when studying law during the Revolution he had but one book — Blackstone — and that one book he mastered. Paucity of material forced him to be not only thorough but imaginative, to exercise his mind far beyond the program.

As for tools, had not Holmes's forefathers made their own? When John Holmes the Connecticut Go-Outer desired clapboards, he made a sawmill. Abiel Holmes, yearning to read the history of his country and finding none available, sat down and wrote his own *Annals of America*, taking twenty-six years to do it. Wendell's father, angered by the mysterious death of young mothers in childbed, sought through uncharted regions of a medical tradition that knew no Lister, no Pasteur, no germ theory, and no antisepsis, until he found the contagiousness of puerperal fever. What pioneer ever had chart and lighthouse to steer by?

Wendell Holmes could not know that in the field of historical jurisprudence he was to be a pioneer. He sought a perspective based on that ordered precedent which is history. No wonder he could not find it. He was himself to be its spokesman.

18

*William James to Thomas W. Ward in New York
Boston, March 27, 1866*

The only fellow here I care anything about is Holmes, who is on the whole a first-rate article, and one which improves by wear. He is perhaps too exclusively intellectual, but sees things so easily and clearly and talks so admirably that it's a treat to be with him.

William James was boarding near the Medical School. Not only was the attraction mutual between him and Wendell, but Dr. Holmes also was charmed with this student of medicine whose imagination went so far beyond the facts of anatomy. Dr. Holmes would have agreed with James that Wendell was too exclusively intellectual. But the doctor would not have used such flattering terms. He would have said that Wendell took himself too seriously — that for a man of twenty-five he had far too little sense of the amenities. Half of Dr. Holmes's success in life lay in the charm with which he imparted his knowledge.

Mrs. Holmes insisted that Wendell also had a talent for speaking, for expression, a talent for debate that would be much to his advantage as a lawyer. Dr. Holmes did not agree. His son was quick; there was no denying it. Swift as lightning his mind penetrated to the meaning of a subject, swift as lightning reduced it to manageable terms. But the terms themselves were cold, ruthless, intellectual. Once he seized upon a subject, Wendell could not let it go. He worried it until the bare bones showed. If someone broke in with a pun, a quip, Wendell not only did not laugh but he ignored it and talked on without so much as a decent interval. Nobody could stop him.

"Wendell puts a *but* at the end of every sentence," John Gray said, "so that he can keep on without a pause." There was fire in Wendell's eye while he talked; even his father saw it. Wendell shouted, waving his arms, striding up and down, banging out his pipe against the mantel as if his pipe were the common enemy and he must smash it. But the words he spoke were cold, logical.

"*Feeling counts*," James said one night. The doctor applauded. Wendell's reply was quick. "To know is not less than to feel," he said.

But it was not to his father that Wendell Holmes expounded his views on the universe. Upstairs under the gas lamp that smelled and sputtered, he and James argued passionately about the existence of an external world — a question that has occupied philosophers since the beginning. On evenings when Chauncey Wright and Charles Peirce joined them, Holmes was hard put to it to hold his own. Peirce had a kind of grim common sense that was wanting in most philosophers. At twenty-six he was smart, fiercely combative. His angry black eyes, his square chin, gave him the look of a man of action. His lectures at Cambridge were making the town angry. He stood and hurled at his audience unintelligible phrases about the Firstness of Firstness, Secondness, and Thirdness and then suddenly said something that woke up the hall like a fire gong. "The demonstrations of the metaphysicians are all *moonshine*!" he had shouted the other night. "Classical German philosophy is of little weight except as suggestion." This was heresy to a generation that had evolved its moral values from Kant.

But it was Wright who taught Holmes never to say *necessary* about the universe. "How could you know," he asked Holmes, his extraordinary pale-blue eyes alight with a cold passion, "— how could *you* know what the universe considers necessary?"

It was, in truth, a time of extraordinary intellectual fer-

ment. The *Origin of Species* had been published only seven years before. In America its repercussions, delayed by the tumult of the Civil War, were just being felt — and felt for the most part as a threat to Genesis I. The Harvard Divinity School was in a turmoil. One of its professors lectured on the topic: "Can a man believe in Darwinism and remain a Christian?" From a Boston pulpit a preacher shouted, "If I could not believe that Joshua made the sun stand still in the heavens, I should lose faith in the Bible and in God!"

But in these torments endured by the faithful, Wendell Holmes had no part. For him the core had been taken out of Christian theology a generation ago, when the Unitarians disavowed the doctrine of original sin. Man lost his fear of hell-fire — and on that day gave back Christian doctrine to the preacher as irrelevant to life. After that, disbelief in Genesis I was a small thing. Wendell Holmes had achieved it without the least struggle. He was born to it. Dr. Holmes's frantic efforts to free himself from Calvinism had failed. But they freed his son.

The English-speaking world was going through a complete rebirth in science, theology, economics, sociology, and, last of all, law. New terminologies were forming everywhere; it was no wonder Wendell Holmes sat up all night practicing them upon his friends. Very soon, his ideas were to have but one focus. Very soon the terminology of the law would exclude from his mind every other subject — and his friends would be driven from him by this passionate single-mindedness. But just now he was trying his wings, was exercising tongue and brain upon every subject, every person available.

William James, writing to Tom Ward in New York, and to his brother Wilkinson in the South, spoke often of Holmes and of their mutual friends. "I made the acquaintance the other day," he wrote in the spring of 1866, "of Miss Fanny Dixwell of Cambridge (the eldest), do you know her? She is decidedly A 1, and (so far) the best girl I have known. I should like if possible to confine my whole life to her, Ellen Hooper, Sara Sedgwick, Holmes, Harry, and the Medical School, for an indefinite period, letting no breath of extraneous air enter."

"Miss Dixwell," James confided to his brother, "is about as fine as they make 'em. That villain Wendell Holmes has been keeping her all to himself out at Cambridge for the last eight years; but I hope I may enjoy her acquaintance now. She is A 1, if anyone ever was."

That villain Wendell Holmes would have been astonished at this description of his relationship with Fanny Dixwell. He saw Fanny two or three times a week. She was perhaps his most intimate friend. He had known her since they were children. Seven years ago when he was a freshman at Harvard he had formed the habit of dropping in at the big frame house on Garden Street after classes, in the evening, or whenever he happened to be near. Going to the Dixwells' was almost like dropping in on one's family. Often enough he and Uncle John met at the white wicket gate and walked up the Dixwells' path together.

Fanny was twenty-five. She was the girl a fellow could

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take his troubles to, talk to by the hour. She was the girl a man could count on as his partner for the sleighing party, the summer picnic, the country walk. She was always stimulating, never demanding. Holmes saw plenty of girls: Susie Shaw, handsome and clever, who was getting ready to enter the women's college at Oxford. Minnie Temple, who rumor had it was in love with John Gray. Wendell said it was James that Minnie had her eye on; Gray said it was Holmes.

The Dixwells' house itself was full of girls. After Fanny came Esther, then Susan, then one brother, John. Then Arria, then Mary Catherine who at twelve was an imp, casting eyes at every man that entered. Dixwells were noisy and merry and unpredictable. In Cambridge you did not ask why a member of that family had done thus and so. It was understood that nobody was entitled to a *why* about a Dixwell.

Mrs. Dixwell was a comfortable, lively, handsome woman. Uncle John Holmes adored her. On her wedding day, he had brought her a little white silk bag containing eight one-dollar gold pieces. Mrs. Dixwell liked to tell about it. She was always trying to marry off John Holmes and getting nowhere. John lived just off Garden Street now, in a little alley he had named, grandiloquently, The Appian Way. His house wore an air of dilapidation; it was filled with cats, books, birds in cages; his mother's old housekeeper took care of him.

"You should move to better quarters, John," Mrs. Dixwell told him severely.

"Oh, I can't move to better quarters," John Holmes replied gravely, "until I have a better half."

The remark went all over Boston. Tom Appleton heard it and took it to London, and the first thing Boston knew, it read the words in London *Punch*, under a drawing of a slim, whiskered young man who did not look like John Holmes at all.

The Scientific Club met every week at the Dixwells'. If Wendell happened to call on Wednesday night he ran into the professors Wolcott Gibbs, Agassiz, Asa Gray, Jeffries Wyman. They were all very old friends. Mrs. Dixwell had a wedding-day story about Gray, too. He was passionately fond of flowers and hated to pick them. Mrs. Dixwell said he must love her very much because on her wedding day he had appeared with two sprays of white lilac broken from his own bush. Sometimes when there was an evening party in Cambridge, Wendell spent the night at the Dixwells'. On these occasions Mr. Dixwell had a stock remark he always made next morning. Walking briskly into the breakfast room, he would take his place at the head of the long table, beam at the company through his spectacles, and remark heartily, "Well! Did the evening's enjoyment bear the morning's reflection?"

Wendell loved it, felt as much at home as he did on Charles Street. This spring he talked much to Fanny about his approaching trip to England. He had been planning it for years; he was to sail early in May when his course at the Law School was over. Fanny herself had never been abroad; her travels were limited to summer trips to Nahant, or Mattapoisett on the Cape. "I am to meet

John Stuart Mill in London," Holmes told her eagerly. "And Hughes, the jurist, the fellow that wrote *Tom Brown*. I have letters from Motley and Sumner. Leslie Stephen will cross over with me to Switzerland. He has some really hard climbing mapped out. Do you remember my telling you about it in the spring of '63 when Stephen was in Boston?"

After the manner of women listening to masculine plans they may not share, Fanny's expression and words were enthusiastic. It would be splendid, she said, the clear color high in her cheeks. Wendell needed to get away, see other countries, meet other men and women. "Mind you stand up for this country," she said, "with your fancy friends in the West End of London. Stephen and Hughes and Mill were on our side in the war. But your father tells me you will have entree to some very big houses. Do you think you will be able to hold your own?"

At home that evening, Wendell repeated Fanny's words. "She says they will spoil me in London. Fanny says I will lose my Yankee ways and come home with an Oxford lisp."

Around the table a queer little silence fell. It was Neddy who broke it. Neddy was a junior at Harvard now, and often went to the Dixwells' to see Susie. Neddy was too bright for his bones, the family said. He had grown very fast; he was thin as a rail and much bothered by asthma. He read omnivorously and brought home marks that his brother and father had never equaled in their undergraduate days. Wendell loved him. He had a precise way of speaking; his voice was quiet, a little husky. "You are not very discerning about Fanny Dixwell, Brother," Neddy said now, reaching a long arm for the bread platter across the table. "It's not necessary to ask me what I mean. You just aren't very discerning about her, that's all."

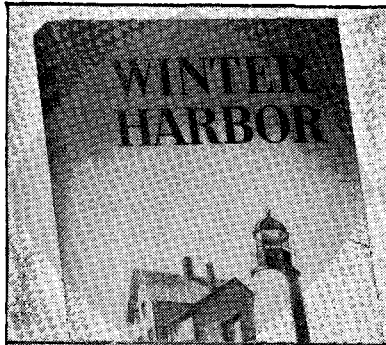
Wendell grinned. He did not want to know what Neddy meant. Neddy was at an age to see romance everywhere. Today as Wendell came out of Dane Hall at his usual hour of one o'clock, Fanny Dixwell had happened to be walking just across the street. She had hailed him, invited him to supper tomorrow night. Susie Shaw was coming, she said. Wendell would enjoy talking to her about Oxford. Fanny was the best friend a man ever had.

"Not smart about the girls — I?" Wendell said to his brother. "Young fellow, when you learn to manage the ladies as well as I do, you can start giving advice to your old Uncle Wendell."

Dr. and Mrs. Holmes smiled, their eyes meeting down the length of the table. But as the family rose from supper and made its way up the long stairs to the library, Mrs. Holmes told herself with a slightly troubled air that Neddy had been right. Fanny Dixwell was a marvelous girl, a girl among thousands. She was devoted to Wendell. For how many years had they been close friends? People linked their names. Wendell did not seem aware of it; he was totally unconcerned. He had more girls than you could count on ten fingers. Stepping into the library, stooping to turn up the flame in the lamp on the center table, Mrs. Holmes told herself again that Neddy was right. Wendell was *not* very discerning about Fanny.

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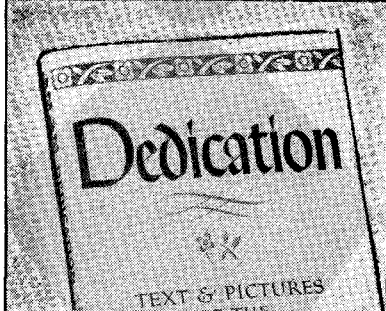
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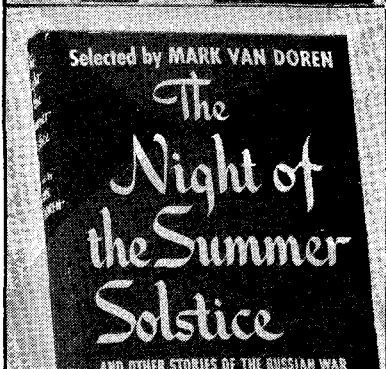
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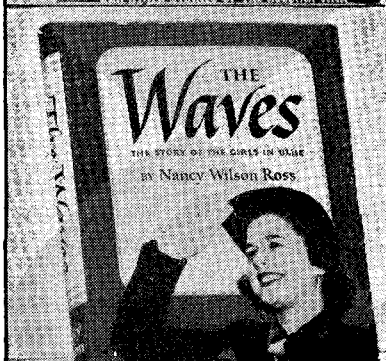


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Toward the middle of May, Holmes sailed for England. Before he left Boston, George Shattuck asked him to come into his office next winter and read for his Bar examination. Holmes accepted gladly. The firm of Chandler, Shattuck, and Thayer was famous as a training ground. Holmes looked forward to Shattuck's practical wisdom, his skill in handling men, and to Thayer's scholarship.

19

RETURNING to Boston in September, 1866, Wendell Holmes expected somehow to find the whole face of nature changed. What had happened to him was important, exciting. He had seen London, Scotland, had met great men, had crossed the Channel and climbed great mountains with Leslie Stephen. Excitement filled him, and, like many a returning traveler, he never doubted the excitement would be reflected everywhere.

But it was not reflected. Wendell returned, it is true, to a different house; during the summer his family had moved a few blocks north on Charles Street; the address was 164 instead of 21. It was pleasanter here near the river. But inside the house things were remarkably the same. Dr. Holmes went off to Grove Street every day to lecture. He had ceased — mercifully — to play the violin, but he was writing a new novel and burned to talk about it. Neddy, a senior at Harvard, came home over the week-ends. Amelia was brisk and cheerful, helping her mother with the housekeeping, going to her Sewing Circle and to such festivities as the season afforded.

The supper table listened for a night or two to the elder brother's adventures abroad, then turned eagerly to its own affairs. They had been to Nahant in the summer, in a cottage near Longfellow and Agassiz. Dr. Holmes had suffered his usual Nahant asthma. The Indians had been a real nuisance, coming in swarms for the fishing, pitching their dirty tents right against the Lodges' hedge on the Point.

Ben Butler down in Washington wanted to impeach the President, Neddy interposed. But of course, Wendell never had been interested in politics. In England, had he continued his absurd habit of not reading the newspapers?

Nobody waited for Wendell's reply. Fourteen chapters of his new novel were finished, Dr. Holmes said eagerly. *The Guardian Angel*, he was going to call it. It was a kind of sequel to *Elsie Venner*, on the same theme of heredity. But he was taking a hard crack at the old-fashioned, hell-fire type of clergy. Dr. Bellamy Stoker, the villain of the story, had three sermons on hell — his *sweating* sermon, his *fainting* sermon, and his *convulsion-fit* sermon. He hadn't made that up, the doctor added quickly. He had got it from an actual instance in a town in Maine back in his lecture-circuit days. The *Atlantic* would probably publish the novel serially.

"You had better be careful," Wendell told his father. "There was trouble enough about *Elsie* and the *Autocrat*. People will be calling you a freethinker all over again."

Dr. Holmes rubbed his small hands delightedly. "In New England they weld iron bands around the sapling

elms to keep them within bounds. Your Uncle John and I, Wendell, were banded with iron in our youth. My books help me to get the iron of Calvinism out of my soul."

"Uncle John," Neddy said irrelevantly, "only goes abroad so that he can have the extreme pleasure of coming back to Boston. In Venice he used to go every day to some perfectly commonplace spot and stand there. He said it reminded him of the junction of Broadway and Cambridge Streets in Cambridgeport. Mr. Appleton told me."

Boston people were hopelessly provincial. Dr. Holmes said genially. Had Wendell noticed it, after being abroad? As he had once written Motley, your Boston man carries the Common in his head as a unit of space, the State House as the standard of architecture, and measures off men in Edward Everetts as with a yardstick. He himself had often been accused of provincialism. But he was not at all sure, for a literary man, that it was a weakness.

"They are still trying to name the new hotel," Amelia said, complacently pursuing her own line of conversation. "It is nearly finished and it is enormous. It will have a passenger elevator as big as a room. They cannot decide between The Hub Hotel and Everett House. Father, if they name it The Hub you will have to be godfather and assist at the christening. Wasn't it you who called Boston the hub of the universe?"

Looking around the table, Wendell was amused. This family could not hold its peace for two consecutive moments. Yet, listening now to their talk, Wendell recognized, with the fresh eye of the returned traveler, that his family, while undoubtedly irritating, was very far from dull. This was not the wit of London dinner tables, but whatever it was, it had life. *Provinciality!* There was something good about it, something vigorous and plain.

"Mother!" Wendell said suddenly. His strong voice came out easily above the rest. "Did you hear what St. Peter said to the Boston man at the pearly gates?" Surprisingly, the table was silent, waiting. "He said, 'You won't like it here.'"

On a Monday morning, Holmes went down to Court Street to the office of Chandler, Shattuck, and Thayer. Mr. Shattuck greeted him heartily. Peleg Chandler, the senior partner, came out. Gray whiskers grew all around under his chin; his wing collar came up to his ears. He shook Wendell's hand. "How is your father?" he said. "No candidate from this office ever failed a Bar examination, my boy." He bowed slightly and disappeared.

George Shattuck winked. It would take a half-wit to fail the Bar examination, he said. If Holmes had sat three years in this office he would be admitted without examination. As it was, he had been to Law School instead, and the Commonwealth took no account of law schools. "Make sure you don't know too much," Shattuck said. "The examiners don't like smart young men from the Law School. I've known them to fail a man because he tried to show off. I've also known them to drive a nice little bargain, promising not to ask the candidate any question he couldn't answer if the candidate would do the

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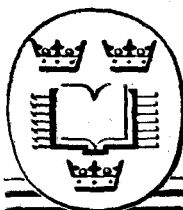
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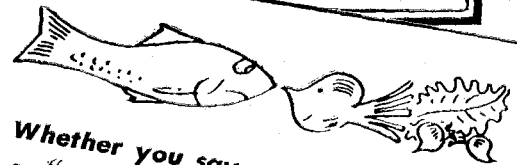
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same by them." A client came in. George Shattuck vanished.

The inner door opened. James Bradley Thayer came out. He was ten years older than Holmes. He had got his LL.B. at Harvard in '56. Rumor said he was aiming for a professorship at the Law School. He wore his fine dark hair rather long; he had the dreamy, gentle eye of the scholar. Shattuck, it appeared, had turned over the student end of the office to Thayer.

"Sit down," Thayer said. "Now, what are you after, Holmes? Admission to the Bar or perhaps a trifle more education with it? No thinking will be required at the Court House. Judge Shaw used to make them think, but the rules are changed. Only memory is required. But they can lay it on pretty thick. If you get old Asaph Churchill, he is partial to Coke. Wasn't Churchill in college with your father? Do you know the rule in Shelley's Case?"

Sitting in the outer room of Chandler, Shattuck, and Thayer, the *Spirit of the Laws* open on his knee, Holmes was struck anew with the awful power of ideas to change a world. Montesquieu commanded the future more surely from his study than Napoleon from his throne. A valid idea was worth a regiment any day. The man of action has the present, yes — but does not the thinker control the future? Perhaps a man had to fight in a war to find that out. When you were twenty it was the Henry Abbotts, the Caspar Crowninshields — external men all — who seemed to rule the world.

But this picture Montesquieu drew of the government of England — was it valid? Montesquieu divided it into three distinct parts, the legislative, executive, judicial. Surely that was a fiction, even two centuries ago! Holmes got up, knocked on Thayer's door.

"Find out for yourself," Thayer said. "How well do you know Stephens on English criminal law? Have you read Reeves?"

An enormous impatience began to possess Wendell Holmes. He could not find what he wanted fast enough. From the Athenaeum he took home Argyll's *Reign of Law*, Gladstone's *Reform Speeches*, McCosh's *Mill's Philosophy*. Holmes read Lecky, Phillimore's *Principles and Maxims of Jurisprudence*, Forsyth's *History of Trial by Jury*, Reeves's *History of the English Law*, Palgrave's *English Commonwealth*. It seemed no more than a drop in the bucket of knowledge. His age had begun to worry him. He was nearly twenty-six. He had lost three years by the war. Men younger than he were well along now in law offices, done years ago with such puerilities as Bar examinations.

"When will you come up for examination?" Dr. Holmes asked just before Christmas. He had asked at least three times in the past month. "In the January term of Court," Wendell replied.

Actually, it was the twenty-seventh of February before George Shattuck wrote the conventional letter of recommendation, testifying to his good moral character. Holmes took it to the Court House. His petition was filed. Asaph Churchill and Charles W. Huntington were appointed his examiners.

On a Wednesday morning, by appointment, Holmes walked up a flight of dark stairs to Mr. Churchill's office. He felt more curious than apprehensive. "Good morning, Holmes," Churchill said. "How is your father? We were at college together. Afterward, I believe he was not so successful at law as at writing verse."

Behind Churchill, Charles Huntington grinned broadly. He was a much younger man, graduate of Harvard in '56, but he had not been to Law School. Asaph Churchill motioned Holmes to be seated, across the big desk. He put on his glasses. His face was serious but Holmes was conscious that Churchill was enjoying himself. "We might as well begin," Churchill said. "Huntington, with your permission. Now, Holmes, who owns the land between high and low water mark?"

"In Massachusetts and nowhere else," Holmes replied with equal gravity, "the land belongs to the owner of the adjoining land. . . ."

An hour later, Holmes walked out on Court Street. He felt exhilarated. They had let him off too easily, he thought. After one or two routine questions, the three had simply sat and talked law. He could have got through with a third of his knowledge, a fifth of it. There were six hundred lawyers in Boston. Had they all slipped through so easily?

He turned in at 4 Court Street. George Shattuck whacked him on the shoulder. "Chandler will take you to Court Monday to be sworn in. Like to go myself, but I have a client coming. This will call for celebration. Come to my house Monday evening. Bring Ropes and Gray. I will ask Parkman and Warner and Green. I have a receipt for a new gin toddy. There is nothing better for drinking the healths of newborn counsellors at law."

Monday morning was dark and gusty, with a threat of rain. Peleg Chandler, his ears entirely hidden inside his stiff white collar, walked to the Court House with Holmes. It was barely a block, on the same side of the street. The pillared granite portico was dark and high. Holmes always entered the place with a quick sensation, not so much of excitement as recognition. This court house was a part of him, of his background and childhood. Here Judge Loring had sentenced the runaway slaves, Sims and Burns. Manacled to these very benches, they had waited for the verdict. Up these granite stairs Higginson had led the mob that tried to rescue Burns. Holmes had been eight years old. He had stood at his bedroom window on Montgomery Place, ten blocks away. There had been shouts, feet running on Tremont Street.

Entering the wide doorway with Peleg Chandler, Holmes did not think of these things. Merely, he was conscious of them. They were part of him, and what he was about to do would make these remembered things, this dark high hallway, even more a part of him.

Holmes and Chandler were early. Court sat at nine-thirty. Behind the Judge's Bench the new oaken panels shone yellow in the gaslight. There were five lawyers in court; they sat facing the Bench. Holmes recognized two of them; they nodded to him. Peleg Chandler walked back and took his seat with the spectators.

Judge Lord came in, thrust back his coattails and sat

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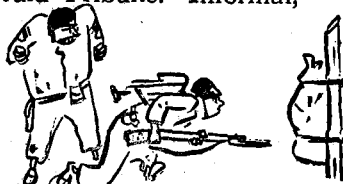
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down, looking toward Holmes, who sat alone on the petitioners' bench. Lord was nearsighted; he raised his bearded chin, his face straining slightly toward Holmes.

"... and God save the Commonwealth and this Honorable Court," the crier finished.

There was a rustling of papers among the members of the Bar. The Clerk stood up. His voice was loud, monotonous. "The Court will attend to the taking of the oath," he said.

Holmes came forward. It was like graduation, like walking up for your diploma, like the brevet-colonelship given him three years ago on the Common. It was absurd to feel so solemn. But Holmes did feel solemn. He liked ceremony. You did your work, and someone in a black gown handed you a piece of paper, bowed to you.

The five lawyers stood up; so did the spectators. The room was silent. Holmes swore true faith and allegiance to the Commonwealth, swore to support the Constitution of Massachusetts and of the United States. Then with his hand on the Bible he took the Attorneys' Oath:—

I, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., solemnly swear that I will do no falsehood nor consent to the doing of any in court; I will not wittingly or willingly promote or sue any false, groundless or unlawful suit, nor give aid or consent to the same; I will delay no man for lucre or malice; but I will conduct myself in the office of an attorney within the courts according to the best of my knowledge and discretion, and with all good fidelity as well to the courts as my clients. So help me God.

Judge Lord smiled, inclined his head. "Come and sign the Bar Book," Peleg Chandler said. It was in the next room, on a high desk against the wall. At the bottom of the page was room for one more name. There were thirteen names inscribed in this January term of court. All but three, Holmes noted, were from the Law School.

Holmes signed his name carefully. There was no flourish to the way he did it. Peleg Chandler peered over his shoulder. "Horace Graves," he read. "Promising fellow, Graves. I knew his father. Well, well, Holmes! You can have a sign on your door now. Be sure you bring us in some clients."

For Peleg Chandler, this was unusually facetious. Holmes put down the pen, turned, and followed Shattuck's senior partner to the door. On the portico, rain drove through the pillars, wind blew back the skirts of Chandler's overcoat. Turning up his coat collar, Holmes descended the steps and followed Peleg Chandler down the gray slope of Court Street.

A week later, the secretary of the class of '61, Harvard University, received a small card in the mail:—

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JR.

Counsellor at Law

4 Court Street, Boston.

said at the Law School? "If a young lawyer pays for his sign the first year and his rent the next, he can tell himself he is doing very well."

All summer he stayed in town, going every day to the office, with an occasional week-end with the Lodges at Nahant. All his friends were out of town it seemed — and Wendell Holmes had need of company. If to Shattuck the practice of law was exciting, to Holmes it was quite horrifyingly dull. This was no sudden discovery: Holmes had long suspected it. But it was not something a young lawyer could go around confessing to his friends. He could have told it to William James.

But James, unfortunately, was in Germany. He had sailed quite suddenly in April. "To study physiology," he said. In reality he had gone in search of health. He was ashamed of his share in the family "nerves." Backache, insomnia, eye trouble, deep depression: the symptoms seemed unmanly. He confided in no one, not even his family.

Holmes missed him greatly. James's very sensitiveness, the overacute perceptions that made him ill, drew Holmes to him. In September James wrote, confessing his complete prostration — inability to work, study, sometimes even to read. To Holmes, loving action above all else, this was a purgatory almost inconceivable. He knew James to be no moody neurotic, but a man like himself, ambitious, desiring work and the companionship of his fellows.

You had better believe [James wrote] that I have thought of you with affection at intervals since I have been away, and prized your qualities of head, heart and person, and my priceless luck in possessing your confidence and friendship in a way I never did at home; and cursed myself that I didn't make more of you when I was by you, but, like the base Indian, threw evening after evening away which I might have spent in your bosom, sitting in your whitely-lit-up room, drinking in your profound wisdom, your golden gibes, your costly imagery, listening to your shuddering laughter, baptizing myself afresh, in short, in your friendship. . . .

But pray, my dear old Wendell, let me have *one* letter from you — tell me how your law business gets on, of your adventures, thoughts, discoveries (even though but of mares' nests, they will be interesting to your William); books read, good stories heard, girls fallen in love with — nothing can fail to please me, except your failing to write. . . .

. . . Give my very best regards to your father, mother and sister. And believe me ever your friend,

WM. JAMES.

P. S. Why can't you write me the result of your study of the *vis viva* question? I have not thought of it since I left. I wish very much you would, if the trouble be not too great. . . .

Vis viva — the vital forces? Holmes sat down, wrote page after page. Then he lit a cigar, tilted back his chair, read over what he had written — and tore it up. Easy enough to see that force is not destroyed — but not easy to master the formula. Translating mathematics into English was no simple exercise.

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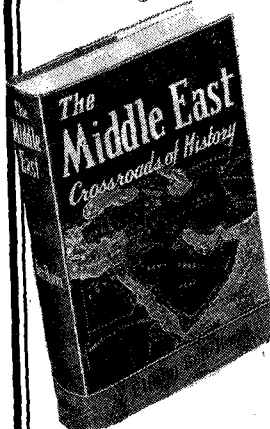
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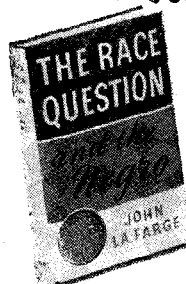
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In November, as Junior Counsel to Shattuck, Holmes tried his first case in court. A passenger on the New York Central died intestate; his widow claimed \$5000 from the railroad. Shattuck and Holmes were counsel for the plaintiff. Holmes sat at a long table below the judge's desk while Shattuck talked; occasionally he jumped up to hand Shattuck a needed paper. Shattuck, he observed, was nothing short of magnificent. Needing the excitement of advocacy to waken his interest, Shattuck's mind, once roused, moved like lightning, like lightning struck and struck again. A stranger, coming into court, would have thought, watching him, that Shattuck was arguing for some great principle, some question of American rights, free speech, honor.

They lost the case. But Judge Hoar, delivering his opinion, leaned his handsome, bearded face across the bench and said the argument of the plaintiff had been both ingenious and impressive.

Walking back from the office late that afternoon, Holmes reflected on all this. He had worked hard on the case, preparing his statement of facts, looking up law. Yet even in court, he had been a trifle bored. If the excitement of advocacy awakened George Shattuck's powers, it by no means awakened the powers of Wendell Holmes. How small a goal lay at the end of these huge legal efforts! Better, like the scholar, to have no goal at all, pursuing doggedly the unknown end.

"So you lost the case?" Fanny Dixwell said that night.

Wendell had come over to Cambridge in the horsecars, stopping by prearrangement for Uncle John on the way. They had had tea with the Dixwells. Now they sat round the library fire.

"You lost the case?" Fanny repeated.

"Yes," Wendell said. "Shattuck was magnificent." He was silent. John Holmes looked thoughtfully at his nephew. A generation ago, John had sat in a law office himself, for two mortal years. Twenty-four months too many, he often said. Today, Wendell had acted as counsel in his first case in court. Wendell was very far from reserved. Yet all he had to say now was that Shattuck had been magnificent. Wendell would never make a lawyer. Clients meant nothing to him. His father had better stop pushing him.

Fanny inquired no further concerning the lost case. "Wendell," she said, "I meant to ask you long ago, did you answer Bill James's letter? About — what was that thing he wanted to know about?"

"*Vis viva*?" Wendell said. "No. I tried three times. All I could wring out was diluted moonshine. It wouldn't come right. There seems to be an insufficiency of facts."

Fanny made a gesture of impatience. "Bill James is your friend," she said. "He is alone and he is ill. I

think I have written him more letters than you have. He loves you. Write to him without *vis viva*."

Wendell shrugged. Fanny got up, went to the table for something. In a moment she turned to John Holmes, her color high. "Mr. Holmes," she said. Her voice was urgent. "Has your nephew, all his life, professed to care more for ideas than he cares for people?"

Wendell Holmes to William James

BOSTON, Dec. 15, 1867

DEAR BILL,—

I shall begin with no apologies for my delay in writing except to tell you that since seeing you I have written three long letters to you at different intervals on *vis viva*, each of which I was compelled to destroy because on reflection it appeared either unsound or incomplete. But I was talking yesterday with Fanny Dixwell and she told me to fire away anyhow — that she thought it would please you to hear from me even without *vis viva*. So here goes. Writing is so unnatural to me that I have never before dared to try it to you unless in connection with a subject. Ah! dear Bill, do me justice. My expressions of esteem are not hollow nor hyperbolic — nor put in to cover my neglect.

In spite of my many friends I am almost alone in my thoughts and inner feelings. And whether I ever see you much or not, I think I can never fail to derive a secret comfort and companionship from the thought of you. I believe I shall always respect and love you whether we see much or little of each other. . . .

For two or three months I debauched o' nights in philosophy. But now it is law-law-law. My *magnum opus* was reading the *Critique of Pure Reason*. . . .

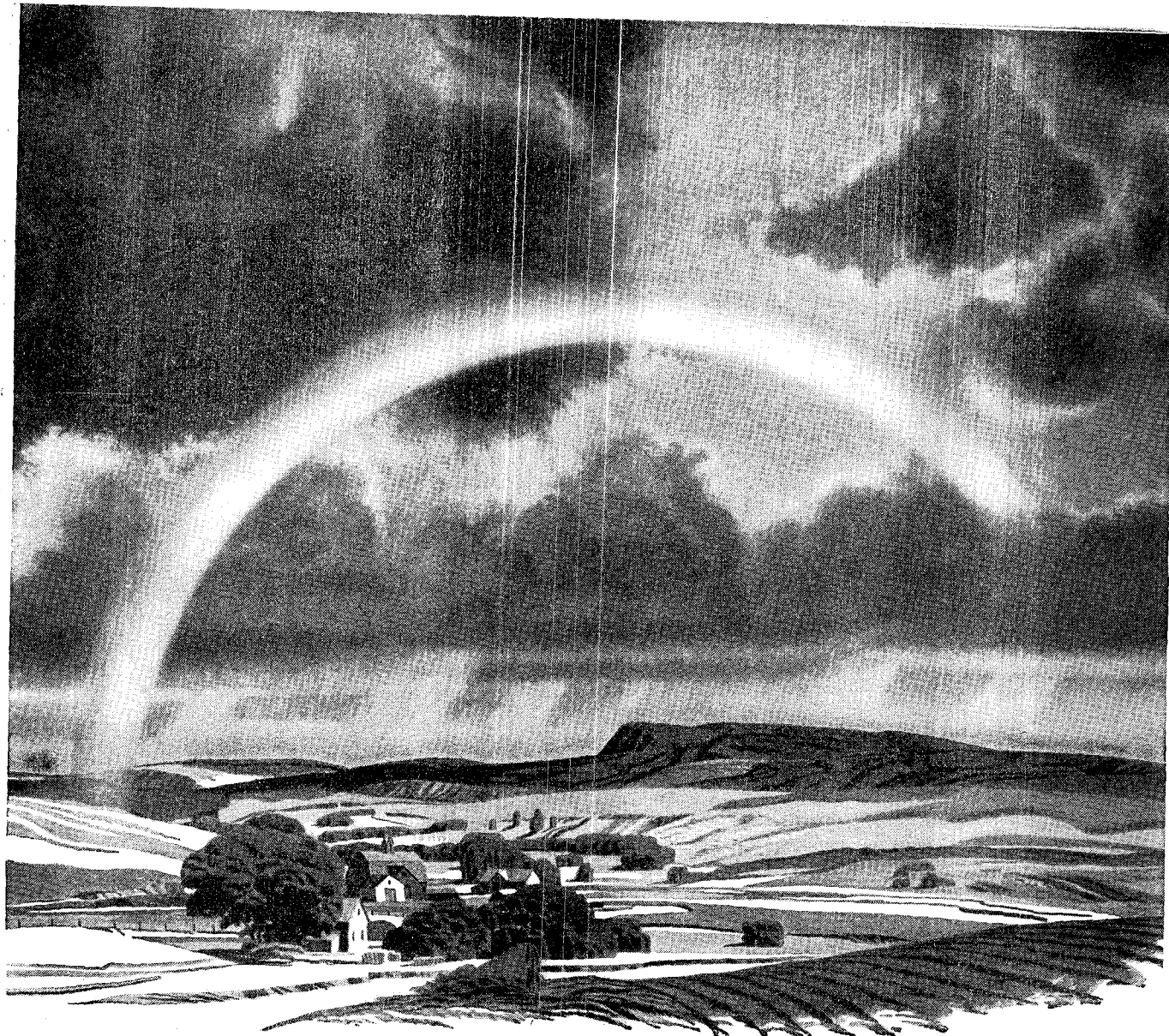
And Holmes is off to paragraphs of pure logic — exercise that for him was obviously salutary, rousing him as the excitement of advocacy could arouse George Shattuck. Yet even as he wrote, even as he quoted, Holmes was aware that it was only exercise.

February, March, April. On Boston Common the gaunt outlines of the elm branches softened. Color crept slowly down the giant oaks; the cracks along the sidewalks showed a brilliant, yellow green. Piles of blackened, muddy snow still lay in the gutters, high as a man's waist. But Holmes, swinging down Beacon Hill from the office in the late afternoon, raised his head and felt his step quicken, the blood move faster in his veins. On Saturday he would take Fanny for a walk in Cambridge, up around Fresh Pond. Arbutus would be out under the leaves, and bloodroot. For how many Aprils had they gone together to search for it? Holmes did not ask himself this question. Merely, it was spring, high time Fanny sent him a message about the bloodroot being up, in the woods around Cambridge.

(To be concluded)

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